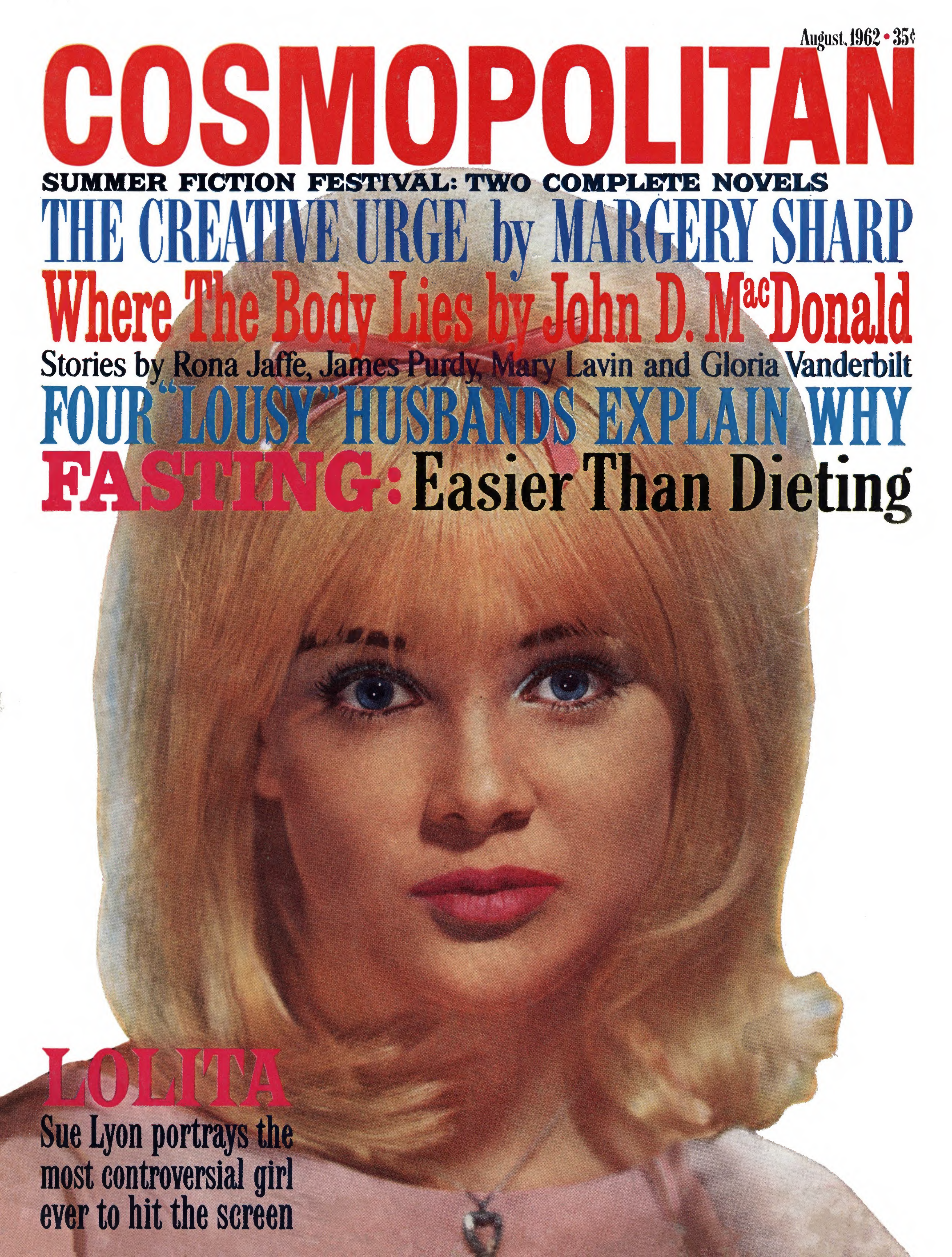

August, 1962 • 35¢
COSMOPOLITAN
SUMMER FICTION FESTIVAL: TWO COMPLETE NOVELS
THE CREATIVE URGE by MARGERY SHARP
Where The Body Lies by John D. MacDonald
Stories by Rona Jaffe, James Purdy, Mary Lavin and Gloria Vanderbilt
FOUR "LOUSY" HUSBANDS EXPLAIN WHY
FASTING: Easier Than Dieting
LOLITA
Sue Lyon portrays the most controversial girl ever to hit the screen


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COSMOPOLITAN ®

AUGUST, 1962 Vol. 153, No. 2

SPECIAL: SUMMER FICTION FESTIVAL

TWO COMPLETE NOVELS

NONFICTION

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER—*Sixteen-year-old Sue Lyon will remember the summer of '62 as a great rush of premières: of her first film,* Lolita, *and of several events in which* Cosmopolitan *is allied. Our contributing editor, Jon Whitcomb, was her first interviewer; our cover made her a cover girl for the first time; our cover photographer, Frank Bez, was the first in Hollywood to take portrait shots of her. In every event Sue came on like a veteran. "We shot for three days," Frank Bez reports, "and by the end of the sittings I began to wonder if Sue was ever a child. She takes directions like a seasoned pro—on the third day she could tell from looking at me whether I wanted her to sit or stand." Another photographer, whose work appears here for the first time anywhere, also found Sue an easy subject for the camera. His name is Peter Sellers. You'll find his view of the "Lolita" girl among the others on pages 52 to 59.*



COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YDRK 19, N.Y., U.S.A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. DEEMS, PRESIDENT OF MAGAZINES; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT ANO GENERAL MANAGER OF MAGAZINES; G. HARRY CHAMBERLAINE, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR RESEARCH AND MARKETING; JDHN R. MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT FDR CIRCULATION; FRANK MASSI, TREASURER; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIDNS, $4.20 PER YEAR; CANADA, $4.70 PER YEAR. ALL DTHER COUNTRIES $7.20 PER YEAR. SECDND-CLASS POSTAGE PAIO AT NEW YORK, N.Y. ANO AT ADDITIDNAL MAILING DFFICES. AUTHORIZED AS SECDND-CLASS MAIL RY THE PDST DFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA, AND FDR PAYMENT OF PDSTAGE IN CASH. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: MAIL ALL SURSCRIPTION ORDERS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, CORRESPONDENCE CDNCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS AND POSTMASTER NOTICES OF UNDELIVERABLE COPIES TO COSMOPOLITAN, 250 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK. PRINTEO IN U.S.A. MANUSCRIPTS, ORAWINGS, AND OTHER MATERIAL SURMITTED MUST RE ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPEO, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FDR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

"THEORETICALLY, a 'nice' single woman has no sex life. What nonsense!" says Helen Brown, the author of SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL. Her new book is the first that dares to recognize the physical as well as the emotional needs of the single woman.

Helen Brown is a successful career woman who led a glamorous, busy *single* social life until she was happily wedded at 37. SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL is based on her own experiences and those of her friends. It is a complete, sophisticated guide to the unique situations that every single girl faces today.

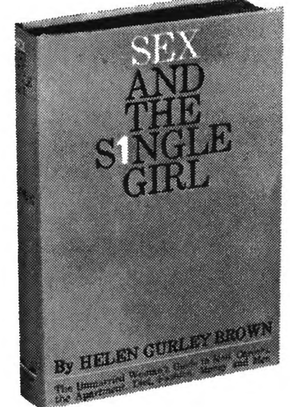
How to Handle Men

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL is an eminently practical book. It includes, for example:

- A five-minute lesson on the art of flirting
- A chapter on The Affair, from beginning to end, including advice on how to live through the trouble times and the break-up
- 17 different ways to meet men, and 10 ways to get them to notice you
- The pros and cons of having anything at all to do with a married man
- An analysis of the special charms of the Don Juan — and the warning signals to look out for
- An appraisal of the Ultimatum and how long you should wait before pressing for a proposal
- An eye-opening discussion of virginity—its problems, its future
- A dozen surprising and effective ways for becoming more feminine

Today's glamour girl — the single career woman

Being single today is vastly different from what it was in your mother's day. The single career woman is today's new glamour girl. She has the time and the money to indulge herself. She can be a fashion-plate, a traveler, a knockout. She can do *what* she wants to *when* she wants to. She answers to nobody for her actions, her decisions, her behavior. She can have a marvelous, unburdened, exciting time during these years. And that's exactly what Helen Brown shows you how to do in this buoyant, joyful guide to living single in superlative style.



Man-centered life

Since the basic theme of this book is you and men, Helen Brown discusses every area of your life in terms of its effect on men. She tells you:

- How to fill your apartment with man-attractors
- 15 steps for building a wardrobe that's guaranteed to delight men while leaving your budget intact
- How to wear make-up so he can brag to his friends about your 'natural beauty'
- How to listen to a man so that he knows you're interested, charmed, impressed
- How to make your telephone conversations something he'll look forward to
- How to find a job that will enable you to meet men
- How to make dinners *à deux* occasions he'll remember as the ultimate in comfort, coziness and relaxation

Here's what people who know are saying about this refreshingly honest book:



HELEN GURLEY BROWN

BONNIE PRUDDEN:
"Should be given to every girl graduate with her diploma. Among the other benefits, the divorce rate would drop by 50%. And if men would like to know what every girl *really* has on her mind, they'd better snag a copy of this book fast."

DR. ALBERT ELLIS:
"Faces up to the problem of premarital sex relations with refreshing candor. The discussion of the single girl and her premarital affairs is unusual for its honesty and realism — and remarkable for having been written by a woman."

MAXINE DAVIS,
author of *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman:*
"Makes the state of single blessedness so stimulating and challenging that any wife wonders why she ever married. It gives advice, delightful as well as realistic, on the technique of enjoying and getting along with men. It makes the strategy so diverting that one wonders whether the fruits of success could possibly be as much fun as the campaign. However, neither the author — nor I — have any doubts about *that*."

JOAN CRAWFORD:
"Can be a textbook for all women, single and married. It should be put on every man's bed table — when he's free, that is. It's enchanting."

Special Offer — Send No Money

Once you have read SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL you will be amazed at the new sparkle, zest and fun in your life. Use the coupon below to send for SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL, only $4.95. Write to Bernard Geis Associates, Dept. C-862, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y. If you do not agree that it can brighten your life and help you attract and win the right man, you may return it within 10 days and owe nothing.

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How Fiction Writers Work

Four short stories. One play. Two novels. This is the fiction fare in COSMOPOLITAN's "Summer Fiction Festival," our special issue for this month, so settle down with a bushel of apples and enjoy the luxury of reading for entertainment. The stories, we note, were written thousands of miles apart: Margery Sharp wrote her novel, "The Creative Urge" (page 82), at home in London, where she lives in the block of flats that once housed Lord Byron.

Far back, before she wrote *Cluny Brown* and her first best seller, *The Nutmeg Tree*, Margery Sharp says she always ate regularly—even as a novice writer—partly because she could also take shorthand and type. A variety of secretarial jobs kept the pot boiling. Miss Sharp is violently against writing potboilers, believes "it is fatal ever to write below your best."

The Vanderbilt Formula

Gloria Vanderbilt, who wrote her first published short story, "Listen Leonardo" (page 74), at her Gracie Square home in Manhattan, always ate, too, though she admits to being a poor typist. She writes in longhand, seven to eight hours at a stretch, three days a week. She believes: "*Everything* is autobiographical—you take what you know and experience and then put it into the form of work you've chosen. Nothing is new—what you have to give is a point of view." Miss Vanderbilt follows a certain pattern that, she says, "triggers my writing. I wear the same clothes—slacks and a certain blouse. No make-up. I always write on the sofa in the study, I use a special paper and I need sharp pencils—I have an electric pencil sharpener. I polish a lot. I can rewrite a sentence fifteen times. When I work, I'm writing to communicate—not just writing something for myself to read. I don't stop to eat. I make no plans for that evening, so I won't have to think about dressing or engagements."

John D. MacDonald, who worked at his typewriter in Sarasota, Florida, to produce suspense novel "Where the Body Lies" (page 102), claims he can work anywhere, needs no "trigger." "Nothing bothers me. I could write in Radio City Music Hall. They could put a placard around my neck, reading 'WRITER,' and people could crowd around and watch—and I could still work as easily as here." Meanwhile, the prolific Mr. MacDonald works in an especially built studio on a Sarasota point that is surrounded on three sides by the blue sea, and at an especially built T-shaped desk that is fifteen feet one way and six feet the other.



Editor Bill Guy, Gloria Vanderbilt.



Jaffe: New York to Paris author.

Some other scenes of our fiction writers' creativity: Outside of Dublin at a farmhouse in Bective, County Meath, where Mary Lavin, one of Ireland's most distinguished writers, wrote her short story "The New Gardener" (page 60). James Purdy's one-room apartment in Brooklyn Heights where he wrote the play, "Cracks" (page 64), as well as many of the tales in his short-story collection that was hailed by the *Times Literary Supplement* in London as "a masterpiece." And Rona Jaffe's midtown Manhattan apartment where she wrote the chilling short story, "Butch" (page 70) on a typewriter ("I never write anything in longhand but checks"), at night ("It's more peaceful after 11:30"), on yellow paper ("I have to write on cheap yellow paper. I can't stand white paper—it has that you-have-to-hand-it-in look—like a term paper").

Miss Jaffe writes only about three short stories a year, thinks about them first, then writes them in about three days. Proving that she can write anywhere, Miss Jaffe settled down in Paris at the same Deux Magots sidewalk café table at which Sartre wrote so many of his books. She concentrated beautifully until an O.A.S. member exploded a plastic bomb in the street, then decided that she could work more peacefully back at her hotel. Asked the blasé waiter as she gathered up her yellow paper, "Aren't you going to finish your coffee?"

—The Editors

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A Controversial Cleopatra

ROMAN HOLIDAY

Eureka, Kansas: I must congratulate Emanuel Feo for his wonderful story "Modern Cleopatra" (May). It is one of the best articles on Elizabeth Taylor that I have ever read. —CECIL L. FARINE

Webster Groves, Missouri: Re your comment that Liz Taylor remains an enigma: Miss Taylor is no mystery but simply a spoiled, overgrown brat, utterly selfish, inconsiderate and cold-blooded.

Mr. Feo referred to Liz as "slightly lost." That's a good idea. Many of us wish she would get lost—and fast.
—MARY CLYMONTS

Torrance, California: Your Elizabeth Taylor article was superb.
—GREGG BARNETTE

Hartford, Connecticut: As much as the average male may admire Liz, I'm sure he's quite happy he doesn't have to live with her. —MRS. ALLAN ZIMMERMAN

Champaign, Illinois: Re "Modern Cleopatra": I have some rather pretty nightgowns myself. I must remember to ask my butler if he'd like to write an article about them. —MRS. LYLE D. SHARP

Sandusky, Ohio: How nice to read some kind words about Elizabeth Taylor. Anyone who loves animals can't be all bad.
—MRS. P. S. CASALI, JR.

Savannah, Georgia: I am weary of Elizabeth Taylor. —MRS. E. A. THOMAS

TAKE THE BUS . . .

Santa Barbara, California: I read with enjoyment Richard Gehman's article called "Side Trip to Isfahan" (May), for I was in Iran last summer. I would like to point out that he missed a charming way of traveling to Shiraz. Buses. They take you anywhere in Iran. My husband and I got on the bus in Tehran, armed with books, knitting, crackers and peanut butter. If Mr. Gehman thinks they oversell the airplane, he should see the buses. I made a round count of about fifty-five on our thirty-five-passenger bus, but then the children are not sold seats. They share with their parents. The added number created a chumminess in which we were included. —PATRICIA GEBHARD

DOING THE CRAWL

Conway, New Hampshire: This is a love letter pure and simple! "Run Like a Thief," your novel for May, made this would-be writer's skin crawl with envy.
—MRS. JANET HOUNSELL

SORRY, CAROL

New York, New York: Your story about "American Beauties Making Good in Paris" (June) was a delight. My only complaint is that you did not include Carol Lobravico, a young New York artist who's settled on the Left Bank.

George Barris



Paris? The cat's miaow, says Carol.

Carol originally was sent to Paris to sketch the fashion collections. She liked the city so much, she decided to stay. The editors of the Paris newspapers and magazines keep her busy now, sketching fashions as well as top film stars like Juliette Greco, Claudia Cardinale and Sophia Loren. —JOAN DUNN

MENTAL ILLNESS

New York, New York: Many parents are going to find solace in "I Committed My Daughter" (May). I'm sure mothers have had these problems with daughters (or sons) but have not known how they could be handled. —MARTHA MONIGLE

Brooklyn, New York: Your tender and poetic "I Committed My Daughter" stirs deep feelings. It is hauntingly perceptive. —GWYNNE DENSON

Los Angeles, California: I want to commend you for your article, "I Committed My Daughter." It has the authenticity of truth. Your magazine and the author have made an outstanding contribution to the field of mental health.
—ROSE F. GREENWALD

New York, New York: "I Committed My Daughter" put me in tears. I can't recall reading an article with such emotional impact. —M. SCHULMAN

THE INNER EYE

Montebello, California: I agree with Bergen Evans ("The Battle of Bawdry," May). Take away the glamour of the forbidden and it ends the problem. Just as beauty is in the eye of the beholder, filth is in the mind of the reader.
—FLORENCE PETRIS

BUT IS IT ART?

New York, New York: My compliments on one of the best art articles (May) I've read on Pablo Picasso.
—SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER

Pearl River, New York: What a waste of space to feature anyone as worthless as Picasso in the name of art. I suppose for the mixed-up group who consider ugliness and distortion the mark of a great artist, Picasso is a great artist.
—MRS. JOHN URBAN

AT $25 AN HOUR . . .

Wilmington, Delaware: With all due respect to your Anonymous Analyst's protests about "not playing God" ("Analyst's Diary," May), it seems to me that to presume to grant permission for a patient to ask God for help is an acknowledgment that the analyst thinks he sits not in back of the couch, nor even at the right hand of God, but in some loftier position. —JANE L. CARR

APPRECIATIVE WIT

New York, New York: Dear Jon: You do good work. —TONY RANDALL

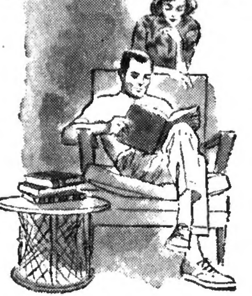
Mr. Randall was profiled by Jon Whitcomb in "Two Wits From Oklahoma" in the May issue. —The Editors

MANNERS FOR MOPPETS

Houston, Texas: What has happened to *parents'* manners, as shown in your April article, "Raising Children in the Big City," when they ask permission of the child to present the adults? It is *not* properly said to one's child: "I'd like you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fleming," but quite the reverse: "Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, I'd like you to meet my son . . ." The child is always presented to the adult, or permission is asked of the adult to be presented to the child.

Really—how much of a child's world are we creating?—MRS. H. K. PUCKETT

BROWSE WITHIN FOR GOOD **SUMMER READING**



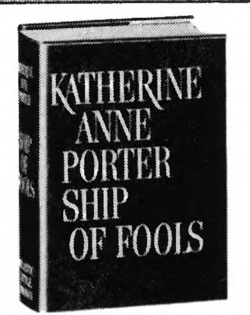
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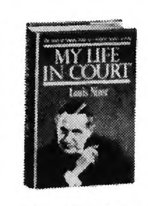
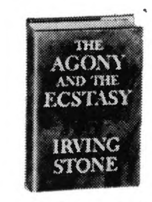
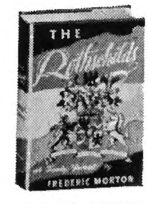
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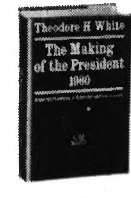


539

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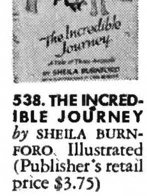
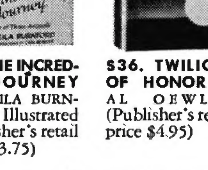
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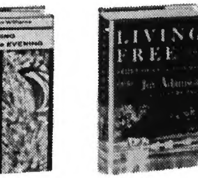
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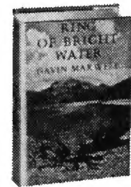
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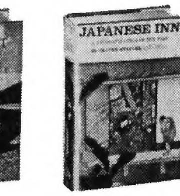
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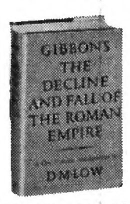


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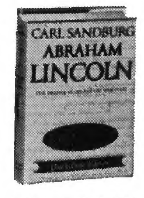
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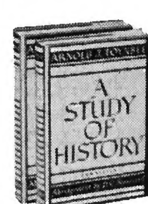
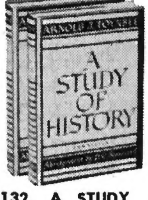
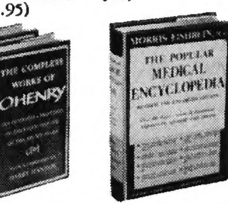
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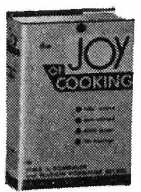
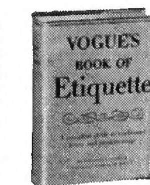
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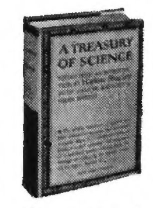
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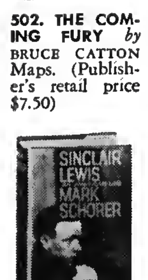
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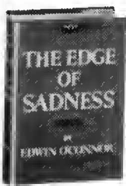


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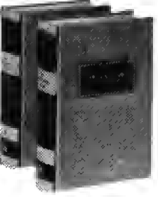


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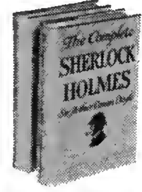
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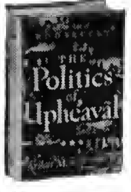
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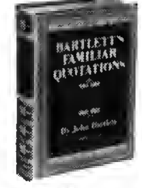
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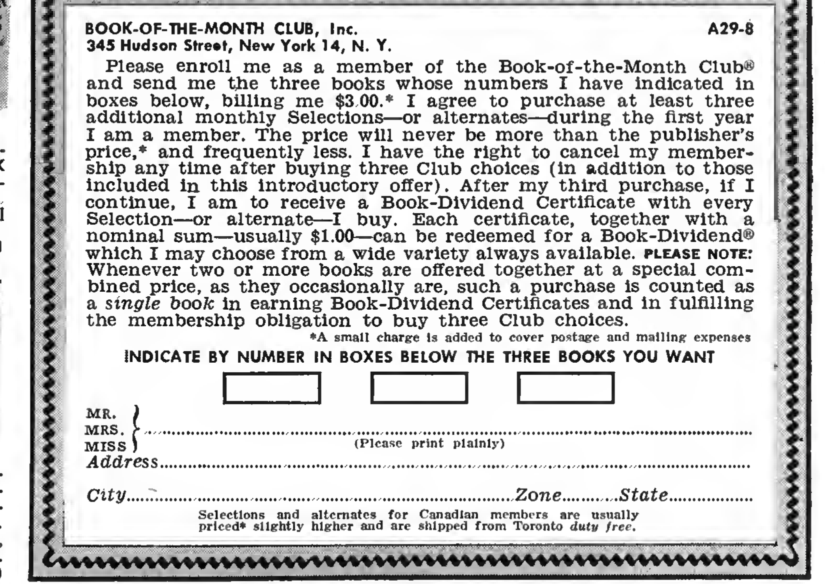
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The Ida Denison Saga

A self-effacing woman achieves everything for her family.

BY ILKA CHASE

A woman who has carved out several careers, as actress, author and critic, Ilka Chase admits that she yearns for the days when women made the home their career. In Portrait in Brownstone, *Louis Auchincloss, a practicing New York attorney who turned best-selling novelist, writes about a woman who does.*

PORTRAIT IN BROWNSTONE, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin Company, $4.95), is the story of the Denisons, a large, prosperous, closely knit family that makes a tumultuous migration from their home in Brooklyn to Manhattan during the early years of the twentieth century.

In his youth, Uncle Linn Tremain had lived in the Florence, Italy, of the Robert Brownings, dabbling in painting and sculpture. After his Italian mistress died (he had prudently married her after she had produced a daughter *and* a son), he returned to New York and became rich in the world of finance.

More Rose Than Passion Flower

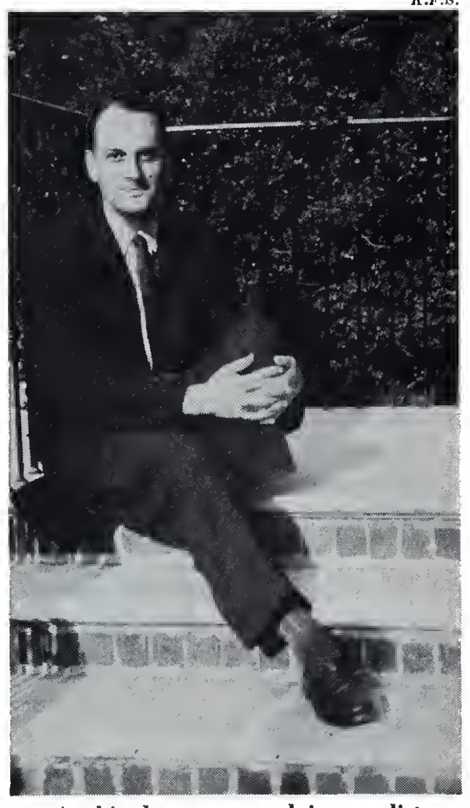
Junketing to Brooklyn one day, he met Dagmar Denison. More a rose than a passion flower, she was completely happy keeping house for her widowed father and younger sister and brothers. Nonetheless, the rich Mr. Tremain fell in love with her, and her family, eminently practical, finally prevailed upon her to marry him.

When it seemed likely that the Tremains would have no children, Uncle Linn began importing Denisons from Brooklyn, to keep his wife company. There was Uncle Will, and Uncle Philip, and Uncle Victor, and finally, Lily. It is Lily who is the mother of Ida, and it is Ida through whose eyes *Portrait in Brownstone*, a story spanning more than fifty years, is largely seen.

As the narrative unfolds, Louis Auchincloss discloses his Victorian irony: how the self-effacing Ida, by asking nothing for herself, achieves everything for her husband and her children. Today's emancipated women should find this truly intriguing.

Ida is humble, but she does not lack spirit. As a shy youngster, for example, eager for Denison approval, she willingly recites *Idylls of the King*, but she bridles at "Annabel Lee." After all, she reasons, "Would they have asked Melba to sing 'After the Ball'?" In college, she pleads for the lot of the "masses." And in the midst of a disillusioning marriage to Derrick Hartley, she somehow manages to maintain dignity, warmth and common sense.

K.F.S.



Auchincloss: a nostalgic novelist.

As the years go on, Ida quietly suggests that her divorced daughter, Dorcas, live with a man for a while before deciding to remarry. Dorcas is shocked. "But, Mummy," she says, "I had no idea you were so immoral." Replies Ida: "We live and learn." At another point, with a refreshing lack of scruples, she engineers the breakup of her son Hugo's relationship with his mistress, then pushes him into marriage with Alfreda, a girl fourteen years younger than he.

It is this strength of characterization, in Ida and in others, that is the canvas upon which *Portrait in Brownstone* is painted. The completely candid Alfreda, for example, is thoroughly refreshing. The beautiful, selfish Geraldine, Ida's cousin, attracts as much as she repels; her suicide drops the curtain on the sordid little affair she had with Ida's husband. As for the able, ruthless Derrick, he eventually tastes an irony as bitter as Ida's is sweet: just as he once replaced Uncle Linn, he sees himself supplanted as head of the family investment firm by his ambitious son-in-law.

Whether by design or oversight, Mr. Auchincloss has stinted on his background. The actual setting of New York City is weak, and the events might just as well be taking place in St. Louis, San Francisco or Philadelphia. But this is a small reservation.

Intentions Had to Be Honorable

Portrait in Brownstone is a nostalgic tale, re-creating the joys and sorrows of an era that now seems farther away in time than it actually is. It deals with a period as formal and correct as a starched wing collar, where the following dialogue between an older man and a capricious suitor seems no more than normal:

"You're seeing a good deal of Ida."

"Is there any objection, sir?"

"Oh, no. So long as you realize you may be raising expectations."

"Don't worry, sir, I shall not trifle with Ida's affections."

More than one emancipated woman in 1962 might, in the depths of her secret heart, wistfully wish that such a feminine world existed today.

TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY, *In Search of America*, by John Steinbeck (The Viking Press, $4.95). Never has the novelist's craft been more artfully applied to nonfiction than in this volume, the account of a months-long trip Steinbeck and his personable poodle, Charley, took around America in a pickup truck. From the forty states they saw, the thousands of nameless people they met, the millions of sights, sounds and smells that struck their senses, Steinbeck has chosen a series of experiences—many as minor as his meeting with the wordless Maine State Trooper, some as important as his encounter with the obscenity-spouting women who daily shouted taunts at Negro children trying to attend newly integrated schools in New Orleans—that will give any reader, no matter how worldly, a thoughtful, new look at the United States. THE END



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Polynesian Wrap-around

Of the *vahines* (women) of Tahiti, James Ramsey Ullman once wrote: "Whether in a Dior replica, *pareu* with garlands or in blue jeans and her boy friend's sport shirt, I never once saw a *vahine* I would call a frump."

Dressed in one dollar's worth of printed cotton (enough material to make Tahiti's traditional *pareu*), the brown-skinned *vahine* looks her best. Her best is so good that American women, jetting into Tahiti from the United States, are buying the bright-patterned cottons by the yard (at thirty to sixty cents a yard) for patio wear, beach cover-ups, even for glamorous evenings. At the airport Welcome Service in Papeete, the question women ask most of T.A.I. ground hostess Hinano Paofai (who greets them wearing regulation T.A.I. uniform: *pareu*, flowers, bare feet) is how to wrap that *pareu*.

The idea is to measure off a length two and a half times your hip measurement and, with a couple of strategic twists and a square knot, create either an evening skirt (wrap around the hips, make a knot at back or side and tuck in, add matching bra), a full-length *pareu* (wrap around at chest, knot in front and tuck in), or a halter dress (by tying ends around neck, draping to suit yourself and then pinning at side with a flower). Women-in-the-know wash the cloth first, to make it more supple.

The variations are endless if you're willing to play this game. But those who refuse to be bothered are crowding the dress shops in Papeete, where, for $8.75, you can order a *pareu*-inspired dress guaranteed to be hand-tailored by Chinese workmen. But the simplest and most stunning evening effect we've seen so far was on a Tahitian girl who turned up at a party in a white silk sheath slit from tanned knee to ankle, with a red-and-white-flowered cotton print draped over her head and shoulders. Commented one impressed fashion designer, "*To'e, To'e*." Which in Tahitian means "cool."

The suède bikini, a dangerous, slippery-when-wet suit that Pierre Cardin showed in Paris, is arriving on the Riviera—and just when it looked as though

T.A.I. Photos



TAHITIAN *PAREU*: twice around hips and a square knot. "Add a bra," demands strict Tahitian law (often overlooked).



TOURISTS IN PAPEETE spend $8.75 (and less, if not hand-tailored) for the western, one-shouldered version.

interest in the bikini was beginning to flag. Some of Cardin's bra tops are of the halter variety with a bit of suède ruffle going around the neck as a halter. The skimpy bottoms are bits of suède, like a wide, smooth band around the hips. Some are spiffed up with suède ruffles. The suède bikini, which is making more bikini friends than ever, is bringing about an upsurge in the most effective exercise to tighten the thighs for a longer-leg, and skinnier-leg look: with feet wide apart, sink down and sit on the left heel. Then straighten back up to standing position. Same for the right heel. Tough, but it works.

The jeweled-pin craze—wearing a jeweled pin anywhere but sedately pinned to that old-time spot where the shoulder socket and the collarbone almost meet—has been sweeping over fashion models, society members and almost anyone with a spark of fashion fire. High in the middle of the breastbone is *the* place to wear a jeweled pin now. The other "in" places: on top of a narrow shoulder strap; in the hair, as Mrs. John F. Kennedy wears hers; on the underside of the turned-up collar of the St. Laurent-inspired pea jacket, whether it's melton or mink.

Almost any brilliant pin that anchors a triple strand of matinee-length pearls to a dress looks sensational. The pin-on-the-necklace has been growing for years, and the fashion-bright woman buys her jeweled pins only after checking the backing to see if it's curved so that it will hold the bulk of a necklace. Last December, a smart New York manufacturer began producing thirty-five-dollar-and-up pins that have grooves in the back to clasp and hold two-, three-, four- and five-strand necklaces in place. Vienna-born jewelry designer Marianne Ostier, who was the Austrian Court jeweler, thinks "jeweled pins on pearl bracelets" will be another big thing this fall. A five-time winner of Diamonds-International awards, Mrs. Ostier pinpoints three other places pins will be popularly worn this year: on evening bags, on turbans and on the left top of the wrist of velvet evening gloves.

About that pea jacket—Pauline Trigère has done it in tiger and in white Persian. The pea jacket has become everything from a water-repellent sailing outfit in faded blue denim (laminated with foam to keep you warm under cold sea spray) to a sail-cloth version for the beach. But proving the worth of one's personal style, the cockiest, sportiest pea jacket outfit to our mind was seen strolling down a road in Connecticut—the regulation navy blue wool pea jacket teamed with narrow tan pants, tan country shoes and a coconut-straw hat. The whole thing looked faintly like an elegant Tom Sawyer.—HARRIET LA BARRE

Coiffures Americana



SHORT AND STRAIGHT: 4" long hair shows height (unteased) possible with wooden-roller "wave" permanent.



MEDIUM LENGTH: 5" to 6" long hair has French twist in back. The top's "opened-up" look will hold its shape.



LONG: 7" to 8" hair swoops high and back from forehead, curves under, showing controlled softness without curl.

New Curve in Coiffures

"Hardly a trace of curl" for 1962 is the stern decree of hair stylists. What is necessary: body, flexibility and height that doesn't frustratingly collapse when weather turns humid. Newest technique in permanent waving, introduced this summer and called Freeforming, is supposed to do all this, while providing the smooth wave that women have yearned for ever since Monsieur Marcel started their hair sizzling with his curling iron. By next month, the new wide-wave permanent (hair is set with big birchwood curlers placed to the scalp, angled so that a woman gets her own "custom-made" style) should have eager customers flocking to the Coiffures Americana salons. Though hair looks like *more* hair with the new permanent, it actually can be shorter, is often less. The styles (above), by Coiffures Americana, soon to be available across the country (and in Honolulu), show what's easily possible with short hair, medium hair and mid-shoulder-length hair, based on the new FreeForm principle.

Beautiful teeth, dazzling with a tan, are the object of the fiercest concentration now that skiing is providing winter tans, too. Best ways to have them are popping up all over the place: there's a new toothbrush (called the Pycopay) whose bristles are specially treated with chemicals that inhibit bacterial growth on bristles between brushings.

A "throw-away" toothbrush promises to be another big business. It's called Flex-i-Brush, comes hermetically sealed with the tooth paste already on the brush. Some hotels now have it; at the Washington, D.C., airport, you can buy it in a vending machine for ten cents; Pan Am and El Al are distributing it free aboard their planes (it weighs almost nothing); and schools will probably go for it sooner or later.

For kids, there is a new Dutch tooth paste from Holland, due here late this month. Comes in six flavors: banana, peppermint, strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange. In Holland, kids go for it like they go for ice cream, ask, "What flavor shall I use tonight?" It's called Pento, and a child gets a plastic animal "prize" in the package. The real prize in taking care of teeth is the truth that "a clean tooth never decays." Well, seldom, anyway. American Dental Association reports show that almost all Americans have more beautiful (and longer lasting) teeth through diet, brushing and after-meal rinsing.

Neatest way to keep mosquitos away from your face comes from twenty-year-old "Bunny" Cronin, daughter of "Sabina," one-time top model with Conover and Eileen Ford. As one of the two college coed "Mosquito Maids" who traveled cross-country during the summer for "6-12" insect repellent, Bunny discovered that spraying one of those over-the-hair nets with the repellent kept the mosquitos away. You don't have to spray the net more than once every three days.

A woman can repel a man, too, says Bunny, "if she wants to be so foolish." How? "Hailing taxis. Signaling the waiter. Insisting on Twisting—when he says he can't. Going on a culture kick—pointing up his lack of knowledge of esoteric poetry, music and art." And finally, "Continually putting him on—about noticing your new hairdo, new dress, new earrings—things like that."

A woman might as well throw her most expensive make-up or perfume down the sink for all the benefit she'll get out of it—if she becomes too impatient to bother applying it correctly. Since most women *do* get impatient, manufacturers have been making hay out of packaging, from the perfume *flacon* that automatically measures out the right amount to Lenthéric's new, individually packaged Tweed shampoo in tiny, plastic "pillows," ten to a box. Equally new on the "individual" packaging scene: sun-tan lotion on individually packaged cellulose sponges, fifteen to a box, for two dollars, by Angelique—each sponge saturated with lotion for a single application. Where make-up is concerned, some genius must have created liquid "rouge in a tube." By Hazel Bishop, called "Fresh 'N Bright," it's in a small plastic tube and is a blessing to the woman who can't stand patchy cheeks. Latest on the perfume front for purse-size perfumes concerns an aerosol container that's smaller and slimmer than earlier ones—about the size of a lipstick. —H. La B.

Sheer Genius gives you a perfect matte look. Every time.

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Sheer Genius by Max Factor

the complete matte finish make-up.

LUNCH DATE WITH

CARY GRANT

Plaza Hotel

Archibald Leach was born in 1904 in Bristol, England. As Cary Grant he has made sixty movies, the latest of which is That Touch of Mink; *has had three wives, the most current of whom is Betsy Drake; and has residences in several cities, the most frequented of which is in Hollywood.*

Yes, dear readers, there is a Cary Grant. He strolled into the Plaza dining room and eased into a chair at my table just like a real person would. "I'm Cary Grant," he claimed in a terribly familiar voice. "Name dropper," I thought to myself, but said, instead, something clever—I believe it was, "I've seen you in the movies."

Striking at once on a responsive chord, we forged on with this sophisticated repartee: "What have you been doing since you've been in New York?"

"Sitting in my suite. I asked for a window seat for lunch. Why don't we have it?" He sighed. "New headwaiter, I guess. Everything's changed here. All my old friends are gone." There was pathos in his voice, and a panoramic view of the parade of life.

Grasping desperately for something that would bring him back, I asked: "Why haven't you gone out of your suite?" and the merry twinkle returned to his black, penetrating, boyish eyes (if you think they're great in Radio City, you should see them at the Plaza).

"Where can I go?"

"For a walk in Central Park, maybe."

"Central Park? In broad daylight? Do you think I want to get stabbed?"

"Well, then, how about going shopping on Fifth Avenue?"

"I can't do that. Salesgirls call their friends and make a scene."

"Even in Abercrombie and Fitch?"

"Yes, even there."

"Let's eat."

He ordered cheese omelets for us both, confiding, "It will probably be American cheese. Wait, you'll see." It was. He could tell because it melted into flat triangles "right out of the package."

"Do you often eat cheese omelets?" I asked, probing for the secret of his eternal youth.

"I eat what I want when I want it," he replied. "Or, I don't eat anything at all if that's how I feel. Furthermore, I don't drink carrot juice and I don't practice yoga, and those are only two of the things I don't do that everyone says I do."

Does he still take that drug that induces hallucinations? "Yes, I do," he said, "but I don't want anything printed about it. If you're interested I'll tell you what it's like." He told all, but you'll not read it here; we've never been ratfinks and we're not starting now.

How does a man called Cary Grant amuse himself?

"I go to drive-in movies and eat pizza," he said. In a Rolls-Royce? "Sometimes." He paused. "Peter Sellers stole my chauffeur in England." From under his very nose? "Yes. And I thought he was a friend. Everything's changed now. For years I've had this lovely routine: I fly to London on a weekend, my chauffeur meets the plane in the Rolls and whisks me to my mother's in Bristol. Now I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Peter Sellers is a ratfink," I exclaimed in a burst of sympathy.

"Yes," nodded Cary. "But the hurt is over for me. We must feel sorry for Peter for he must live with his own conscience."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I inquired, having been warned that Mr. Grant had been hypnotized out of the habit.

"I don't mind, but I won't light your cigarette for you. I will not be a party to your destruction." I lit the deadly weed to show him I wasn't afraid. He stared at it, smirking. I crushed the cigarette in a paroxysm of fear.

"Don't you want to ask me anything about my latest movie?" he asked, grasping desperately for something that would bring me back.

"Yes. Where did you get that black sweater you wore in it?"

"That's *my* sweater," he said proudly. "I always change into a sweater and slippers when I come into my office at Universal, just the way I did in the picture." What does he do in his office besides change clothes? "I put my feet up on the desk and go to sleep." What else? "Sometimes I walk over to the couch and go to sleep."

"That's nice work if you can get it," I said.

"Yes," he affirmed.

Grant's Theory of Evolution

That was the magic moment. Realizing our two minds were working as one, he took me fully into his confidence. "Everything goes in cycles, you know." I knew. "Those craters on the moon, for instance, do you know what I believe they are? Old, cooled bomb craters.

"Centuries ago, moon people blew themselves to smithereens with some kind of nuclear bombs—but before they destroyed themselves they sent a few people to earth by rocket so mankind would be perpetuated. Now the cycle is coming round and we're trying frantically to get a few people to the moon so that when we destroy ourselves the world will go on. That's another thing we've all got, you see, the instinct to survive."

"Yes," I affirmed, and asked where he had gotten his theories.

"I didn't read them anywhere," he said. "I guess they're just mine."

"Mr. Grant, Sir," I said respectfully, "if you are so sure we're going to be blown to bits, you must be glad you have no children."

"Oh no," he sparked brightly. "I'm going to have children—dozens of them. And maybe, when the bomb drops, a few of them will get through."

Say, do you think he was pulling my leg? —LYN TORNABENE

Ben Mancuso, Impact Photos



LUNCHING AT THE PLAZA, Columnist Lyn Tornabene discovers just what *is* a Cary Grant . . . he's someone who's very much "like a real person," she concludes.



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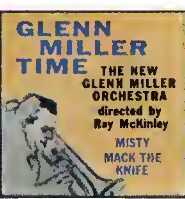
348. Won 2 Academy Awards—for Best Score, Best Song, (*Moon River*)!



379. *Wild Man Blues, Tin Roof Blues, Sweet Georgia Brown*, more jazz.



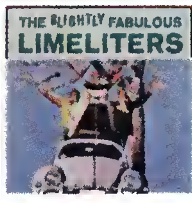
370. Rubinstein says, "This is the most perfect recording I have made."



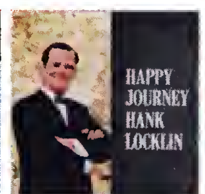
359. Souvenir of hit TV show, all in danceable-plus Miller style.



356. First solo recording! Includes *C-Sharp Minor Waltz, Polonaise*, others.



347. Hilarious, intimate, "in person" concert by top folk-song/comedy trio.



373. Hit title tune plus *Let Me Be the One, Happy Birthday To Me*, etc.



369. First recording in many years—superbly moving new performance.



274. And 10 more by TV trumpet star with swing band and strings.



246. Trapp family sings *My Favorite Things, Do-Re-Mi*, more show "greats."



273. Also *Mazeppa, Rakoczy March*. A high fidelity showpiece!



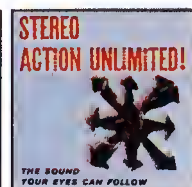
301. Oriental orchestral feast, sumptuous sound. A hi-fi "must."



311. Met's new sensation sings arias from Verdi and Puccini operas.



250. Epic film score containing original version of the hit theme.



363. Amusing, amazing showpiece—various artists. STEREO ONLY.



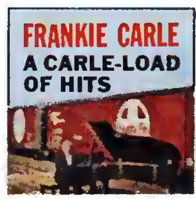
315. Electronic stereo re-processing of one of his finest performances.



346. Lucy, with original Broadway cast. *Hey Look Me Over*, others.



94. Also *I Believe, September Song, You'll Never Walk Alone*, etc.



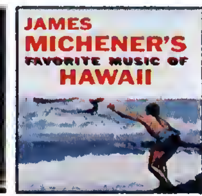
364. Pianist plays 25 great hits—*Stardust, Candy, Solitude*, etc.



233. Danceable versions of 40 hits by Kern, Porter, Rodgers, others.



1. Also 10 more soothing instrumentals—*While We're Young, Estrellita*.



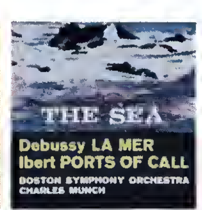
227. Hawaiian, Polynesian hits selected by the author, recorded in Hawaii.



231. *Riders in the Sky, Jambalaya, On Top of Old Smoky*, 9 more.



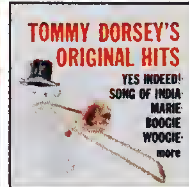
292. Also *Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up*, 18 Western gems.



314. The glory of Debussy's "Sea" splashed in brilliant hi-fi.



24. *Plus Too Young, Warsaw Concerto, Charmaine*, others.

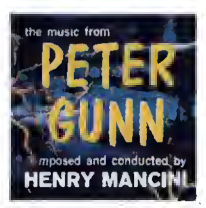


148. *Stardust, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus #1*, 9 more. (Reg. L.P. only)



297. Includes *The Thunderer*. 14 Sousa strutters in walloping sound!

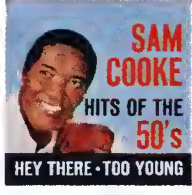




2. The original TV action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz.



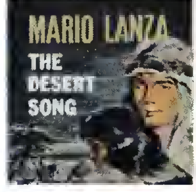
281. And 8 more of his top Latin dance band hits in "new sound."



261. Also *Secret Love, Unchained Melody*, more by new vocal sensation.



5. The first classical L.P. of all time to sell over 1 million copies!



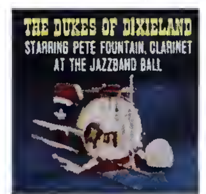
258. Romberg's irresistible score magnificently sung by the late tenor.



337. "Plenty of substance . . . forthright and sensitive"—*High Fidelity*.



121. His biggest hits! *Liebestraum, Arabesques 1 and 2*. (Reg. L. P. only)



102. *When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag*, 10 more classics.



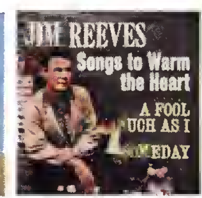
322. Absolutely the last word in SOUND—the sauciest Gaîté of all!



280. Guitar virtuoso plays *Lullaby of Birdland, Marie, Whispering*, 9 others.



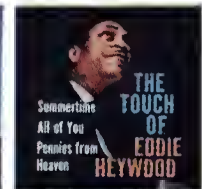
124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation*, others.



219. Country-pop star also sings *Dear Hearts and Gentle People*, others.



123. Timeless! *Celeste Aida, Vesti la giubba*, etc. (Regular L.P. only)



37. Also *The Man I Love, Cherry*, others by pianist's relaxed trio.

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362. *Anytime, Oh My Pa-Pa, I'm Walking Behind You, Thinking of You.*



330. Beloved favorites beautifully arranged to evoke a tender mood.



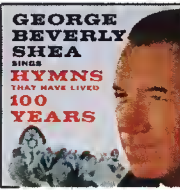

342. Piano, full orchestra. *Over The Rainbow, Night and Day,* many more.



16. *Waltz of the Flowers, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy,* others.



349. *The Song Is You, The Last Time I Saw Paris, Yesterdays,* more.



361. *Rock of Ages, Abide With Me, Stand Up For Jesus,* 10 more.



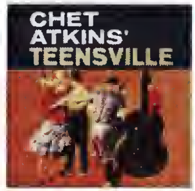
215. Definitive versions of Gershwin's most popular classics.



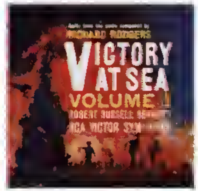
214. Also *Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp,* 6 others.



327. Lilting Strauss waltzes and overtures in true Viennese style.



212. "Mr. Guitar" plays for dancing. *Night Train, Sleep Walk,* etc.



7. Magnificent new recording of dramatic TV score by R. Rodgers.



125. *June Is Busting Out All Over, Carousel Waltz,* other hits.



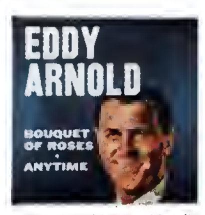
295. Also *Wanderland By Night, Danny Boy* by Nashville piano ace.



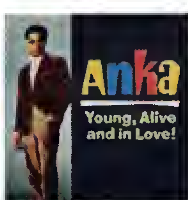
191. Dreamy all-time hits. Franklyn MacCormack recites. (Reg. L.P. only)



950 and **950-A.** The actual Carnegie Hall Concert—recorded LIVE! **Two-Record set. Write both numbers on card.**



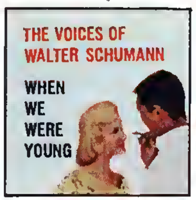
254. Arnold sings his all-time hits again—in new hi-fi sound!



377. Dynamic young star sings *You Make Me Feel So Young,* 10 zesty others.



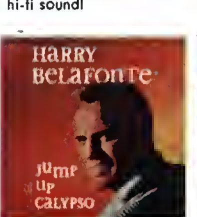
339. Brilliant, masterful interpretation by Heifetz and Reiner.



74. 12 romantic waltzes. *Ramona, Girl of My Dreams, Always,* etc.



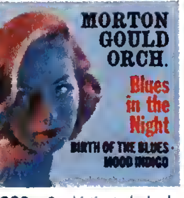
299. Two of the most brilliant piano concertos ever recorded.



341. New calypso album Belafonte fans have waited 6 years for!



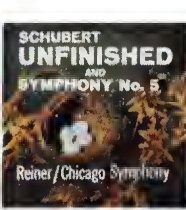
4. *Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening,* 13 more hits.



293. *Sophisticated Lady, Deep Purple, St. Louis Blues, Moonglow.*



243. The ever-delightful Romberg score, beautifully performed.



324. The divine Schubert masterpieces in glowing performances.

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The Case of
The Frightened Minks

It happened on a mink farm northwest of Chicago some time back, but the point of this story is still true.

A driverless tractor crashed into some mink pens. Eighty-seven minks worth thousands of dollars slipped through the fence and lit out for freedom.

Much to everybody's surprise, by morning some of the minks came back to their broken pens wanting their breakfast. By suppertime, almost all of them had turned their backs on freedom and voluntarily returned to the cages. Obviously, they had been in captivity so long they had lost all initiative.

Fortunately for America, most of us don't think like frightened minks. Our competitive way of life gives us the incentives to exercise individual initiative.

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Records Come Alive

Broadway show albums lead all others in record sales, reports Columbia, whose albums of ***Camelot*** and ***The Sound of Music*** have sold 600,000 and over one million copies respectively, and whose ***My Fair Lady*** sales are nearing a phenomenal four million. Lovers of Broadway scores, who are not within range of the Great White Way, will have a chance to see the actual shows this summer as a wide variety of musicals hit the summer theater circuit. Choices include four recent hits on tour. innumerable revivals at music fairs and a special bonus—for those who'd like to see a musical before the songs become national favorites—in the form of three pre-Broadway openings.

TOURING COMPANIES:

Carnival. The leading roles in this wistful tale of a carnival waif were created on Broadway by Anna Maria Alberghetti as Lili and Jerry Orbach as the gruff puppeteer. In the touring company, Ed Ames plays the part of the puppeteer.
Denver, Colorado
Denver Auditorium July 31—August 4
Omaha, Nebraska
Civic Auditorium August 6—11
Washington, D.C.
National Theater August 13—Sept. 1

Irma La Douce. Set in Montmartre, this gay Parisian musical is touring with Taina Elg as the captivating harlot, Irma.
Los Angeles, California
Biltmore July 16—August 25

My Fair Lady, Lerner and Loewe's classic, has been on tour for over five years. Currently playing the roles of Eliza, Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering are Caroline Dixon, Ronald Drake and Hugh Dempster.
Portland, Oregon
Paramount Theater July 30—August 11
Seattle, Washington
Orpheum Theater August 13—Sept. 8

The Sound of Music, Rodgers and Hammerstein's story of the singing Trapp family, continues at the Shubert Theater in *Chicago* through November. Barbara Meister has replaced Florence Henderson in the leading role.

PRE-BROADWAY OPENINGS:

La Belle is a musical adapted from Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène* (Helen of Troy) with book by Brendan Gill. Menasha Skulnik, Joan Diener and Howard Da Silva are in the leading roles. It is scheduled to open in *New York* in September.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Shubert Theater August 13—Sept. 1

Mr. President, Irving Berlin's new show, is about an American president during his last four months in, and first year out of, office. Directed by Joshua Logan, it stars Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray. The Broadway opening is scheduled for October 22.
Boston, Massachusetts
Colonial Theater August 27—Sept. 22

Oliver, the London smash hit adapted from Dickens' *Oliver Twist* by Lionel Bart, has its American première this month. Some of the members from the London cast play their original roles.
Los Angeles, California
Philharmonic Theater Aug. 6—Sept. 22



Barbara Meister (r.) in *Sound of Music.*

STRAW HAT HIGHLIGHTS:

Bye Bye Birdie
Lambertville, New Jersey
St. John Terrell's Music Circus August 21—September 2
Charlotte, North Carolina
Charlotte Music Theater July 31—August 5

Damn Yankees
Calumet, Michigan
Keweenaw Playhouse Aug. 28—Sept. 2
Fort Worth, Texas
Casa Manana August 13-25

Gypsy
Framingham, Massachusetts
Carousel Theater August 20-27
Cleveland, Ohio
Musicarnival August 27—September 9

The Music Man
Brunswick, Maine
Brunswick Playhouse August 13-25
St. Louis, Missouri
Municipal Opera August 20—Sept. 2

—MICHELE WOOD



Hugh Dempster, Ronald Drake, Caroline Dixon (l. to r.) in *My Fair Lady.*

YOUR TV DIAL

THE BITTER COMICS

GREGORY—Tall, lumbering and a chain smoker, ***Dick Gregory*** is the first Negro comic to break into the big-time, performing at such posh night clubs as The Blue Angel in New York, holding his own with best-selling record albums, making frequent guest appearances on TV. Of all these, Gregory, who bores a hole through you with his wide-eyed, glassy stare, moans only about the latter.

"Television and movies have hurt this country very badly, internationally. You don't know how bad. Italians in America are gangsters, thanks to *The Untouchables*, and all Chinese are cliché laundrymen. And it's not only the people around the world who get the wrong impressions. Our kids here do, too. When we show Africans as savages, how do you expect a kid to understand that an African can fly a jet? Or that Chinese, previously shown as laundrymen, might be Red Chinese and might have the secret of the H-bomb?"

Gregory gripes about the portrayal of Negroes on American television. "They're good either for a jail scene or a Communist rally. All those dramas, for instance, that take place in New York. Aren't there plenty of Negroes there? Just try and find one in a *Naked City* segment. This is no beef for myself. My humor isn't right for TV, and I don't expect any TV favors. My humor makes people think."

Some samples of Gregory's "think" humor:

"I don't believe in Santa Claus. Why? Because no white man comes into our neighborhood after midnight."

"I've read so much about cigarettes, I quit reading."

"Let's send out twenty million CARE packages with a note in each one—'You want something? Buy it yourself'."

"I'd be so confused if Georgia, Louisiana and Arkansas attacked Cuba tonight. I don't know who I'd pull for."

BERMAN—Gray-eyed and graying-haired comic ***Shelley Berman*** added more logs to Gregory's TV pyre.

"On the ***Ed Sullivan*** and ***Perry Como*** shows, you have seven to eight minutes in which to get your laughs. If you don't hit that audience right, then you've lost the battle because there's no time to recover. In a night club, you can acknowledge individual people, someone with a special laugh or a pretty girl. But on television, you're hooked by that beautiful money—up to fifteen-thousand dollars, for one appearance—and you lay your career on the chopping block for one night in front of thirty million viewers. If just 50 per cent of the viewers say, 'I think he stinks,' that's quite a chunk of people. Maybe they've seen you before, and so you hope they forgive you. Otherwise, after another deadbeat appearance, go back to the butcher shop.

"One big trouble is that on TV you don't have natural laughter. What an essential sound! They 'can' it for situation comedies because without it they wouldn't last a week. You see, some people have to be told *when* to laugh. Even in TV studios with audiences, the cameras block your view and you lose touch. Once, I was going great guns on the Como show and I didn't draw a laugh. I was desperate. When I walked off that set, my sweat was showing and I wanted to shoot myself. What had happened? All the monitor sets that the live audience sees had blacked out."

On August 14th, Berman has a full hour on ABC-TV to work up his deliciously complicated humor into live laughter.

NEWHART—After winning a coveted Peabody Award and an Emmy, the button-down comedy of ***Bob Newhart*** was given the pink slip by NBC. "I probably didn't have the right formula," comments Newhart. "And I'll try to correct this in my next series. Here's the plot. Father, who knows best, rents a Greyhound bus to take daughter, a bride-to-he, on a tour of America via Route Sixty-six. They take their collie dog, named Lassie, and the neighbor's kid, Dennis, and a maid, Hazel, to empty ash trays. Hazel has a pet 'talking fish' who amuses the passengers—who are Mitch Miller and his gang. Oh yes, there's a doctor along. He's on his way to California for an emergency operation, but he goes by bus because it's safe.

"What happens when they hit Los Angeles after thirty-nine weeks on the road? Well, if they're lucky and the series is renewed, they can turn around and come back."—GEORGE CHRISTY

MOVIE GUIDE

Recommended for August: instant vacations ranging in price from ninety cents to two dollars per person—all accommodations air-conditioned. Inquire at your local cinema.

Adventures of a Young Man offers a round trip from Michigan to Verona. Based on Ernest Hemingway's Nick Adams short stories, it ranges novel-like through four critical years in the life of a youth (Richard Beymer) who leaves the overprotection of his Michigan family to see the world. In his travels he learns about alcoholic showmen (Dan Dailey), punch-drunk fighters (Paul Newman in a surprise role) and about love from a young Italian nurse (Susan Strasberg), finally returning a sadder, wiser fellow. Richard Beymer's best role to date.

The whole family can take a vicarious romp through East Africa via ***The Lion***, screen version of Joseph Kessel's best seller. The story centers on an eleven-year-old girl (Pamela Franklin) living on a Kenya game preserve with her mother and stepfather. Her mother (Capucine), alarmed by the child's acceptance of the primitive life and especially by her devotion to a full-grown lion, sends for her ex-husband (William Holden) for advice. Holden's glimpse of his daughter's life on the game preserve gives opportunity for some wonderful shots of African countryside and wildlife, and some extraordinary scenes between seventy-eight-pound Pamela and her five-hundred-fifty-pound lion playmate.

At the Art Theaters:

The Best of Enemies affords a great view of the Negev and a first look at a comic side of World War II. This thoroughly delightful Anglo-Italian production revolves around a British armored column and a scruffy Italian infantry band who keep capturing each other. At the head of the English group is a stiff-upper-lipped David Niven; in charge of the Italians is the noted Latin comic, Alberto Sordi. They play out the entire film as a battle of half-wits, and when it's all over you still don't know which is the bigger boob. Real fun, with no age limits.

Boccaccio '70 divides Italian morals into three parts and four-color. A showcase for Italy's leading directors, this widely publicized film has gotten more attention than some movie-goers will feel it deserves. The first third, directed by Federico Fellini, stars a skyscraper-sized Anita Ekberg; the second, directed by Luchino Visconti, stars a Chanel-draped Romy Schneider; the third, directed by Vittorio De Sica, stars an undraped Sophia Loren. The sum of the parts is an exercise in ribaldry that's easy on adult eyes.

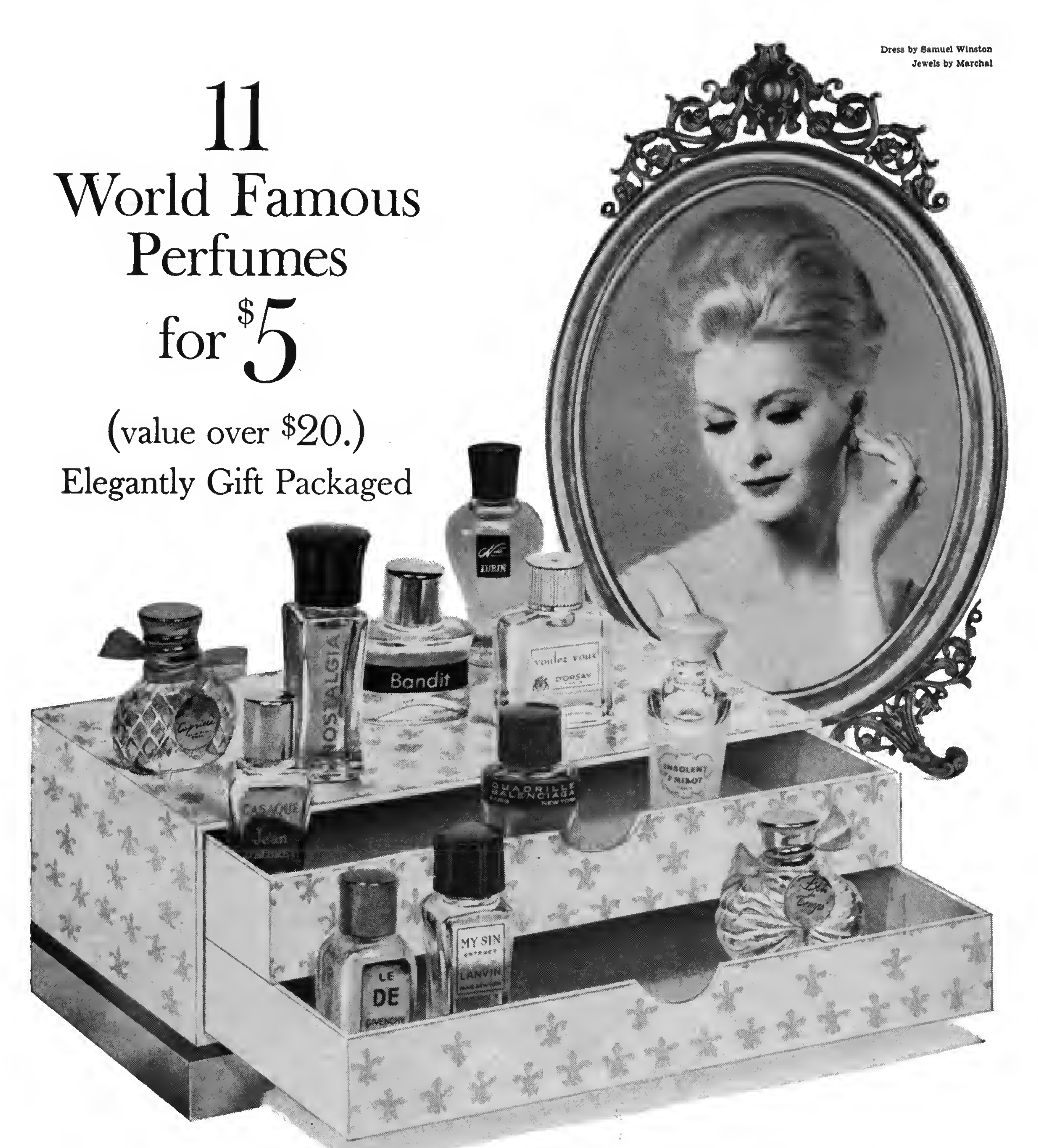
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Can Docs Advise About Sex? Pet "Population Explosion," and Great-grandpa Motorists

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Can docs advise about sex? Just because he knows his medicine, it doesn't mean that a doctor is wise in problems of sex. This comes from psychiatry professor Harold I. Lief (Tulane University) who, in a straight-out talk to fellow medical men, said, "Doctors are supposed to be experts on sex, but they are not. They are woefully ignorant about the psychological and emotional aspects of sex behavior." The trouble, said Dr. Lief, was traceable to the fact that "practically no attention has been paid to the problem of sex education in medical schools." As evidence, a study of 220 medical students (more than half receiving psychotherapy) showed that, as a group, "they tend to be sexually inhibited, naïve and anxious about sex; their sexual problems interfere with learning; and they frequently fail to deal adequately with the sexual problems of their patients." (The foregoing, it should be understood, refers only to psychological and social sex problems, which, where serious, might best be taken to psychiatrists, analysts and psychologists specifically qualified in these matters, and to whom one may be referred by the family doctor.)

Crank? Criminal? or Crazy? If you think it's easy to decide this about a troublemaker, take, for example, a man answering this description: "Very suspicious . . . sure everybody's against him . . . claims strangers are following him . . . has beaten up some people he thought were 'plotting against him' . . . and the other night cursed, struck and threatened to kill his wife because—he said—she, too, was 'working against him'." How would you judge this individual? Psychologist Bruce Dohrenwend (Columbia University) put the question to eighty-seven leading (and presumably more than ordinarily astute) citizens of New York, including justices, legislators, clergymen, school principals, police captains, business executives and organization heads. Surprisingly, while most educators were quick to recognize that the man described was mentally ill (probably a paranoid schizophrenic) and in need of psychiatric help, many clergymen, business executives and other leaders proved to be poorly informed and confused about identifying mentally diseased persons, and were inclined to stamp the man as an evil-doer who ought to be punished.

Pet "population explosion." While some Americans are having more children, many others are having more pet fish, birds, cats, dogs, turtles and what



not in their homes. Fascinating figures on the boom in pets, offered by economist Ross J. Wilhelm (University of Michigan), include these: About 55 per cent of American families have pets (referring to any nonhuman living things) . . . . The present dog population of the country—twenty-seven million—represents an increase of more than 250 per cent during the last three decades. . . . The pet fish population has grown to 650 million, swimming merrily in the aquaria and bowls of twenty million fish fanciers. . . . The pet birds number twenty-five million. The cat population, however, has remained about the same as it formerly was, although it is divided among fewer families—cat lovers usually having two or more cats each. Economist Wilhelm adds that while both dog and cat owners tend to feel very close to their pets and to endow them with many human traits, this applies most strongly to cat owners, who more often consider their cats to be "respected, dignified and knowledgeable members of the family." (Miaow to you, Fido!)

Women on hospital boards. Being a member of a hospital board—one of the most sought-after activities—has different requirements and meanings for women of the upper class and those of the middle class, it was learned by sociologist Joan W. Moore (University of Chicago). For upper class or society women, membership on a top hospital board fulfills an obligation to family traditions, and goes with the conception of what they, as members of the "best families," owe to the community. Often their affiliation with hospitals begins in the late teens (participation in Chicago's major debutante ball requires volunteering for hospital service). But with the middle-class women it's different. When they do get on the board of a hospital (limited for them to a less prestigious institution), it's usually at a later age—after family duties have eased—and because they are especially well qualified and interested. They also must be prepared to do more

routine and arduous work than the society women, but their service may bring them greater inner satisfaction.

Great-grandpa motorists. Teenagers aren't the only ones who've swelled the ranks of autoists. So have persons aged sixty-five and over, the number of whom has increased 50 per cent in the past twelve years—from 6 per cent to 9 per cent—among licensed drivers. The reasons are not only the growing proportion of oldsters, but the fact that the newer cars are easier to manage and require less physical exertion. (The Methuselah among drivers, at last report, was a one-hundred-and-two-year-old Missouri judge who was still driving to work six days each week.) However, aged drivers



generally tend to have a quite high accident rate—though nowhere near that of youngsters under twenty-one—mainly because of visual difficulties, hearing impairment, slower reaction time and lessened ability to judge distances. Reporting these facts, safety expert Burtòn W. Marsh (American Automobile Association) strongly urges aging persons to check with their doctors about continuing to drive and, if they do, to follow these injunctions: See that your car is in tiptop safety condition, with windshield and headlights spotlessly clean; drive only when you feel fully well; take it easy, making frequent stops on long trips; choose quieter routes; plan trips to avoid heavy traffic or night driving.

The "monster" test. What do you visualize in the saying, "Two heads are better than one"? Psychiatrist Edward Lehman (New York) devised a test whereby a great many youngsters, aged six to sixteen—some under psychiatric treatment, some not—were asked to give their reactions to several familiar proverbs. After being tried out on "neutral" proverbs, they depicted their ideas about the "two heads" saying. The majority of the psychotic youngsters drew a monster with two heads on one body. But over nine out of ten youngsters not under treatment had the normal reaction of interpreting "two heads" as belonging to two people working together. Dr. Lehman concludes that while normal responses on the test can come from psychotic persons, with infrequent exceptions the "monster" responses are obtained from persons who are psychotic or in danger of becoming so. THE END



PRACTICAL-MINDED visitors are attracted to signs advocating marriage, divorce and car insurance. As Tijuana's major industries, these services are supplied with just the right enticement: they are fast and cheap.

Twenty-four Hours In a Border Town

The town of Tijuana offers attractions ranging from fast divorces to even faster strip teases, from exotic foods to explosive drinks. Tourists are advised to forget their sense of propriety, make full use of their sense of humor.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Tijuana, about nineteen miles south of San Diego, just across the California line in Mexico, is the border town to end them all. It makes all other border towns seem as quiet and strict as Amish villages. There are two ways of looking at this place. One can view it in total despair—for its avarice, its depravity, its send-anybody-to-the-hospital food, its noise, its tourist traps, its filth and its ability to summon a glaring local joy about all those questionable qualities. Or one can look at it as the humorous climax of man's essential insecurity and foolishness, his unceasing quest for thrills and new experiences, his desire to be amused and beguiled and titillated, as the satirist Jonathan Swift might if he were somehow brought back to look at it today.

No matter how the prospective traveler prepares himself for Tijuana, he also ought to be prepared for trouble. It abounds there—or, rather, opportunities to get into it abound. The city offers night clubs by the dozen which in turn feature floor shows that are not rivaled even in Tokyo. It offers prostitution both on the streets and in the joints; it offers dope and drugs; it offers gambling on horses, dogs and *jai alai*. It offers everything you might want—except Mexican money, which is seldom used in Tijuana and almost never seen by the tourist. It offers, in short, the very things that it is impossible to get in American cities except by spending very heavily or by being the friend of racketeers. It is Instant Foreign Travel. One minute the tourist is in the relatively sedate U.S., and the next he is plunged into a wild neon world, a sordid arterial complex of dusty, hole-pocked streets, flanked by pink and green and orange buildings studded with signs (DIANE—STRIPPER PAR EXCELLENCE),

peopled by tiny beggar boys and little-girl prostitutes in shiny satin dresses and cornerside salesmen of amoebic dysentery who disguise that commodity by wrapping it in *tortillas.*

Tijuana has to be seen to be believed. It is so unbelievable that the residents of nearby places—San Diego, La Jolla, other settlements—manage to summon a kind of astonished pride when they speak of it. To mention the name of it to any resident is to draw out a small anthology of indignity or atrocity, and yet the stories are recounted gaily. "So-and-so's wife fell asleep in the back of his car while he was at the races and the police picked her up for prostitution," one San Diegan told me. "The police weren't sore because she was a prostitute—it was just that she hadn't paid anybody off." Apparently no American ever has gone to Tijuana without having been shocked or having had something dreadful happen to him. And this—unquestionably—is part of the city's dubious charm. The element of danger always is beguiling.

Skill or Slaughter

"Let's go to Tijuana next Sunday!" cried an old friend of mine, Ernie Beyl, one day last March. "It's the first bullfight of the season, and Carlos Arruza is making his first farewell appearance of the year!" Bullfighting never had appealed to me. The works of Ernest Hemingway had attempted to persuade me that it was a pageant of bravery and beauty, but what I had seen of it on film had convinced me that it was, in reality, butchery. My wife had said otherwise. She had been to Spain and had seen bulls killed by men famous for it. The name Arruza, I knew: he is one of the most famous of all time. He is said to have stopped killing bulls because his respect for the trade was so great that he did not want to exceed the record of Juan Belmonte. Yet he has kept coming out of retirement for years, to the delight of the *aficionados.* It seemed to me that I ought to go and have a look at him.

My wife and I were staying in a Travelodge in San Diego. This was one of a chain of motels established by Scott King, of that city, across the country. During our stay, we had become friendly with Richard King, Scott's son, and he and his wife joined the party.

When our party arrived at the border, Beyl insisted that he had to leave his car on the U.S. side. "Sometimes the Tijuana police impound Americans' cars for no good reason," he said. "It looks to me as though they invent violations when they need some money." The travel folders advise Americans to take out Mexican insurance on their cars, and I hereby urge the prospective traveler to take this inexpensive precaution. Mexican insurance costs about one dollar a day.

"How big is Tijuana, Dick?" I asked King as we strolled by the border guards.

"About 100,000 people—and, I think, one septic tank," he said.

The ride from San Diego tries to ease the traveler gently into Mexico—there are roadside signs for Mexican beer (which, by the way, is wonderful) and other products in the native language. Yet Tijuana literally bursts upon the visitor, right in his face. All at once, in the space of one step through that barrier, you are in a primitive land. The road leading up to the border is paved; beyond it, you are likely to step into a deep hole. The people on our side are wearing conventional clothes; suddenly you are surrounded by serapes and sombreros and sun-tanned dark skins and dark eyes and the sound of chanting music. This initial experience is both pleasant and unnerving. It does not seem possible to the outsider that the transition can be made so quickly.

Yet there we were, in the space of seconds, in Mexico. CAR INSURANCE, the signs clamored, MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES. CUSTOM SEAT COVERS. These apparently are the major industries. Tijuana is perhaps the only city in the world where you can get your car insured and newly slip-covered while you are getting married or divorced—at bargain rates.

Smiling taxi drivers assaulted us, also offering bargains. You can rent a cab and keep him with you all day long while you gambol or gamble—and for idiotically cheap rates. One can be had for about twenty dollars a day, including tip. And it is a good idea to get a cab, for the drivers not only know the city, they know the best places to go there; possibly the reason they are so cheap is that they have arrangements with the managements of the places. The only problem you may have is keeping the cab: as we found out, it is best not to pay in advance. The drivers are extraordinarily forgetful.

We hired two cabs for the long ride out to the bullfighting arena. The road to the arena was recently carved out of small mountains, and traffic was heavy.

Photos by Denis Cameron



ROMANTIC-MINDED visitors inevitably meet the *mariachi*—the strolling musicians whose outsize guitars and battered trumpets are heard day and night.

(continued)

The author thought his first bullfight a butchery; but found *jai alai* fascinating, was impressed by players' unbelievable speed.

At the arena, our drivers became confused. All Tijuana cab drivers become confused, either out of real confusion or pure intent. It took them a long time to find the entrance we were to use. They apologized elaborately. We paid them to wait, and set out for our proper gate.

The sounds of *mariachi* were all around us. These bands of strolling musicians play a music that somehow contrives to be both soulful and swinging at the same time. They play violins, *guitarróns* (huge, overweight guitars), *guitarrillos* (small guitars), *guitarras de golpe* (medium-sized) and battered old trumpets, and they sing out their vocals with expressionless faces, celebrating love, danger, death, decay and new flowering. They wander all over Tijuana at all hours of the night and day.

Money—the Root of Tijuana

This was the new arena, a huge bowl of concrete and steel, the pride of the city fathers. We went in, paying a man a few extra dollars to show us the seats we had bought. In Tijuana, you always—or almost always—pay a little more to get what you already have paid for once.

The less I say about my first bullfight, the better for all concerned. The bull had a red cape of blood depending from his left shoulder to his knee when I first glimpsed him; the fight already was in progress. He shook his heavy black head, as though regretting the whole business. Over to his right were some fat, middle-aged men in faded costumes above dirty pink stockings. They waddled like toads and leaped with pudgy nimbleness as they stuck their *picas* into the young animal's shoulders. The bull, baffled beyond comprehension, kept looking around and around, mooing hopelessly, plainly wishing he knew why he was there.

A man came and sold me a cardboard cup of beer. It was the only enjoyable part of my afternoon, and I was glad when the fights were over. Nobody had been happy with the fights, Ernie Beyl said. "Especially the bulls and I," I said.

The taxis had not waited for us. They had taken our money and absconded. After about forty minutes of waiting, we finally found a man willing to take us back to town. All eight of us—our party had swelled by another couple—piled into one forlorn vehicle. The driver said he knew a short-cut to avoid the traffic. It evidently was a road he had built himself—it led by a vast cemetery, went around hairpin curves along steep precipices and was full of axle-breaking pits. Finally the driver stopped in front of Guillermo's, a restaurant right next to The Cleopatra Beauty Salon. A small female child in pink silk and open-toed sandals had just been treated by Cleopatra. As she came out, I heard her say to the proprietress, "He's got a '62 Cad convertible."

Guillermo's was featuring a Cosmonauta Glenn cocktail, named in honor of the U.S. astronaut. It was made of *cuervo* (a local brandy), cherry juice, with a dash of lemon. If John Glenn had had two of those before take-off, he would not have needed his rocket.

The Jai Alai Frontón Palacio was just across the street. Our party trooped over—for the privilege of paying a man a few extra dollars for the seats we already had purchased, as had happened at the bullfights.

King and Beyl immediately went to the betting windows. The latter put two dollars down and soon won fifteen dollars on a player the touts (who say they are ushers) had told him was a favorite the odds-setters didn't know about. King had not played that man. He, his wife, my wife all lost. I didn't bet. I always lose, no matter what I bet on.

A Game of Speed . . . and Death

Jai alai is the world's fastest game, the travel brochures keep saying. Ice hockey seems faster to me, but *jai alai* unquestionably requires more skill and nerve. It is hard to think how a people could be more mixed up than one which could devise two sports so dissimilar as it and bullfighting. The former demands perception on a man's part; the latter, the lack of it on the part of an animal. Yet the latter may have some roots in the former. The racket the players use is

curved like a bull's horn; it is a basket called a *cesta*, about eight inches deep, tied to the player's wrist by leather strings. The ball is made of gum, wrapped with gum bands and covered with goat's hide. It is about a half-inch smaller in diameter than a baseball, harder by far than one and can brain a man when it travels at 125 mph. One of the managers of the Frontón took me down into the locker rooms, and the players showed me the scars they had from years of playing in Tijuana, Mexico City, Manila and various Spanish cities. They also had some interesting pictures of dead players, killed in action.

According to the Rules . . .

The *jai alai* court is as long as a football field. The rules are something like those of handball. You stand facing one wall and whirl a ball like a bullet toward the next, and if your opponent is lucky he catches it in his basket and zooms it back. Sometimes you let it go over your head and catch it off the wall behind you; sometimes you catch it on a bounce, sometimes on the first rebound. If you miss, it is his serve for a new opponent. If he misses, you stay up and greet the new man with your *cesta*. There usually are six men in each match, and the man who gets six points, which he scores by making his opponent miss, is the winner.

We watched three or four matches and went out into the street and back across it to the Greenwichvillagey Guillermo's. It and The Coronet, a block or two away, are acknowledged the two best—and safest—restaurants in Tijuana. They offer both American and Mexican food. Guillermo sat us down and suggested we try something the chef had made for his dinner—a hash made of beef and red peppers, with fried beans on the side. It came with bread sticks, and was first-rate.

Guillermo, a handsome man with prematurely white hair, sat down with us.

"How do you stand the pace?" I asked.

"I listen to records of Bach," he said. "They put me nicely to sleep." He sighed. "Tijuana is not as bad as people say, but it could be better. The U. S. fleet comes down here from San Diego and looks for excitement in the joints. The joints give it to the sailors—and take their money. But if you are looking for a more gentlemanly way of having a good time, there is that, too."

The obliging Guillermo gave us a fast ride down to the Rosarito Beach Hotel, about fifteen miles away. It was an imposing, old, Spanish style building on the edge of the sea. The moon and stars were out, and a *mariachi* band alternated with one that played American popular music.

"Below here is Ensenada, where there is great fishing," Guillermo said. "Also, not as expensive as Tijuana. Is possible to have a fine vacation in this hotel much cheaper than you could have in the States. A double room with meals costs, oh, twelve, fifteen dollars a day. There is swimming, horseback riding nearby and, if you have an airplane, the hotel has its own landing strip on the beach. . . ."

When we returned to the center of the city, it was nearly midnight. Things were just getting under way. In front of every night club stood a sleeve-tugging barker, guaranteeing sights that could not be seen in the States. None of the claims were false. The strippers in Tijuana all are evidently impatient. They therefore do not bother with the dresses that their sisters in the States wear at the beginning of their acts. They come out clad only in the skimpiest of bras and G strings and, after a few listless turns around the floor, they pull those off. The sailors shout with delight. The band plays thunderingly passionate music, and the sailors push one of their number, usually an old, tough chief, up on the stage. The stripper—or, rather, the stripped—locks him in an embrace and they lurch around the stage. It is a scene that would make Lili St. Cyr blush, and it is repeated in scores of Tijuana traps every night of the week.

On to "Better" Places

All along the curbs were donkey carts owned by photographers, all doing a lively business. At every corner were three or four *tortilla* vendors, soft-drink vendors and here and there a lonely looking hot-dog vendor. Mexicans bought the hot dogs, Americans bought the *tortillas*.

On, on we went, Guillermo suavely directing us to the "better" places: The Foreign Club, the Capri and Frenchy's. All were tastefully decorated and expensive; all had *mariachi* bands strumming and trumpeting that joyfully wailing music. The customers were all high-spirited, dancing abandoned Twists until their drinks caught hold of them, after which they passed out in a refined manner and slept peacefully until closing time, which in Tijuana is the early morning.

"Well, what do you think of Tijuana?" Guillermo said.

A phrase that a journalist friend once wrote me in a letter came instantly to my mind. Describing a New York speak-easy called Bleeck's, a newspaperman's hangout, he had said that when he looked back upon his days there, he could only think of a phrase used by an old Frenchman about the Revolution. "I survived." It was now three in the morning, and I had survived. Yet I did not want to go into that long explanation, so, in answer to Guillermo, I fell back on that old saw that so many outsiders have used so many times about New York: "It's a nice place to visit, but I don't believe I'd want to live here." I thought Guillermo would understand the joke. I don't believe he did. He nodded soberly. "Yes, yes, I see what you mean," he said. THE END

Surgery That Saved a "Hopeless" Epileptic

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

She was twenty-two and she should have been full of the joy of living. She came from a good family, had a good mind and there were times when she looked beautiful and could be very charming.

But Anne-Marie Roy, as we shall call her here, was an epileptic. She was subject to *grand mal* seizures at least three times daily, and they turned her life into a nightmare. In these seizures, her whole body would be shaken by a convulsion; she would bite her tongue, salivate helplessly and then lose consciousness. Sometimes she slept for hours, only to wake dazed and confused, her head aching, her muscles stiff.

There were dozens of *petit mal* attacks each day as well; in these attacks, she would suffer brief mental lapses—without convulsions. She would close her eyes and, seconds later, continue what she had been doing.

Anne-Marie had suffered from epilepsy for six years. The first *grand mal* seizure came when she was sixteen—in the classroom—a frightening experience for her and for her schoolmates. After the second attack, she refused to return to school. In the years that followed, despite all that doctors could do, the attacks became more frequent and more severe. "Why don't you put me away?" she asked her parents despairingly. "You know I'm hopeless."

A Hush-Hush Disease

There was no wonder that Anne-Marie was confused. Epilepsy is probably surrounded with more misunderstanding than any other human ailment. Cancer, cerebral palsy, even leprosy and syphilis were all diseases once in the hush-hush category—today are out in the open. But epilepsy still remains the great unmentionable.

The facts are these: every "reason" for stigmatizing the disorder has been disproved. It does *not* invariably "run in the family." Epileptics are *not* crazy and they are *not* necessarily mentally inferior. Caesar, St. Paul, Byron, Swinburne, Dostoevski, Van Gogh—all suffered from epilepsy.

Moreover, drug treatment today somewhat controls seizures in 80 per cent of all cases—and completely controls seizures in 50 per cent. Yet, because a stigma is still attached to the disorder, it is estimated that four of every five epileptics do not seek medical assistance.

This was not true in Anne-Marie's case. The Roys had sought help, but nothing had worked. Despite all the advances of modern medicine, there were no drugs to help her.

Sudden and Violent Rages!

And now, Anne-Marie was becoming more and more difficult to live with. She would withdraw into herself. And when she emerged, she would burst into sudden and violent rages.

When the situation was becoming almost intolerable, one doctor suggested there was a glimmer of hope. At the Hôtel-Dieu and Ste.-Justine hospitals in Montreal, a team of neurologists, headed by Dr. J. L. Desrochers, was developing a novel, experimental surgical approach for treating incurable cases.

Surgery has had limited use in epilepsy. In the rare instances in which the convulsions stem from a brain tumor or from an abscess, surgical removal of the lesion can help. There is also a "focal" type of epilepsy in which brain wave recordings show a specific focus, or area, in the brain that is disordered, and surgical removal of the focus there may help the patient.

But Anne-Marie fitted neither category. Tests had shown no evidence of tumors, abscesses or focal points. In Montreal, Dr. Desrochers repeated the tests—and got the same results.

Then, because Anne-Marie's case was desperate, he told the Roys about the surgical concept that he and his associates—Dr. A. Parenteau and Dr. J. Hardy—were exploring. In epilepsy like Anne-Marie's, they believed that a prefrontal lobectomy—an operation to remove one small lobe of the brain—might be of some help.

A strange phenomenon had led them to this conclusion. Children who were paralyzed on one side of the body due to a defect in one side of the brain often showed improvement after a radical operation, hemispherectomy, which involved removal of a whole cerebral hemisphere. And in some children who also suffered from convulsions, the operation reduced the seizures.

Why the reduction of seizures? These children had no tumor, no abscess, no epileptic focal point in the brain. Could it be that the operation, in reducing the brain mass, cut down the brain's total electric energy and thus reduced its epileptic potential? If so, perhaps the same effect could be achieved in epileptics—by a much less radical operation of removing only the frontal lobe of the brain.

It was only a theory. There could be no guarantee of success. If the operation worked, anticonvulsant medication might still be needed—but at least Anne-Marie might respond to the medication. And, as the doctor also emphasized, there is an element of risk in any operation.

Anne-Marie sat through the explanation of the operation. After the doctor finished, she stared off into space. Then she began to cry. "If there's any hope at all . . ." she said.

And the Roys nodded.

The Operation and After . . .

The operation is not especially formidable when done by skilled hands. The procedure went smoothly.

The next morning, Anne-Marie began to take anticonvulsant medication. There was only one *grand mal* seizure that day—and no more than a half-dozen *petit mal* episodes. It was the same the next day and the day afterward. And one day, she had no *grand mal* attacks at all.

She went home from the hospital a week after the operation. The seizures—both *grand* and *petit mal*—remained greatly reduced in frequency and in severity. Over the next few weeks, the anticonvulsant medication controlled the attacks more and more.

Anne-Marie's personality changed. The outbursts of rage were gone. She became less and less withdrawn. She looked forward to visiting the doctor. She made

friends with the nurses. Soon she was making friends elsewhere.

A year later, she built up her confidence to the point of taking a course in shorthand and typing. After completing it, she found a job. Not long afterward, she began having dates—many of them.

Anne-Marie is married now. She has a baby. She runs her own home and the epilepsy is well under control.

Not long ago, Dr. Desrochers and his colleagues reported that the same operation has been performed successfully on three other patients. One was a six-and-a-half-year-old child. Three months before the operation, he was having forty *grand mal* attacks daily, despite intensive medication. He had just one epileptic seizure soon after the operation, and has had none since. In all these cases, as in Anne-Marie's, the patient's mental functioning was improved.

From these reports, it seems obvious that this operation offers new hope to many epileptics for whom medication is of no avail and for whom, in the past, surgery was not applicable.

And it adds another reason why epilepsy should no longer be considered a hush-hush disease.

What's New In Medicine

New help for high blood pressure: A new drug has been found effective in severe high blood pressure. A palatable oral medication, called alpha-methyl dopa, it is derived from one of the body's naturally occurring chemicals. It is believed to counteract an adrenal gland hormone, nor-epinephrine, which has been linked to the development of high blood pressure. In thirty-one of thirty-three severe cases, it provided excellent control of hypertension—and with fewer undesirable side effects than other drugs.

Staph infections in nurseries: Staphylococcus infections, a threat in many hospitals, appear to have been wiped out in the Palo Alto-Stanford Hospital, California. All infants are washed immediately following birth and daily thereafter with a 3 per cent solution of hexachlorophene. In addition, nurses and doctors wash their hands in the same solution. Not one of the 5,188 babies born since the procedure was instituted has had a staph infection.

An end to bed-wetting: The basic cause of bed-wetting is improper development of bladder capacity between the ages of two and four and a half; the child who continues to wet the bed after the age of four and a half does so because he has only infantile bladder capacity. So a Harvard Medical School physician reports. His principles for curing bed-wetting are simple. Have the child drink large quantities of fluids during the day and instruct him to hold his urine as long as possible—and bladder capacity will increase. The increase can be speeded by drugs such as atropine sulfate or Daricon. Bed-wetting, he says, can be eliminated within three to six months—without resort to complex devices.

Nerve deafness in the elderly: No practical treatment for nerve deafness is recognized—and the problem is increasing as the population of older people steadily grows. In at least some cases—although still a very small proportion—a new approach to treatment may be of value, a Cincinnati physician reports. The treatment employs weekly injections of vitamin B-12 and nicotinic acid and the daily use of a preparation called Lipotriad in capsule or liquid form. Only 10 per cent of a group of patients showed definite improvement in hearing as measured by audiometric tests. However, those who benefited, even to a small extent, were grateful. In addition, every patient reported an improved sense of general health and well-being. A trial of the treatment for a six-month period seems to be warranted, the Cincinnati physician believes.

Heart monitor for unborn babies: A machine that flashes the heartbeats of an unborn baby several hours *ahead* of birth—and sends out SOS signals in case of distress—promises to help save the lives of many infants who would otherwise be stillborn or would die shortly after birth. It may also reduce the number who develop cerebral palsy or mental deficiency because of lack of oxygen during labor and delivery. Developed by Indiana University Medical Center doctors, the electronic device—about the size of a portable TV set—has been used successfully in over one hundred births. By indicating fetal distress without delay, at the very onset of trouble, it permits emergency medical intervention—use of oxygen therapy, or forceps, or Caesarean delivery—in time to reduce or eliminate damage to the child.

For skin troubles: Already found useful in some cases of psoriasis, injections of a steroid hormone, triamcinolone, directly into affected areas now holds promise of more effective control in a number of other stubborn skin disorders. A Woodbridge, New Jersey, physician reports using the local injections in patients with such problems as eczema, contact dermatitis, intractable rectal and genital itching, and neurodermatitis. The patients were selected for the new treatment because of failure to respond to usual methods, including applications of hormone creams and lotions. Improvement occurred in every case. All the treated lesions either cleared up completely or regressed to a marked extent in less than ten days. Thus far, in observation periods ranging up to twelve months, there have been no relapses.

An inexpensive infection fighter: Evidence increases that newer, long-acting sulfa drugs often are as effective and safe as—and less costly than—antibiotics for many common infections. In the latest study conducted aboard a U. S. Navy vessel, one such drug, Madrihon, was used in 153 patients with varied infections, including tonsillitis, other upper respiratory infections and skin and urinary infections. Taken once a day, the drug produced good results in 122. Moreover, the drug was even used in half the recommended dosage in many cases and proved effective, reducing its cost—already below that of most antibiotics—still further. There were no undesirable reactions.

Keeping schizophrenics well: After improving in the hospital, chronic schizophrenic patients can be maintained at home with tranquilizing drugs, despite relapses that usually would require rehospitalization. In a New York City study, twenty-six patients who had recurrences of serious symptoms of mental illness after release from hospitals were treated at home with tranquilizers and, in every case, symptoms were controlled within weeks and the patients could return to everyday duties. Of 330 patients given drug treatment after release from a Delaware hospital, only 14 per cent—as compared to 47 per cent of nontreated patients—had to be rehospitalized.

Relief for breathing difficulty: Difficult or labored breathing—along with fatigue, wheezing and coughing—may accompany bronchial asthma, congestive heart disease and a lung disorder, chronic obstruction emphysema. In one study, a liquid medication—Elixophyllin—helped most of a group of patients, including some who had not responded to other drugs. Good to excellent relief of symptoms was obtained in eight of ten heart patients, three of four with chronic bronchial asthma and four of five with pulmonary emphysema. THE END

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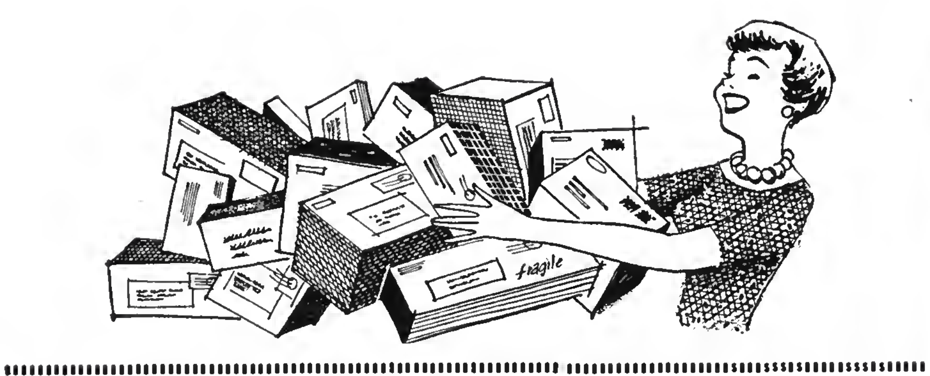
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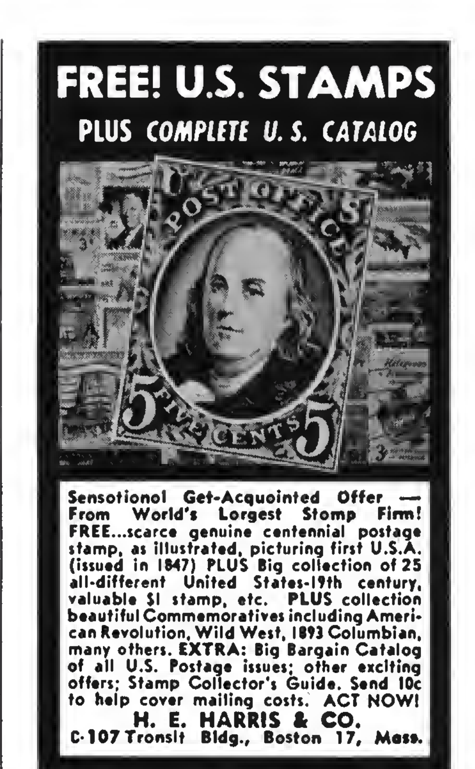


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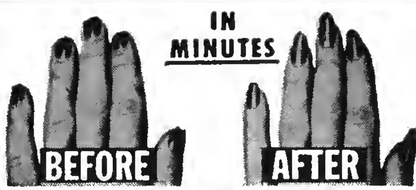


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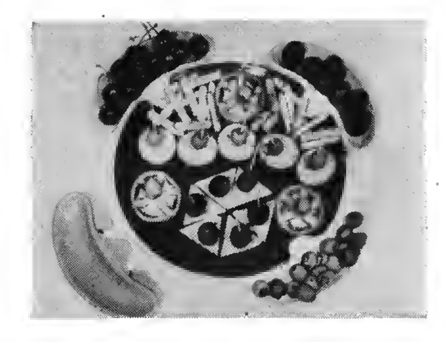
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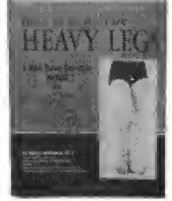
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Cosmopolitan, August, 1962

Four "Lousy" Husbands Tell Why They Failed

To the world at large, to their best friends, to the girls they date, most divorced men blame their marital difficulties on anyone, on anything, but themselves. Do they ever, frankly and honestly, face the possibility of their own guilt?

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

The four men brought together by COSMOPOLITAN *all knew, or felt they knew, why their marriages had failed. Religious differences, mother-in-law trouble, wifely immaturity—these were the glib reasons they first advanced. But then, as the panel discussion progressed, the men began to admit the real reasons —to themselves and to one another. Judge Florence Kelley, presiding justice of New York's Domestic Relations Court, expertly moderated the meeting. Here, author Stephen Birmingham recounts the discussion, changing only the names of the participants.*

As the men filed into the room, George Robinson seemed nervous. He ran his fingers through his hair, shifted his hands in and out of his trouser pockets. David Steiner, a doctor, kept his face composed in a thoughtful, professional expression. Tom Mitchell appeared shy. He stood quietly, looking a trifle scared. Wally Connors, a friendly, personable type, was smiling broadly.

There were the usual introductions, then the usual foot-shuffling and cigarette-lighting. Half-hearted jokes were exchanged. The fact that the meeting was held on the thirteenth floor inspired a few witticisms. ("I'm not superstitious," one man said. "I've already had my bad luck.")

At this point, Judge Florence Kelley arrived. The men were pleasantly surprised. Whatever preconceived ideas they had of what a stern female jurist looked like promptly evaporated. Judge Kelley was a trim, chic blonde, with a soft, pleasant voice and bright, merry eyes. In her silk Shantung suit and gold jewelry, she might have been a suburban matron in town for a matinee.

Why Did It All Go Wrong?

We were barely seated when Wally Connors got down to business. Hunched forward in his chair, he fed Judge Kelley a leading question. "Suppose you tell us what you want from us," he said.

"Well, not very much," Judge Kelley said easily. "Except to learn the circumstances under which you got your divorces, how you felt about them at the time, how you feel now—and whether you think that, if you had been different or had done something differently, perhaps the divorces might not have occurred." Then she added, "But please don't think I'm going to pass judgment on any of you."

She turned to George Robinson, the nervous one, and asked a few casual questions. How long had he been married?

"Six years."

How recently had he been divorced?

"Two and a half years ago."

Had he children?

"Three—the two oldest have been living with me since August of 1959, when I kidnaped them."

Judge Kelley pointed out that "kidnaped" is a legal term for an ugly crime.

"Well, that's what it amounts to," Robinson insisted.

"Would you tell us about it?"

"Sure," he said.

George Robinson, though his nervous mannerisms suggested a quick temper, did not seem the criminal type. An intense, dark-eyed man of thirty-eight, he is presently a stockbroker for a highly respected Manhattan firm. But for some time, he explained, before the "kidnaping" occurred, things had been going poorly for himself and his wife, Sally. The last year of their marriage had been spent, as George put it, "living together

Photos by Maxwell Coplan



"How did you feel about your divorces at the time—and how do you feel now?" Domestic Relations Judge Florence Kelley asked. "Could you have prevented them?"

(continued)

without being married." Early that climactic year, Sally Robinson had undergone a minor operation, had lost some weight and had announced her intention of going back to her parents' home in the Middle West—"ostensibly to rest and recuperate," George told the panel.

A few weeks before her departure, however, George learned the real purpose of his wife's trip. While he was at work, she had been mailing bundles of clothing to her folks at home—many more than a vacation would require. "One of the men I played pinochle with was the postmaster," George said, "and he asked me why the cartons were going back."

"Did you ask Sally about them?" Judge Kelley asked.

"I didn't bother. There was nothing left to say as far as we were concerned."

Early in August, Sally left, taking the three children with her.

Soon after, George telephoned her. "She said she wasn't coming back, and I said, 'What about the children?' She said, 'I have them and I keep them!' I said, 'You'd better not turn your back. Just don't close your eyes any more.'"

Then, churning with anger, George Robinson got in his car and began the fifteen-hundred-mile drive across the United States that ended his marriage for good. By the time George arrived, Sally and the children had left her parents' house. "I trailed her for a day and a half to find where she'd gone," George said. "I found the house. I parked the car a little distance away and waited six hours until my wife left the house without the children. I threw the children into the car and drove off. At first they didn't recognize me—I was wearing a hat and dark glasses, this was real Sam Spade stuff! But when I took off my glasses, my daughter, who was almost five, recognized me immediately—though my son, who was two and a half, didn't. My daughter hugged me and kissed me and said to her brother, 'It's Daddy! It's our Daddy!'"

"What happened to the third child?" Judge Kelley asked.

George Robinson's brow creased and he looked at the floor. His voice, which had been almost arrogant during his recital, dropped. I heard him say, "I couldn't take the youngest one. He was fourteen months old. He was too small."

"How would you have felt," Judge Kelley asked him, "if a man neither you nor your wife knew had taken your children and thrown them in a car?"

"Well," he began, "of course, there's no doubt—" He broke off.

I looked at the other men in the room. Their expressions conveyed a shared bitterness. They neither condoned nor blamed George. It was something, they seemed to say, that any of them might have done. As far as Robinson himself is concerned, he explained, the ending is partly satisfactory; he has his two older children to this day and Sally has made no serious attempt to get them back. The youngest remains with her. As for the marriage, the Robinsons were divorced three months after the "kidnaping."



Wally Connors tried to tear his wife away from her mother's influence. Under the strain, she sought refuge in infidelity.

Reasons for Failure—Too Glib

The other men spoke up then, and I was struck by the facility with which each man pronounced the handful of words he used to describe the cause of his divorce. The phrases tumbled out like slogans. ("Our backgrounds were different." "Our religions were different." "Her mother was the domineering type." "She was immature." "We were incompatible.") It was as if, when a man attempts to re-sort the threads of his life after being divorced, he devises his own little shorthand reply to the question everybody asks or wants to ask—and that every girl he dates is bound to ask—"What went wrong with your marriage?" Because he is a man, because he must face the world without apology and with as much pride as he can muster, he wears his explanation like a badge—often a bit cockily. It becomes an excuse-slip such as a child carries back to school after having been absent for a day ("Please excuse George Robinson . . ."). Did George Robinson believe his excuse-slip? I wondered.

"Our religions were different," David Steiner said. "That was the whole trouble." Dr. David Steiner is thirty-nine, with a tanned face and a slender, athletic build that testifies to his favorite weekend pastimes—skiing in winter and sailing in summer. As a heart specialist, he is proud of his medical career ("I've done work in London, Manchester, Stockholm, Paris"). Nowadays, after hospital hours, he is a man-about-town with elegant bachelor quarters and fastidiously

casual Ivy League clothes. For fourteen months of his life he was married to a beautiful girl named Joanne, a Catholic. He is Jewish. "We met, fell in love, had a nice, pleasant, long affair—long being five months—before we were married. I told her from the first day I ever met her, me as a Jew and she as a Catholic, that it would never be a marriage."

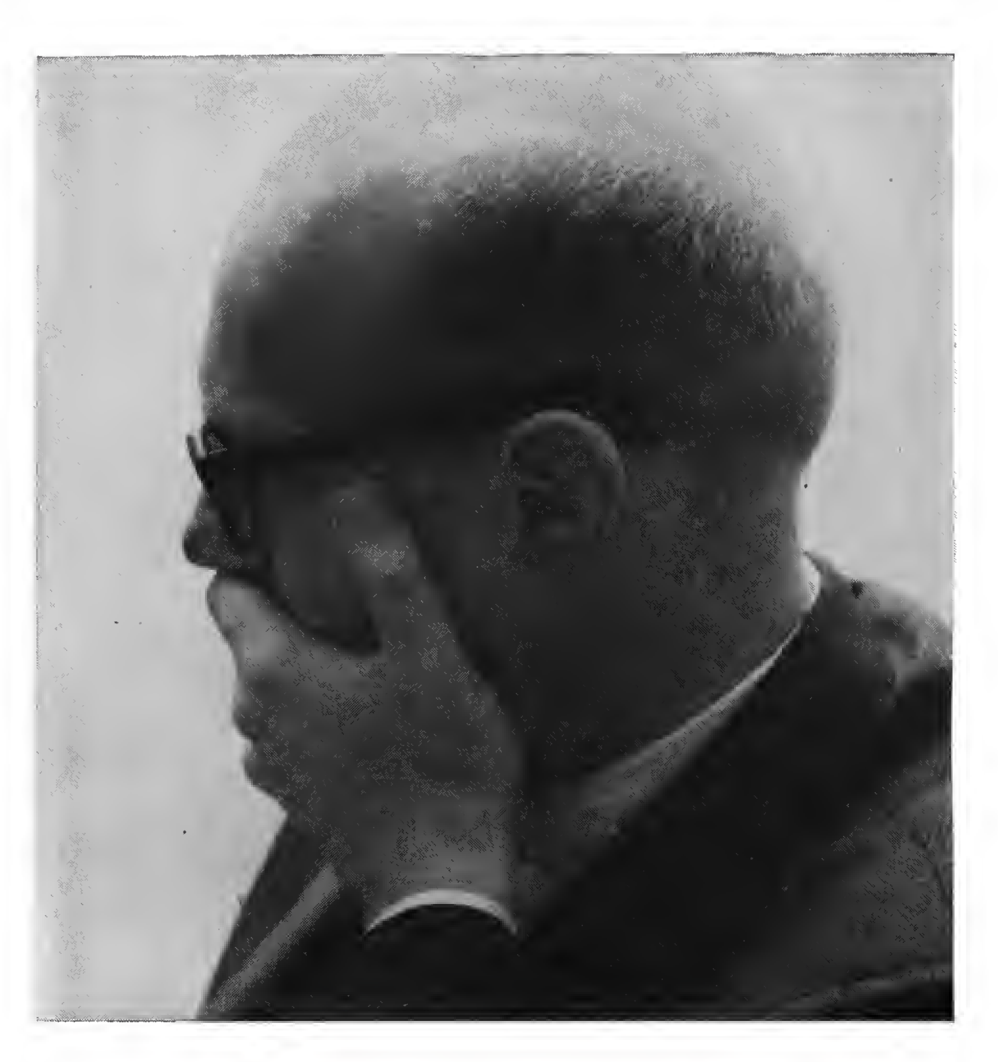
As he talked, I began to notice that David Steiner's relationship with Joanne was a series of paradoxes. To begin with, though he told her "over and over, again and again, all through our wonderful affair" that marriage between them was out of the question, their actual step to the altar was taken at breakneck speed. ("We ran up to Las Vegas," Steiner told the panel. "You know it takes like three seconds to get married there.")

Moreover—though Steiner repeatedly stated that the religious difference was the single stumbling block to a successful marriage ("I was entranced by her, by the charm, the warmth and the tenderness of my wife"), he added, almost offhandedly, "Of course, our religious backgrounds were not strong. I never went to synagogue and she never went to church." At the same time, David only agreed to marry Joanne after she agreed to be converted to Judaism. To David, conversion for him was "out of the question."

"Why did you insist that she be the one to convert?" Judge Kelley asked him.

"Because I wanted our children to be raised in the Jewish faith."

And yet—still another curious fact—a few minutes later I heard David Steiner say, "Of course, I've never wanted to have children at all." I began to have the feeling that Steiner was foundering—that he, too, was trying to justify a false excuse-slip.



George Robinson thought he was "ripe" for marriage. He found his urge to settle down was no substitute for love.

Words as Weapons

The story of a marriage going sour builds to a crescendo of ill feeling, and often ends with two people obsessed with the idea of hurting each other as much as possible. In George Robinson's case, the act that brought his tottering union with Sally to an end was a kidnaping, but in David Steiner's case the final act was not so clear-cut. Steiner is a man highly skilled in the uses of the English language. ("I told her, 'When you get angry, you don't know what you're doing. You become decerebrate and start running on lower levels.' ") And, though he told the panel of his former wife's "proclivity toward the direction of irrational violence" (once she scratched his handsome face severely enough to leave scars; once she struck him hard enough to break "the middle metacarpal of her left hand"), Dr. Steiner agreed that his forte in a quarrel is *verbal* violence. He is a master of the cutting remark, barbed with enough insult and truth that it might—to a woman less articulate than he—inflict more damage than a scratch or a blow.

As a young couple living a chic metropolitan life with few money problems, the Steiners gave, and attended, cocktail parties, and punctuated each day with Martinis, wine at the table and brandy—living the kind of glossy life that "young marrieds" in advertisements seem to live. Alcohol, though it may not have brought out the worst in them, seems to have brought out the inner resentments. Nearly every quarrel—and every cutting remark—had a party at its center. The final blow fell, not surprisingly, on New Year's Eve, when—as Steiner admitted—"We were both damned drunk, and I said something to her in front of people at the party."

Judge Kelley attempted to get Steiner to tell us what, exactly, he had said.

"I don't want to tell you," he said. "But she made a crack first—and I made one relative to it."

"So, in other words, you retaliated?"

Steiner lowered his eyes. "Yes. My retaliation was much more below the belt than hers. I'm sure it was."

All around the room, the others lowered their eyes. There was a small, commemorative silence.

The Steiners left the New Year's Eve party separately, Joanne going first. When David reached home a few hours later, his suitcases were packed and waiting for him on the doorstep. The Steiners' marriage was over.

Around the room, there was suddenly an "If only . . ." mood. If only, for instance, Wally Connors had not decided to take his young wife back to her home town in Missouri—a move he now sees was a crucial mistake—things might have turned out differently. Today, Wally is a sober-minded thirty-eight, doing well in the wholesale furniture business. At the time of the move he was twenty-five, already an established show-business per-

(continued)



David Steiner claimed the trouble was a difference in faiths. But, he admitted, his caustic criticism was disastrous.

sonality, earning one thousand dollars a week in films. Wally was a boy who, perhaps, grew up too soon (as a teen-ager, he became a star) and he married a girl who, as he looks back on it, never grew up at all. Barbara was a rich girl, raised in a world of grace and wealth. ("Her father is worth millions!") Along the same line, her mother ("A very dominating woman, preoccupied with mysticism, an important worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a strict Fundamentalist—I think you see the pattern") had given Barbara some odd notions about sex. Her mother had convinced Barbara that there was no such thing as sexual satisfaction for a woman, that "allowing" a husband to have sexual relations with her was "an accommodation that a woman performs as part of her marriage."

Wally Connors set out immediately to disprove her mother's theories to Barbara, becoming, as he put it, "a missionary in the bed." This tactic, he now sees, was a mistake. Though he was somewhat successful in his endeavors, he placed his wife in conflict with both her mother and himself, and made their relationship strained and self-conscious.

In view of this, Wally's decision to move back with Barbara to her home town, where her mother would be right around the corner, now seems like the sheerest folly—especially coming as it did after Barbara's confession to him that, while Wally had been touring with a road company, she had been unfaithful to him with another man "on a night I had disappointed her over something I had said on the phone," and that she felt she had "a little predilection for wandering." But Wally figured this way: "I felt I'd taken this little girl from the Mid-West into a life that might have warped her values. I'd taken her into the big city, into the Bohemian atmosphere of show business. I thought I'd have to take her back to an environment where things were familiar to her, where her parents were nearby." And so Wally Connors quit show business, accepted a two-hundred-dollar-a-week job in the furniture business and returned with his wife to her home town—and her mother.

If Barbara showed "a little predilection for wandering" in New York, the predilection became pronounced once she was home. Still, Wally, who seems to have had an infinite capacity for forgiveness—and to have suffered from a chronic inability to take the bull by the horns—clung to Barbara, and she clung to him. "I felt we truly loved each other, despite everything," he said. By this time, the couple had two children.

Divorced to Become Lovers

Barbara and Wally's marriage lasted longest of the four marriages under examination on our panel. It lasted nearly fourteen years. The circumstances of the divorce—which Wally now called "the greatest blunder, by far, of my entire life"—also seem, in retrospect, sad and silly. One day "over lunch," Barbara told Wally that they ought to get a divorce. She felt that it was wrong for them to continue as a married couple. But, she hastily added, "We can still be a *family*—we can still have dinner together once or twice a week, and take the children on outings together and so forth."

Judge Kelley interrupted, "In other words, you'd be a date and not a husband."

"That's right," Wally said. "Perhaps even lovers—rather than husband and wife."

Wally accepted Barbara's proposal and they were divorced. Of course, Wally added sadly, "Immediately after the divorce, it wasn't what she said it was going to be. We weren't married, we weren't lovers, we weren't a family." The fabric of the relationship fell apart. Barbara married again and has since divorced again. Wally returned to New York. Barbara has the children during the school months of the year, and Wally has them during the three summer months.

Some marriages collapse through sheer bad luck. Such appears to have been the case with Tom Mitchell, a former TV writer turned insurance executive. (Out of our four panelists, broken marriages had helped lead three of them into "safer" occupations—Wally Connors from song-and-dance into furniture; Tom Mitchell from TV into insurance; and George Robinson, I remembered, had mentioned being a radio announcer before entering the stock-and-bond business.) Like Wally Connors, Tom Mitchell and his former wife, Gloria, were married when both were very young—he twenty-one, she nineteen. "We were emotionally immature," Tom said, flashing his excuse-slip.

Perhaps the auspices for Tom and Gloria's marriage were ominous from the start. Tom came from a broken home. "I felt nobody wanted me, that I was no good." Gloria's parents, though not divorced, were "emotionally divorced." Tom and Gloria were high school sweethearts and, when he married her, Tom told us, "I felt that I was riding in on my white charger to rescue the fair young princess."

There were problems: both had to finish their college educations. . . . Tom had to complete his military service. . . . Always there were money problems . . . and, along the way, two children. But the bad luck for the Mitchells, as Tom sees it, came later in the marriage and centered around their decision to go to a marriage counselor. Both knew there was something wrong. "There were times when I enjoyed being with her, and there were other times when I was miserable—and I'm sure she was, too. We thought counseling might help." The counselor the Mitchells chose was a man connected with their church. He explained that he would have to deal with the Mitchells individually. "Because he knew he could reach her more easily than he could me, he took Gloria first," Tom explained. Shortly afterwards, however, the counselor announced that he was going into private practice. He offered to take Gloria with him, but, of course, on a fee basis. "Suddenly," Tom said, "everything changed. She became a private patient. If a marriage counselor sits down with two people, he sits down to diagnose the problem areas within the marriage. When he goes into private practice, he is dealing with the needs of an individual and it has nothing to do with the marriage. This particular man offered to take me on, too, but it would have doubled the fee and, frankly, I couldn't afford it."

The Modern Triangle

There were moments throughout the panel when something said by one man would strike chords of common feeling in all the others. This was one of them.

"It becomes a two-against-one situation, doesn't it?" said David Steiner. "Your wife and her psychologist against you, rather than a triangular unit with the counselor as the disinterested third party, which it should be."

"A lot of psychologists *insist* on working that way," Wally Connors said. "And it's wrong."

Then Tom Mitchell made an interesting point. "If the counseling begins to work," he said, "as it worked with Gloria, it means that one person—Gloria, in my case—begins to mature. But the other—me—is left behind. I believe that if this situation had not developed when it did, we might have kept the marriage together—if we both worked at it."

The Mitchells were divorced a year ago, after twelve years of marriage.

It goes against the masculine grain to confess total wrongdoing in a marriage. But I was surprised at the candor with which the members of the panel began confiding how, in little ways, a man can torture his wife. There was, for example, the question of housekeeping—and once again there were nods around the room. All men want a neat and orderly house, they agreed. "Why, it's almost *criminal*," George Robinson said, "for a man to come home at night and find his house a mess." Added David Steiner, "A wife has the easiest job in the world. Boy, I'd like somebody to buy all my clothes and food, and pay all the bills, and have nothing to do all day but keep house!" Housekeeping, they all agreed, was "simple."

A wife may nag her husband for dropping cigar ashes on the carpet, but a husband's methods of nagging his wife for untidiness are more subtle. Tom Mitchell, coming home to find his house "a shambles," changed his clothes and, without a word to Gloria, took out the vacuum cleaner and the dustrag and went over the rooms. "She took it as an implied criticism," he said, with remarkable understatement. George Robinson's tactic was more devious. The bathroom, he feels, is one room in the house that should have a laboratory sparkle. Finding dust around the pipes under the sink, George would write the date of his discovery in the dust with his finger. Days would go by. Then he would ask Sally, "When did you clean the bathroom last, honey?" "Yesterday," she would reply. Then George would say, "You're a liar! I wrote the date in the dust two weeks ago, and it's still there!"

Divorce, as it terminates a marriage, also terminates the misunderstandings that lead up to the divorce. Without exception, all four men agreed that the



Tom Mitchell insisted he had married too young. Yet it was not youth, but his feeling of inadequacy, that ruined his marriage.

months preceding their divorces had been spent "in total lack of communication" with their wives—a choked and massive silence. With a single exception (George Robinson, after the kidnaping incident, has had little to say to Sally), the men agreed that, once the divorce was over, they and their wives could suddenly speak to one another again. Barbara told Wally more about her "wanderings," which she described as an attempt to be "free" from him (free from a man who tried to free her from a mother from whom she was not ready to be free), and Wally confessed "a few furtive wanderings of my own." In fact, following their divorce, the two briefly underwent joint psychiatric therapy in hopes that, just possibly, they could get together again.

The Second Husband

Then a curious chain of events began. Barbara made a sudden, impulsive second marriage. Wally, startled, phoned Barbara and, while they were talking, Barbara's new husband cut in on the conversation to say he didn't want Wally calling her. "I told him," Wally said, "that Barbara and I were the parents of two children, and that I would damn well talk to her about the children as often as I felt like it. He hung up on me. The next day, I called again. I got the maid, who had been Barbara's and my maid before, and she told me my oldest boy had been hysterical most of the night—saying, 'My mommy and daddy can never talk to each other again.' I called Barbara then. She was at the country club. I said to her, 'I'm going to kill your husband.' I meant it. I put a thirty-two revolver in my pocket, and I went there. . . ."

"That would have helped the children, wouldn't it?" Judge Kelley interrupted.

Wally Connors' face reddened. "Damn right it would have!" he said. But his tone had little conviction.

With revolver in pocket, Wally stated his case. Barbara and her new husband both acquiesced with—fortunately—no bloodshed. They agreed that Wally could inquire about the children as often as he liked. In his long relationship with Barbara, he had at last asserted his manhood. It had come too late, and he had needed a gun to do it, but he had done it. Barbara's second marriage was a short-lived affair. Though she was not with us in the room, it was possible to picture her—a gauzy, fading belle, approaching forty, unhappy. Wally is not what one would describe as a happy person, either. "I wish I had been more sensitive to Barbara's needs," he said. "I wish Barbara could profit by what she forced me to learn." But he admitted, "We don't always get a second chance."

Judge Kelley asked what the other three men had learned from the failures of their first marriages. David Steiner put his chin in his hand. Yes, he said, he would get married again—some time. He had no particular candidate in mind at the moment. Joanne had been "a bitch" about alimony, he said, and he wouldn't want to go through a thing like *that* again. There had been a girl before he met Joanne, a beautiful girl who was of his own faith, but she, too, had shown signs of being "mean and cruel." Steiner's romantic life appeared to have been plagued by such women. Yes, he admitted, maybe there was something in his own make-up that brought out a woman's mean and cruel side. He supposed he had now learned "to blow my stack less."

"What did you do wrong that you won't do a second time?" Judge Kelley asked.

"That's hard to say," Steiner said. The cool, professional attitude of the brilliant young doctor had slipped away. We saw the uncertain young man beneath.

Judge Kelley suggested that the girl before Joanne, the Jewish girl, might have been the girl for Steiner.

"No," he said. "With all these legal things, all this damned alimony I have had to pay for two years that I think is so horribly unnecessary, if I was suddenly confronted with the two women and some power on high said, 'You must settle for one of these women,' I'd go back to the girl I married."

Judge Kelley suggested that David Steiner might not be ready to marry anyone just yet. Steiner agreed that she might be right.

Playing House Is No Fun!

There are some marriages, of course, that should never have taken place, and George Robinson feels that his was one of these. But his reasons for thinking so have almost nothing to do with the words on his excuse-slip to the world in general: "Our backgrounds are different." No, George said, it was simple: unlike the other three men, he had never been in love with his wife.

"Why did I ask her to marry me? I liked the *concept* of marriage. I was twenty-nine. I felt I was *ripe* for marriage. I wanted to settle down. I wanted to play house. Well, my friends, those aren't very good reasons for marrying a girl, are they?"

In the nine years that have passed since that day at the altar, George has learned a lot about himself. He would like to marry again. In the three years since the kidnaping episode, he has learned what it is like to be a father who has taken it upon himself to bring up two children without their mother. In this, he has been considerably helped by his membership in Parents Without Partners, Inc. PWP—which has its headquarters at 80 Fifth Avenue, New York—is a fledgling organization which, in the five years of its existence, has attracted more than eighty-five hundred members in some seventy cities across the United States. Its members, all widowed, divorced or separated men and women, meet once a month to discuss the problems of bringing up children in homes where one parent is missing.

"Gentlemen, We Goofed"

As a result, George Robinson has decided that for his children's sakes—and, indeed, for his own sake—his next wife must be a woman with children of her own. This way, his wife will have had experience with the problems George has had to face and, by joining forces, they can combine what they have learned. George has not found this woman yet. But, when and if he does, George said, "I feel I will have a very, very successful marriage."

Someone turned to Tom Mitchell then, and said, "Hey—you should know all the answers, boy! You've found somebody." (Tom was remarried, early this past spring, to a woman who is now a part-time secretary in his insurance business, and who helped him—by typing his papers—as he worked for his master's degree in mass communications; he hopes to re-enter the television-writing field in the near future.)

In his earnest voice, Tom said, "Yes. I have a wonderful new wife. But I have a feeling that, in terms of marriage, it is not so much a question of finding the right person. It is *being* the right person. I think that if you understand yourself, what you are, what you like and dislike—if you can say, in essence, *This is what I am*—you begin to accept yourself. You said I had found somebody. I did. I found myself."

He went on. "I think that if, tomorrow, we had to take the word 'marriage' and apply a different word to the relationship between two people who want to live together for the rest of their lives, that maybe a good word might be 'adjustment.' We've talked a lot this evening about what *she* did, and what *I* did, and what her *mother* did—but, my God, people always do things like that! There's nothing *new* about our stories! It's only as we're able to experiment, to adjust our lives to the stories, that we'll be able to discover anything new!"

He smiled a self-effacing smile. "Gosh, listen to me!" he said. "Let's face it, gentlemen, we all goofed. The thing is, let's not goof again."

"Please don't think I'm going to try to pass judgment on any of you," Judge Kelley had said at the outset. And she had kept her promise. She had passed judgment on no one. She hadn't needed to. These four men had passed judgment on themselves. THE END

FASTING

You can eat to your stomach's content, but after you feast, make sure you fast—for one, two or even ten straight days. According to medical researchers, it's the easiest way yet to lose weight. And after the first day, you don't even feel the hunger pangs.

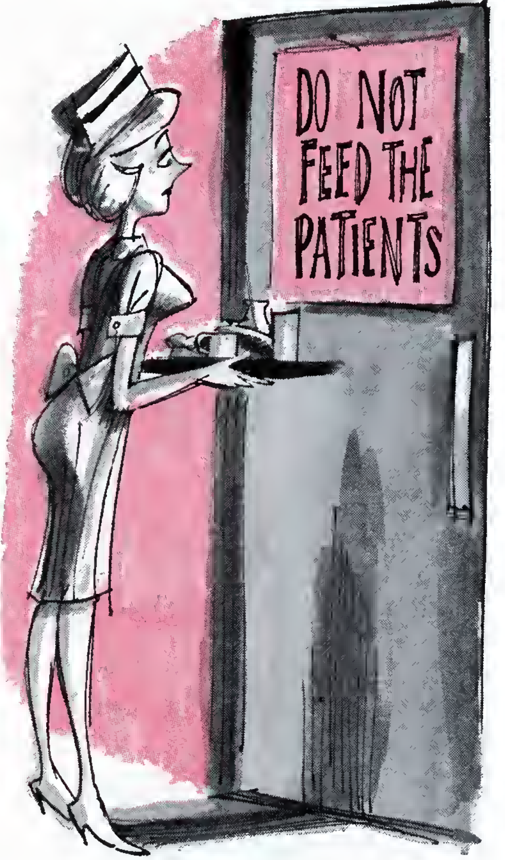
BY TOM AND ALICE FLEMING *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

Jeannette Browne is an intelligent, middle-aged social worker who had weighed over two hundred pounds since her freshman year in high school. She had tried every known form of diet therapy, including appetite depressants and psychiatric guidance. None had worked. When she was admitted to Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia one April morning in 1961, she weighed 303 pounds, and was a depressed fat woman, convinced that she was one of those hopeless cases who cannot lose weight.

Ten days later, Jeannette Browne walked out of the hospital with a buoyant step. She had lost twenty-five pounds and —more important—she was convinced for the first time in her life that she could conquer her obesity. She proceeded to prove it in the next nine months by losing another fifty-two pounds.

How did she do it? By the new use of a remedy that is as old as the human race: fasting. For the ten days Jeannette Browne spent in Pennsylvania Hospital, not an ounce of food passed her lips. She drank a few glasses of water daily, took multi-vitamin pills and nothing else.

How did she stand it? Weren't the pangs of hunger agonizing? After the first day, there were no pangs of hunger. In fact, the longer she fasted, the more relaxed and calm Jeannette Browne became. She enjoyed the experience so much, she willingly returned to the hospital during the next nine months for two more ten-day fasts, and then conducted two more in her own home, as an out-patient. In between, when she noticed her weight creeping up, she practiced



Starving patients sounds like unpleasant therapy—but it works.

one- and two-day fasts, which promptly put her back on the downward curve. At no time did she feel the weakness (and the hunger) she had suffered while on low-calorie diets she had tried in the past.

Jeannette Browne (which is not her real name) was by no means alone in this remarkable experiment. She is one of a group of forty patients on whom doctors at the University of Pennsylvania, under the leadership of Dr. Garfield Duncan, had used fasting therapy, with astounding success. The patients included both men and women, even youngsters of thirteen and sixteen. Some were diabetics. Only one woman out of the forty cases discontinued the fast—and her reason was purely psychological.

In all cases, Dr. Duncan was impressed by the improved morale among his fasters. For the first time, these people had discovered that overweight could be conquered—that they *did* have the will power to stay away from food, in spite of past records of catastrophic failure. Dr. Duncan, for decades one of our foremost authorities on weight reduction, says flatly: "This may prove to be one of the most significant breakthroughs in obesity therapy in the last twenty-five years."

Duncan's work extends and fortifies an earlier fasting experiment conducted by Dr. Walter Lyon Bloom of Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. In 1958, Dr. Bloom put nine chronic obesity cases in the hospital and fasted them four to nine days. The men lost an average of 2.6 pounds a day, the women 2.7 pounds. This is two and a half times higher than the average weight loss on a low (1,000 calories) diet. The fasters were allowed tea and coffee with synthetic sweetening, if desired. Most of them lived in semi-private rooms with other patients who

(*continued*)

Many physicians now recognize fasting as a legitimate weapon against obesity. Its new-found respectability is a complete turnabout from the days when quacks and fanatics claimed it cured everything from arthritis to eczema.

were eating regularly, but experienced no discomfort at the sight of food. They were allowed the freedom of the hospital floor, and it was understood that they could terminate the fast at any time.

Like Duncan, Bloom reported a tremendous boost in the morale of his patients when they saw their weight dropping dramatically. Almost all became confident, enthusiastic dieters after ending their fasts. One forty-six-year-old woman who had gained one hundred pounds in six years, lost forty pounds, most of it after leaving the hospital. Another woman the same age had lost thirteen pounds on a one-thousand-calorie diet, then came to a dead stop. After her fast, she lost another fifty pounds. Bloom also reported some semifailures. In two months, one young medical student gained back half the weight he had lost. A twenty-year-old girl gained back twenty-two pounds when she went on vacation. She was still thirteen pounds below her prefasting weight, however, and expressed a determination to renew her diet.

Dr. Bloom has extended his experiments to more than sixty cases, and other doctors in his area are also using the fast on difficult obesity patients. One Atlanta woman has fasted four successive weeks with no ill effects. "Repetition fasting has also proved to be an extremely effective method of weight control," Dr. Bloom says. "We have had people come back to the hospital four and five times." In longer fasts, he notes that the weight loss levels off to about a pound a day. The greatest amount of weight is lost in the first week. "The most interesting indication we have gotten," Dr. Bloom says, "is that a fat person tolerates a fast much better than a lean person. Perhaps there is something in the metabolism of the fat person which permits him to do this."

In Philadelphia, Dr. Duncan has expanded Bloom's technique by allowing his patients to fast at home. They report regularly to him as outpatients. Even more ingenious is Duncan's idea of intermittent one- and two-day fasts. He has cleverly varied these according to the needs and temperaments of the patients. With a thirteen-year-old boy, he prescribed one fast day per week for six weeks. With a mildly diabetic sixteen-year-old girl, he recommended a two-day fast period, twice per month. Both have lost close to twenty pounds and are dieting enthusiastically for the first time in their lives.



Walking across U.S. in 167 days, toting his own luggage, was the way one man proved he had suffered no ill effects from a sixty-day fast.

The Fifty-Year Fad

Whether fasting is the dramatic answer to obesity, Drs. Bloom and Duncan believe, remains to be seen. But their espousal of it as a legitimate medical technique may well revive, in an aura of respectability, an idea that was once almost a branch of medicine unto itself. Today few people recall the classic age of fasting. It lasted from about 1870 to 1920. During these fifty years, newspapers, magazines and even medical journals were full of reports on how fasting could cure every disease known to the race, including cancer, tuberculosis, arthritis—you name it.

Typical of the era was one Van R. Wilcox, a Californian who fasted sixty days in 1904. To prove this had no ill effects, Wilcox proceeded to walk across the United States in 167 days, carrying twenty to thirty pounds of baggage. He averaged twenty-two miles per day, and was able to boast that not once did he bother to eat breakfast. Of the results of his fast, Wilcox declared, "My dropsical symptoms are gone. My rheumatism is gone, the weariness on my left side is gone, my hemorrhoids are gone, the hair on my head is beginning to grow again."

In 1907, a doctor named I. J. Eales of Belleville, Missouri, made headlines by fasting thirty days, losing twenty-eight pounds. On the thirtieth day of his fast, he went to the butcher shop of Hugo Heinemann and, in the presence of a half-dozen witnesses, lifted Mr. Heinemann,

who weighed 242 pounds, right off the ground by grasping him under the armpits. "By fasting," declared Dr. Eales, "we . . . rest every organ of the body, and while they are resting, the body is being renovated."

The two greatest popularizers of fasting as a way of life were Upton Sinclair and Bernarr Macfadden. Sinclair wrote two articles in COSMOPOLITAN (in 1910, 1911), telling the wondrous way fasting had put him on the road to health, and the magazine was deluged with fan mail. Macfadden, in his *Physical Culture Magazine*, and later in the dozens of other periodicals and newspapers he owned, regularly recommended fasting as the answer to both physical and mental disease. Both men practiced what they preached and trumpeted their good health as proof. There is no doubt that fasting worked for them. In his seventies, Macfadden celebrated his birthdays by parachuting out of airplanes. Sinclair is still going strong at eighty-four.

The bible of this mystical approach to fasting is a massive tome by one Hereward Carrington, entitled: *Vitality, Fasting and Nutrition*. For more than five hundred pages, Mr. Carrington extols the praises of scientific starvation and literally stuns the reader with case after case in which incurable diseases vanish after a thirty-day fast. Unfortunately, Carrington was no scientist. There is a smattering of terminology (C. G. Patterson had cold hands and feet, coated tongue, catarrhal discharge of the nose. All vanished at the end of a thirty-one-day fast). But no modern scientist could take Carrington's case histories seriously. Other books on fasting were even more bizarre. *How to Fast Scientifically* by Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish quotes such experts as Dr. F. Needham, author of "Brain Exhaustion," and Dr. Robert Bell, author of "Cancer in a Nutshell."



Lifting a 242-pound butcher, a doctor proved he still had his strength after a month of fasting, despite a twenty-eight-pound weight loss.

Less Food for More Thought

If this orgy of noneating did nothing else, it prompted scientists to do some serious investigation of what happens to the human body when a man fasts. The most exhaustive study was undertaken in 1912 by doctors of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. Agostino Levanzin, a Maltese lawyer and fasting devotee, volunteered to put himself completely at the disposal of the Institute for a fast of thirty-one days. On the evening of April 13, Levanzin took his last meal. Thereafter he touched nothing but 750 c.c. of distilled water daily. He lived on a balcony of the Institute laboratory, and was watched twenty-four hours a day. His luggage was searched, his mail opened lest he sneak himself even a morsel of solid food. Meanwhile, he submitted to endless batteries of physiological and psychological tests.

Herbert S. Langfeld of Harvard University supervised the psychological experiments, which included tests for physical strength and dexterity, as well as mental ability. He noted that Levanzin was happier during the first days, depressed and silent in the middle, and irritable and excitable toward the end of his fast. But the psychologist attributed most of the mental disturbance to monotony. The weather was bad, and Levanzin was confined to the laboratory for days on end. When he was able to go out for a drive, his spirits rose immeasurably.

Toward the end of the fast, he gave the impression of a "man convalescing"—yet he never had to omit a test for lack of strength. As the days without food lengthened into weeks, Levanzin showed a slight loss of muscular strength. But he showed steady improvement on tests for attention, perception and other mental faculties. Langfeld pointed out that this improvement was also often observed among people who took these tests repeatedly while on a normal diet—but this could not alter the conclusion that complete abstinence from food for thirty-one days had no effect on Levanzin's higher mental functions. In fact, Langfeld was inclined to agree with Levanzin, that fasters can probably do better mental work. "They suffer from none of the sluggishness of mental processes directly after eating," he said. (In a previous, forty-day fast, Levanzin had gone into court and argued a law case on the twenty-sixth day.) All in all, Langfeld concluded that Levanzin was in equally as good health after, as before, his fast.

Similar conclusions were reached by European doctors studying the Italian faster, Merlatti. The latter, incidentally, pushed fasting about as far as anyone has taken it, under strict scientific supervision. In Paris he held out for fifty days. This was about the limit—for Merlatti, at least. He was beginning to show alarming symptoms of collapse and all Paris was on pins and needles for him, when doctors finally persuaded him to quit.

The Inside Story

What happens, internally, when a man goes without food for an extended period? Nothing very much, if he is in normal health when he starts. The body simply derives its nourishment from itself, devouring its own fat. Dr. Duncan, in metabolic studies of his fasters, was able to establish this clearly by testing their blood for ketones, a chemical compound which is derived from fat consumption. He found that the loss of appetite (anorexia is the scientific term) occurred when ketones began to appear in the faster's blood in large amounts. A faster can only get in trouble when the body's fat tissues are depleted and the need for fuel begins to affect other tissue. From studies of Levanzin and Merlatti, doctors concluded that a man who fasted thirty days would lose about 20 per cent of his total weight; at forty days, it would be about 25 per cent.

The story of fasting is hardly encompassed by the classic period, when it was

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One of the world's oldest fasts is during Moslem Ramadan. For a month, food cannot be eaten in daylight hours. Though weight loss may be considerable, doctors say it is not injurious to health.

seized upon by fanatics as the answer to human misery. Over the long history of the race, fasting has always had deep religious significance. Chiefs and medicine men among American Indian tribes regularly fasted six to seven days before a major feast or war council, because they believed it made their bodies and minds free and light, and predisposed them to prophetic dreams. The African Zulus have a saying, "The stuffed body cannot see secret things." They also say: "Never trust a fat priest."

One-upmanship in Abstinence

There are many stories of fasting in the Bible. Esther asked the people to fast three days and three nights before she went to plead with her husband, King Ahasuerus, to save the Jews from destruction. Jesus fasted forty days in the desert. Devout Jews at the time of Christ fasted every Monday and Thursday. The Christians, not to be outdone, fasted every Wednesday and Friday, and in the fourth century A.D. added Saturday. The strictness of these religious fasts varied widely from place to place. Finally, in what became known as the "black fast," everyone was told to "continue all day without meat and drink, until after evening prayer." Before retiring at night, one meal was permitted, but in this the devout Christian was forbidden to consume meat, eggs, butter, cheese, milk or wine. Fasting during Lent grew slowly from forty hours (commemorating Christ's stay in the tomb) to forty days. During Holy Week, the church limited everyone to bread, salt, herbs and water.

The unpopularity of the black fast forced the church to modify it from the thirteenth century on, until finally, in 1781, the English Roman Catholic Church distinguished between days of fast and days of abstinence. Thereafter, Friday became simply a day of abstinence, when a Catholic refrained from eating meat—a far cry from the starvation fast of earlier times. During Lent, many Christian Churches still require their adherents to fast—but allowances are quite tolerable. The Catholic Church permits one full meal a day, and two lighter collations, which are not to exceed in total quantity another "normal" meal. But each person is allowed to determine what constitutes a normal meal by his own standards, and anyone who feels even this much fasting endangers his health can be excused.

Members of several monastic orders still observe severe fasts. The Discalced Carmelites abstain perpetually from flesh meat, and observe the black fast from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross—September 14—to Holy Saturday, the day before Easter. The Cistercians and Carthusians follow similar rules. But these modern ascetics cannot compare in rigor to a group of desert monks of the fourth century, who were known as the Hebdomadarii—the weekenders—because, during Lent, they regularly went without food from Sunday evening until the following Saturday afternoon. Somehow they were able to remain alive, even though they ate only two days a week.

Orthodox Jews still observe in all its strictness the fast of Yom Kippur—their annual day of atonement. They also fast on the ninth day of Ab, a holy day commemorating the fall of Jerusalem to the Babylonians.

Devout Moslems still maintain in its original form one of the world's oldest fasts, Ramadan. In the ninth month of the Moslem year, all men from the age of fifteen and women from the age of twelve must abstain completely from food and drink during daylight hours. This may involve a fast of from twelve to nineteen hours daily, depending on what time of the year Ramadan falls. Not long ago, two Pakistani doctors undertook a careful study of a group of Ramadan fasters, to see if the observance was a danger to health. They found absolutely nothing to cause alarm. The average Ramadan faster lost three pounds in the course of the month, but otherwise was able to go about his daily business as usual.

No Food in Four Years

The history of fasting is also replete with people who startle the countryside by claiming they have not eaten in years. One of the most famous was Louise Lateau, whose claims shook Europe in the mid-nineteenth century. Louise maintained that she had not eaten or drunk or slept in four years. Five doctors attested to the authenticity of her story. The devout declared Louise was a living miracle. Five other doctors voiced their disbelief. They pointed out that she was subject to paroxysms and other nervous symptoms. Finally, one Dr. Warlamont, sent by the Belgian Royal Academy of Medicine, searched her room and found a cache of food in a cupboard. Louise confessed that she did have nocturnal periods of "forgetfulness."

More tragic is the story of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh fasting girl, who supposedly lived for two years, two months and a week without eating. Her parents, an uneducated farm couple, convinced the local vicar that she was being cared for by God, and he spread her fame throughout England. A team of doctors descended on the place, and a twenty-four-hour watch was set up in the child's room. The little girl (she was twelve) died in eight days—of starvation—without once asking for food.

. . . But the Mind Is Hungry

Herbert Thurston, the noted English student of psychic phenomena, believes that many of these fasters are themselves convinced of their abstention. He explains their sincerity in terms of a "split personality." During the night, or at other times, their eating personality takes over, and they obtain food—but their fasting personality knows nothing about it. In Sarah Jacob's case, the nurses guarding her bed suppressed this eating personality, and the child starved to death, convinced that she had no need of food.

A few fasters, such as Therese Neumann, the Bavarian peasant girl who suffers from stigmata, are totally inexplicable. Therese Neumann has long maintained that she lives on nothing but a tiny portion of the Sacred Host, taken each morning. In 1927, a German doctor and a team of nurses studied her for two weeks, maintaining strict controls to be sure she had no access to food. Her weight varied in one week from 121 to 112 pounds—yet she did not eat a morsel. She lost almost nine pounds on Friday when the stigmata afflicted her with bloody sweat and emissions of blood from her hands and feet, and gained the weight back by the following Wednesday.

The doctors could not explain it. They could only point out that Therese, like almost all other stigmatics and super-fasters, has a history of nervous hysteria.

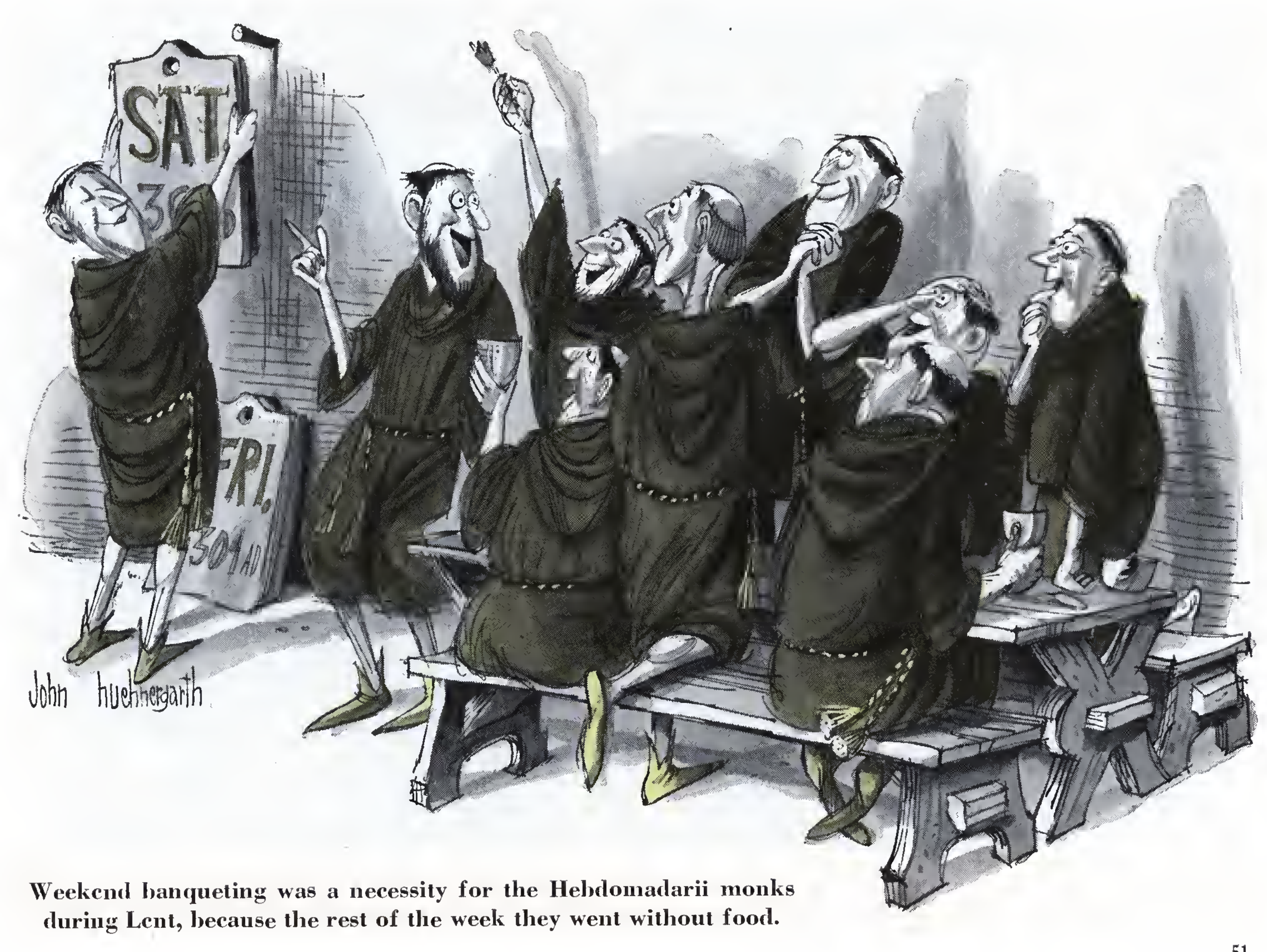
One thing is clear from examining the varied history of fasting: a modest amount of starvation will do most people no harm. Still, Dr. Duncan and Dr. Bloom both strongly emphasize that fasting is not for everyone. Those who are pregnant, or suffer from peptic ulcers, liver trouble, infections or uncontrolled diabetes should not fast under any circumstances. Those who try it should never do so without a good physical examination beforehand, and there should be close medical supervision at all times during the fast.

One more thing remains to be explored before fasting can be definitely acclaimed as a legitimate form of obesity therapy. Other researchers will have to begin trying it, to see if Drs. Duncan and Bloom did not exercise a special "therapeutic effect" on their patients, which made the experiment so excitingly successful. "No branch of medicine is more susceptible to the power of suggestion than weight reduction," says Dr. Alvan Feinstein, another leading authority on obesity. Dr. Feinstein worked on the Rockefeller formula diet. "We had wonderful results when we used it in the hospital and on an outpatient basis," he says. "But we did not realize at the time that we, with our enthusiasm, were the real source of the results. When the patients tried it with other doctors who lacked our enthusiasm, the formula proved to be no more successful than any other diet."

The Door to Mental Health

One answer to this therapeutic effect syndrome may come from work a number of German doctors are doing on the use of fasts. Chronic obesity is very often a neurotic problem—and these doctors believe that fasting can be used not only as the answer to weight reduction, but as a preparation for conquering the underlying neurosis. Writing recently in the German medical journal, *Hippokrates*, Dr. Von Eugen Heun notes: "Along with its far-reaching physical effects, fasting also has mental remedial effects of a specific type. It loosens the emotions, improves the perceptions, furthers the instincts and strengthens the will. As a psychocatharsis, fasting relieves feelings of guilt. It frees one from anxiety and makes one more self-confident. The relaxation that automatically comes with fasting disposes one to meditation. The regular practice of meditation leads to knowledge of oneself." Dr. Heun believes that often this self-knowledge can be accelerated and reinforced by psychotherapy. Little by little, the faster will work out *why* he overeats. Thus fasting could become not merely a morale booster for the defeated dieter, but the door to genuine mental health.

But this is a long way off. At the moment, fasting is still regarded with suspicion by most doctors. The prestigious *Nutrition Review* has already issued a severe criticism of Dr. Bloom's experiments. "The gains," the editors humphed in a wordy editorial, "are outweighed by possible hazards." Dr. Bloom is not in the least disturbed by such barbs. "Whenever you try something new, in medicine or anywhere else, you have to expect disagreement," he says. "When I can point to more than sixty successful cases, theoretical opinions don't bother me very much." Dr. Feinstein, looking at the results from afar, says: "If fasting works for you—wonderful! Then by all means try it, but with the appropriate safeguards, of course." THE END



Weekend banqueting was a necessity for the Hebdomadarii monks during Lent, because the rest of the week they went without food.

Zinn Arthur



SUE LYON'S *expressive eyes reflect one of her teen-age moods that range from childish giddiness to princess sulk. Just past her sixteenth birthday, she's 5'3" tall, weighs 107 pounds, has a 21-inch waist and "Baby Beige" hair.*

The "Lolita" Girl

Sue Lyon's performance in the most controversial movie ever made is so convincing, even Vladimir Nabokov called her "the perfect nymphet." Here she is—the new sensation who makes Brigitte Bardot and a host of other European sex kittens look like the grown-up women they really are.

It was cold for a summer night, and the rain falling in intermittent torrents soiled the hems on the long, lush gowns and tuxedo trousers of the celebrities filing into the world première of the season's most anticipated film. In the theater lobby, even the most blasé of guests craned their necks for a look at the little girl barely visible through the hordes of photographers trying to capture her slightest change of expression. She was bouffantly coiffed by the First Lady's favorite hairdresser and sedately gowned by the First Lady's favorite designer, but the most outstanding thing about her was that, though she was still one month shy of being sixteen years old, she stood as casually poised as the hostess of a diplomatic reception. Four years earlier, a writer named Vladimir Nabokov, in his sensational best seller about a precocious twelve-year-old's affair with her stepfather, added two new household words to the language: "Lolita" and "nymphet." On this night in June, and the morning after when the reviews appeared, it was obvious that a director named Stanley Kubrick had added two more: Sue Lyon.

"Fetchingly Vulgar"

The teen-ager described by various critics as "fetchingly vulgar," "the very picture of careless, Coke-guzzling immorality" and "downright brilliant" was found two years ago by producer James Harris and director Stanley Kubrick, two thirty-four-year-olds likewise endowed with such adjectives as "brilliant," "genius" and "bright hopes of the movie industry." In the future they will undoubtedly be known as the smartest hopes as well, for the hokum around *Lolita* has turned out to be one of the cagiest publicity campaigns that was ever calculated.

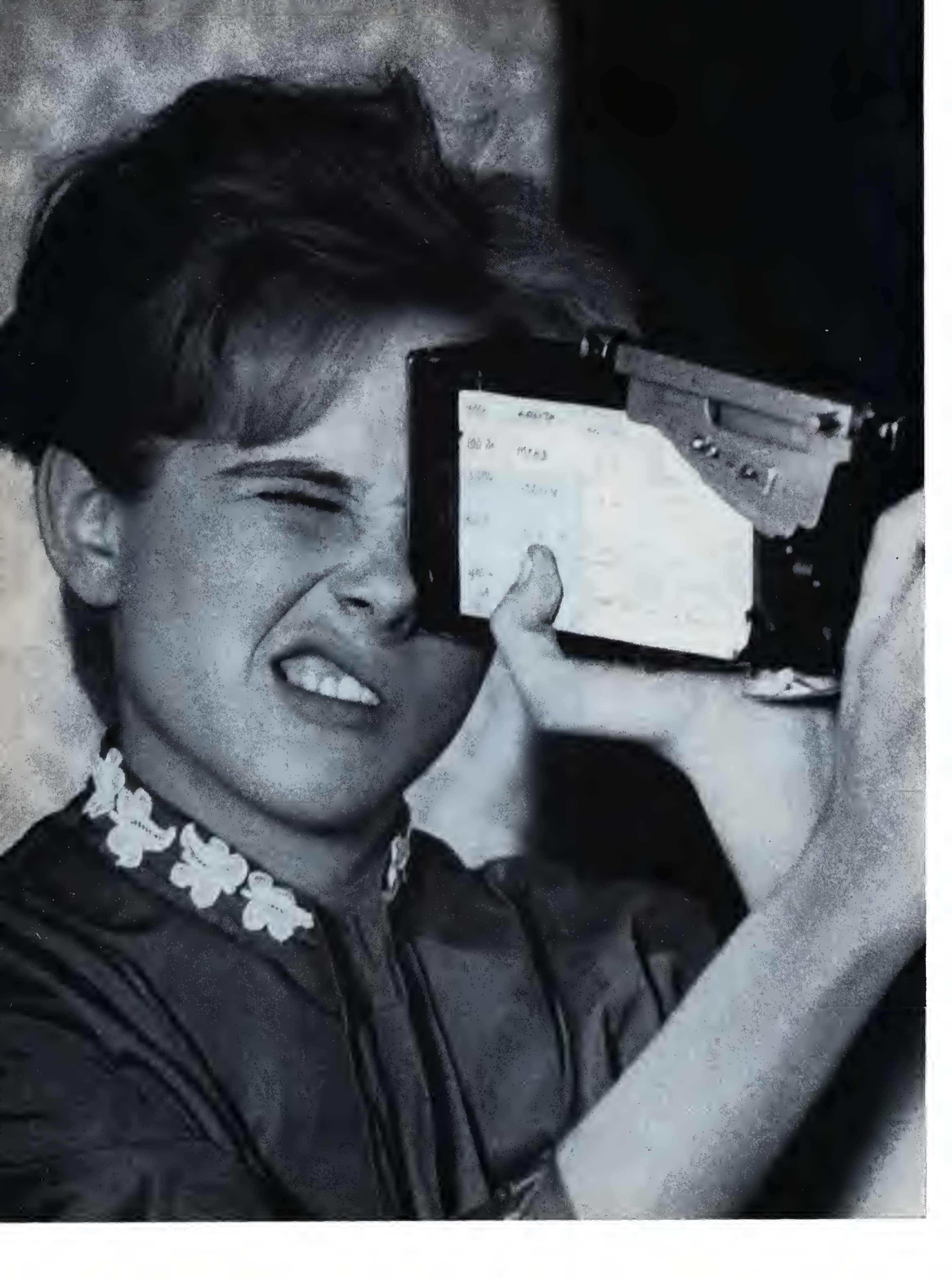
From the moment she was signed, Sue Lyon was secreted away from press and

Patrick Ward



DURING FILMING *of* Lolita *in London, Sue's day started at 8:00* A.M. *with make-up and hair-styling. Normally, Sue doesn't use make-up "mostly because I don't know how, but also because it makes my face break out. Using all that gunk seems an awful lot of trouble for a girl my age."*

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public. The set was closed to outsiders, and when the film was finished only a handful of the usual welter of tradesfolk were permitted to see it. Producer Harris, fonder of mysteries than is Alfred Hitchcock, says two purposes were served by the intrigue: censorship pressures were kept to a minimum; and excitement and curiosity were piqued to a maximum. In one of their most flamboyant feats of showmanship, Sue Lyon's keepers had her whisked away from the première when the film started because it was advertised "For persons over eighteen years of age."

Seeking an unknown to play Nabokov's nymphet was *not* a publicity gimmick, insist *Lolita*'s makers. They simply felt there was no "known" youngster who was suitable. Sue, then fourteen years old, was brought to Harris-Kubrick just three months before they were scheduled to begin shooting.

"The minute we saw Sue, we knew she was the girl we had been waiting for," says Harris. "She had done a spot of modeling around town and had been in a couple of television shows, a small part for *Dennis the Menace* and a somewhat bigger one for *The Loretta Young Show.* We looked at a Kinescope of the second TV show and gave her a scene from the screenplay. She memorized it and read for us, and was so good we decided to shoot a test of her with Mason. Stanley directed the test. Sue was superb."

The picture was shot from Nabokov's screenplay in eighty-eight days. As it progressed, Messrs. Harris and Kubrick grew happier and happier with Miss Lyon. She had unexpected range, she took direction like a veteran and she looked exciting in the rushes. The producers finished the picture in August, 1961, and gave Sue a seven-year contract.

Pity Is Unwarranted

Sue Lyon is her real name. She was born on July 10, 1946, in Davenport, Iowa. Her father died when she was ten months old, leaving her mother, Sue, Sr., with five children to support: a daughter born in 1925, three sons born in 1935, 1943 and 1944 respectively, and little Sue. "I hate being called a widow with five children even though it's true," says fifty-six-year-old Sue Lyon, Sr. "It sounds so pitiful, and there's nothing about me that warrants pity. I've been fortunate to have had the children; they have brought me great happiness." Until she and her daughter left for England, where *Lolita* was filmed, Mrs. Lyon had worked steadily as a hospital clerk-cashier. "When Sue started working as a model, I worked nights so I could be with her during the day," she says. "I no longer work, and I must say I'm glad of that. I like my home and homemaking."

It was Sue's older sister who started her career. Sue is close to her sister and turns to her for advice just as often as she does to her mother. The three boys, however, are given credit for supplying the discipline. Says Mrs. Lyon, "Gary, Chris and Mike have always been very critical of Sue, what she did, what she said and who her friends were." Sue herself concurs: "Chris still treats me like a daughter," she says, "and he's only nineteen."

Patrick Ward



CLOWNING ON THE SET *gave Sue welcome relief from* Lolita's *breakneck schedule. She particularly liked crawling up on the camera dolly and peering into the equipment. This picture was snapped early in filming. "I know because I was biting my nails then," says Sue, who now has long nails.*

CAMERA FEVER *smites everyone who enters Sue's orbit. "There must be a million pictures of me somewhere," she says. Here, visiting leading man James Mason (Humbert Humbert in* Lolita*), she poses again for her host and his guest, Peter Sellers, who plays role of Quilty in the film.*

(continued)



Maxwell Coplan

SUE LYON (continued)

The fact that she was raised with three older brothers and a sister twenty-one years her senior probably explains Sue's poise, which would do credit to a woman twice her age. Though she looks fifteen most of the time (a year older than Juliet when she dated Romeo), she is a monument of composure and self-assurance. I have met other young stars at the beginning of their careers (Sandra Dee and Tuesday Weld, to name two), but all were mere children by comparison. "Sue was poised even as a baby," says her mother. "I think it was something that was born in her." Director Kubrick believes that might be true, claims that Sue has changed very little in the two years he's known her. "She has changed in that way that comes of being repeatedly told how good you are; more self-confident, more self-possessed, cooler. But as I say, only more so—as she was these things at fourteen."

A playback of a conversation with the young Lyon does not define her personality—she talks in short phrases about school subjects, clothes, dates; on the matter of *Lolita* she gives what seem to be very practiced statements. But all the while she talks, you get the feeling she's smiling a little—putting you on, as she herself might express it. I was the first reporter to interview her, and her social manner to me was that of a doctor dealing with a mildly interesting case. Here are bits of that interview:

Q: What do you like best about work?

A: The money. It's the quickest way I know of to make a lot of money, fast.

Q: Do you have an allowance?

A: No. Whenever I need money, I get it from Mother.

Q: How long have you been a blonde?

A: About two years. My hair used to be light brown, but it lost me some television parts. I think this color is called Baby Beige.

Q: What subjects are you studying?

A: American history, American literature, French, geometry and sewing. In England I also studied biology, which I *hated*. Ugh! Dissecting frogs and stuff.

(Sue, I learned, is an animal lover.

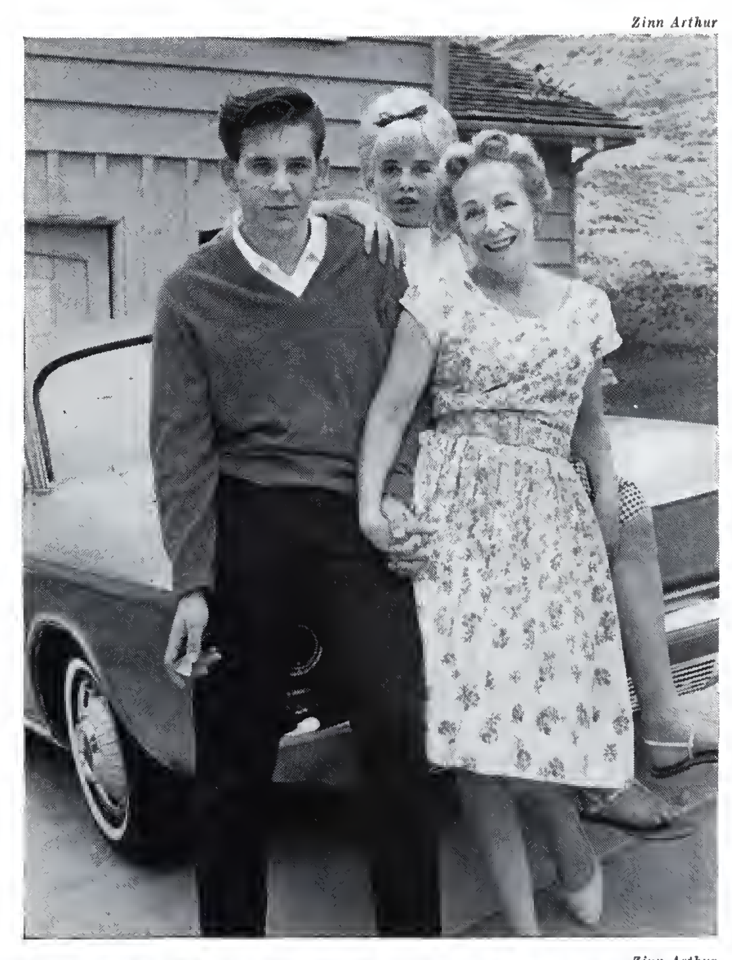
UNIMPRESSED *by Broadway, Sue took very short walk in "gloomy" Times Square during her film-promotion tour. "The walk had to be short because I had blisters on my heels," she explained.*

PENSIVE *and wind-blown on a bluff near her home, Sue comments: "I have wanted to be in the movies ever since I saw Sandra Dee looking so happy in* Gidget. *I decided to be just like her."*

Color Photo by Peter Sellers



Zinn Arthur



HALF OF THE LYON FAMILY—*Mother, nineteen-year-old Chris and Sue—pose in the driveway of the California home they bought last August. An older sister, married brother and other brother, eighteen, complete family picture. Sue took Chris to an agent to start him on an acting career, "All you have to do," she told him, "is learn your lines and do what they tell you."*

SUE'S TUTOR *and constant companion, redheaded Mrs. Gladys Hoene, has been teaching young movie stars for twenty-one years. She finds Sue is a good pupil, with an unusual interest in math. Some of Sue's other interests are baseball, dancing the Twist and rock-and-roll, movies and records. Here, she and Mrs. Hoene listen to music in Sue's pink and white bedroom.*

Zinn Arthur

She has at home a long-haired Chihuahua named Cha Cha and a cat named Señorita. When she was much younger, she wanted to be a veterinarian. It is interesting to note that another former child star named Elizabeth Taylor had and retains a similar compassion for animals.)

Q: Do you miss going to high school?

A: No. I'd rather be tutored. I'm getting a much better education now.

Q: What do you think of Lolita?

A: I feel sorry for her. She's neurotic and pathetic and she is only interested in herself.

Q: Would the average teen-age girl have run off with Humbert Humbert as she did in *Lolita?*

A: No, she'd much rather be with someone her own age. Once a man is over thirty-five, he's older than her father. Maybe a tenth-grade girl would go out with someone as old as twenty-five—if she knew his family. The oldest man I've been out with was nineteen.

I then wanted to know from Sue whether she felt she would fare better in life than some actresses who started working in their teens. She looked at me squarely. "I think that if a person is well-adjusted, she can do any kind of work and still lead a normal life. If she's neurotic, she'll be a neurotic actress—or nurse—or school teacher. I suppose it's been said before, but I feel now that if my career ever keeps me from having the normal things—like marriage and children—I'll give up acting. I hope I can stick to that."

For the time being, it seems Sue's only problems are concerned with her future: what picture she'll make next, and whether she'll do as well with a director other than Stanley Kubrick. Jim Harris, though, has a more immediate worry which was pinpointed the day he took Sue to Oleg Cassini's showroom for her world-première gown. "What we must first know," insisted Mr. Cassini's assistant, "is the image you wish Sue Lyon to project." There was a moment of embarrassed silence before a bewildered Jim Harris managed to speak. "Good Lord," he finally blurted. "We don't have an image. What'll we do for an image?"

If Mr. Harris can wait until the late fall when *Lolita* will have been shown throughout most of the world, Sue's fans are certain to supply him with the answer. THE END



GLAMORIZED *for her world première, Sue made first public appearance in an Oleg Cassini gown, Mr. Kenneth hairdo. "I have a very happy life," she says, "and I'm looking forward to an exciting and wonderful career."*

THE NEW GARDENER

It takes a very special man to be father and mother to a family of four—but Clem had a very special reason for having to be both.

BY MARY LAVIN ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

Clem was the man. "No matter. I'll get it to rights," he said blithely, when he saw the state of the garden. Five weeks of early spring with no man in it, and a wet season at that, it was a fright. "And now where's the cottage?" he asked.

He had crossed over from Holyhead on the nightboat, come down to Bective on the bus and walked up from the crossroads. "But I left the family in Dublin," he said. "I want to get the cottage fixed up before they see it. It was a rough crossing, and Pearl was inclined to be a little sick."

Which was Pearl? The snapshots he'd sent in lieu of an interview had shown him surrounded by a nice-sized family for so young a man. Holding on to one arm was a woman, presumably his wife, but she must have stirred as the snap was taken, because she was a bit blurred. Her dark hair was cloudy anyway and it partly hid her face. In spite of the blurring, her features did look sharp though, but this was of no moment as long as she could take care of the small children that clung about Clem, especially the baby girl, who snuggled in his arms.

"They're coming down on the evening bus," he explained. "Where is there a horse and cart? I want to get a few sticks of furniture for the place. I suppose I'll get one in the farmyard?" In a few minutes he was rattling off in the farm cart, standing with his legs apart, his yellow hair lifting in the breeze of his departure, and the white tennis shoes—which he had worn also in the snap—looking, to the last glimpse, magnificently unsuitable. In less than an hour he was back with a load of fat mattresses, bulging pillows and bedding, the lot barricaded into the cart by a palisade of table legs and upended chairs.

"One more run and the job is done," he cried, as he toppled all out on the grass patch in front of the cottage, and galloped to town once more.

The second time he could be heard coming a mile away with the load of ewers and basins, pots and pans, washhand stands, oil cooker and tin cans, that clattered together on the cart behind him. "These must be got into the house at once," he said solicitously to a young lad sent up from the yard to help him. "There's damp in the air, and I don't want them rusted. Don't stand there gawking, boy," he added, as Jimmy stared at the bedding already headed with mist. "Bedding is easy aired. Rust is a serious matter. Learn to distinguish!"

Then there began such a fury of lifting and carrying, pushing and pulling, such hanging of nails and bringing down of plaster, but above all, such running in and out of that cottage that the tennis shoes came at last into their own. They were so apt for the job on foot.

By evening every picture was hung, every plate in place, the tables and chairs set right side up and the oil cooker lit and giving off its perfume. The bedding was still outdoors.

"No matter. Food comes first. Learn to distinguish!" cried Clem again, as he held a plate under a brown-paper bag and let plop out a mess of cream buns. "They'll be starving," he said. "Pearl isn't much of a feeder," he added sadly, "but the others have powerful appetites."

He still hadn't said which was Pearl, but it wasn't the wife anyway, because when Jimmy saw them trudging up the drive a while later, there was no wife, there was only Clem with the two small boys, the bigger girl, and the little one snuggled close to him, just like in the snap, with only her curls to be seen. Yet when Clem let down the child in his arms, Jimmy wondered no more, for she was the dead spit of a pearl.

"Did you ever see the like of her?" cried Clem delightedly, as he saw Jimmy looking at her. "She puts me in mind of apple blossom! That's what I should have called her—Blossom," he said sadly, "but no matter. I don't like fancy names anyway. Come now, Moll!" he said, turning to the bigger girl, "let's get her to bed. She's dog-tired." Planting Pearl in her arms, he ran out and pulled in one of the mattresses. "It's a bit damp all right," he said, in surprise. But, undismayed, he dashed into the garden and came back with three large rhubarb leaves. "Put them under the sheet," he said. "Leaves are waterproof. Trust nature every time." Then as Moll was about to stagger away with Pearl in her arms, he ran after them and gave Moll a hug. "She's the best little mother in the world," he said. "I don't know what I'd do without her."

It was the first and the last reference, oblique as it was, to the absence of Mrs. Clem.

As the days went on, however, the absence of Mrs. Clem was seldom felt, for if Clem was a good father, he was a still better mother. True, he sometimes had to knock off work in the garden to cook a hot meal for them all, to take them to school, or oftenest of all to wash Pearl's hair, but he still did more work in one day than another man would in six. And it wasn't just work and good will: Clem had a green hand if ever man had.

There was nothing Clem couldn't do with a growing thing.


John McClelland

On his first morning of all, he made his only complaint. "There isn't enough shelter," he said. "Living things are very tender." And disregarding the fact that he'd just whitened his tennis shoes, he leaped into the soft black clay of the border and broke off branches recklessly from syringa, Philadelphus and daphne. Then he rushed around sticking the twigs into the ground, here, there and everywhere.

He *must be marking the places where he's going to plant,* thought Jimmy. But before a week was out, the twigs that at first had wilted and lost their leaves stiffened into life again and put forth new shoots. A green hand? When he stuck a spade into the ground at the end of a day, Jimmy half-expected to see it sprouting leaves by morning. There was nothing Clem couldn't do with a plant. In any weather he'd put down a seed. In any weather he'd take up a seedling. "It'll be all right if you handle it lightly," he'd say smiling, planting seeds gaily, with rain falling so heavily on the wet clay that it splashed back into his face and spattered it black. And when the sun did shine, as often as not he'd be down on his knees with his box of seedlings, pricking them out.

"Won't they die in the sun?" asked Jimmy.

"Why would they die?" cried Clem. "Like all living things, they only ask to be handled gently."

To see Clem handle a young plant, you'd think it was some small animal that he held in his hands. Even the seeds got their full share of his love and care, every single one, no matter how many to a packet. Once he nearly made Jimmy scratch up a whole cement floor in the potting shed where he'd let one fall.

"We can't leave it there with no food and no drink and no light and no covering," he cried, as he lit a match to help in the search.

Jimmy felt a bit put upon. "What about all the packets of seeds that are up there on the shelf?" he protested. "The last fellow forgot to sow them until it was too late!"

"But it's never too late!" cried Clem. "Where are they?" And the next minute he had rummaged out the old seeds with their discolored paper-packets and their faded flower prints. "Everything should get its chance," he cried, and he gathered up every flower pot in sight and, filling them with the finest of sieved clay, he poked a seed into each one. "If there's life in those seeds, they'll take flight before the end of the week!" he told Jimmy. And in less than a week, over each pot there hovered two frail green wings. Yet, for all the energy he spent on plants and chores, Clem still had energy to spare.

"How is the fishing around here?" he asked one evening, a few weeks after his arrival. "I'd like to take the children fishing. Wouldn't you like to go fishing, Pearl?" he asked, turning to her. She was a good little thing, and she never gave any trouble. All the minding she got was following Clem around while now and again he'd tell her to get up off a cold stone, or to mind would a wasp sting her. But there was one thing he was very particular about though, and that was that she should not take off the little wooly coat she always wore.

"Pearly hot!" Pearl would say. No matter! He made her keep the coat on. It was, however, very hot indeed this afternoon in May, and when Clem bent down to dibble in a few colchicums for the autumn, Pearl stamped her foot.

"Pearly hot," she said, defiantly, and off she took the yellow wooly coat and down she threw it on the ground. Jimmy bent down to pick it up. When he looked up, he was astonished to see Clem's eyes filled with tears. "I hate anyone to see it," said Clem. "I can't bear to look at it myself! But I knew it couldn't be covered forever!"

On the inner, softer side of Pearl's arm was a long, sickle-shaped scar. It was healed. It wasn't really very noticeable. Many a child had a scab twice as big on its knee, or on its elbow, or even its nose! But all the same, Pearl's scar made Jimmy shudder. Perhaps because it was on the soft underflesh, perhaps because of the look it had brought to Clem's eyes, this scar of Pearl's seemed to have a terrible importance.

"Was it an accident, Clem?"

"No," said Clem shortly.

Could Clem . . .? But no, no! She was his seedling, his fledgling, his little plant that, if he could, he would cup between his hands, and breathe upon, press close and hold against himself forever. As it was, he put his arms around her. "Wouldn't you like to catch a little fish, Pearl?" he was asking her. "I'll get a sally wand for you, and I'll peel it white! You'll catch a great big salmon maybe!"

His own ambition was more humble. He turned abruptly to Jimmy. "I suppose there's plenty of pike?" he asked. "Can we get a frog, do you think? Frogs are the only bait for pike. Get hold of a good frog, Jimmy, and we'll meet you down at Cletty Bridge in ten minutes."

To get a frog on a May evening in Meath! On a wet day, yes—the roads were plastered with them, sprawled out where cars had gone over them. But this evening Clem and the children must have been a full hour down by Cletty pool before Jimmy came running to them, his hand over his pocket.

The children were all calling to each other and laughing, and Clem was shouting excitedly, but it was Pearl's small voice that caught the ear, babbling as joyously to Clem as the pebbles to the stream. There was joy and excitement in the air, and joy welled up in Jimmy's heart, too, as he scrambled over the wall and tumbled happily down the bank, filling the air with the bittersweet smell of elder leaves as he caught at a branch to save himself from falling.

"Good man! And you've got the bait!" cried Clem, his expert eye picking out the bulge in Jimmy's pocket. He was helping Pearl to cast her line. It was a peeled willow wand and dangling from it was a big black hairpin bent into a hook. As Jimmy took the frog out of his pocket, however, Clem reached for his own rod which, to have out of harm's way, he had reached up and placed crosswise in the cleft of an elder bush that hung over the stream. As he took it down, the taut gut slashed through tender young leaves and, once again, their bitter scent was let out upon the air.

"Here, Jimmy! Here's the hook!" he cried. "Put on the frog!" Taking a tobacco tin out of his pocket, Clem selected a hook and, fingering it gently free of the other hooks and flies, he laid it in Jimmy's palm. Then he began to wind his reel. For a few minutes the sound of the winding reel asserted itself over all the other sounds in the glade, until gradually it was absorbed into the general pattern of sound.

Suddenly there was another sound; a horrible sound. It was a screech. And it split the air. It turned every other sound into silence. It was the frog. There was nothing human in that screech, but every human ear in that green place knew what the screech held—it held pain—and pain as humans know it.

"What did you do to him?" yelled Clem, and his face went black with rage. Throwing down the line, he caught hold of the screeching frog. Quick as thought, he pulled out the hook that had only gone a small way into the bulging belly, but had brought out a bubble of its bile-like blood. Then, throwing down the hook and stamping on it, he held the little slimy creature between his two hands.

"You are all right now," he told it, looking into its bulbous eyes, as if he'd force it to cast out its fear. Then he turned to Jimmy again. "You didn't know any better," he said sadly. "You're only a child yourself. But let this be a lesson to you. Never in your life hurt or harm a defenseless thing! Or if you do, then don't let me see you do it! Because I could not stand it. I could not stand it," he repeated, less gently. "I never did a cruel thing in my life," he cried. "I couldn't do one if I tried and—by God's blood—I could not see one done either! I only saw a cruel deed done in my presence once,"



There was one thing her father was very particular about and that was that she should not take off the little wooly coat she always wore.

he said then, slowly, and lowering his voice so only Jimmy could hear, "and once was enough! I couldn't stand it!" he cried. "I couldn't stand it." And he closed his eyes and pressed his hands over them as if he saw it all again. And when he took down his hands after a minute, and opened his eyes again, he had a dazed look. It was as if he was astonished to find himself there, where he was, on the sunlit bank. More than that—he looked amazed that the sun could shine, amazed that the birds could sing.

"Are you feeling all right?" asked Jimmy.

Clem looked at him dazedly. Then it was as if he took a plunge back into the happiness around him.

"Here, give me a hook!" he cried, rooting around in the box. "This is the way it's done!" Deftly tucking up the legs of the frog so he fitted snugly into one hand, he nicked the frog's back with the point of the barb, and then swiftly he passed the hook under the skin and brought it out again as if it were a needle and thread and he had just taken a long, leisurely stitch. "There! You see! He didn't feel a thing," he said, and hastily fixing the hook to the end of the line he reeled out a few yards of it and let the frog hang down.

Delightedly he gazed at it for a minute, as it moved its legs rhythmically outward and inward in a swimming motion. "Wait till we let him into the water!" he cried then, and he ran to the edge of the pool, scattering the children to either side of him, throwing the line out over the pool. Suspended in the air there the frog hung down, as still as the lead on the end of a plumb line, his image given back by the clear water that gave back also the blue sky and the white clouds as if they were under, not over, the pebbles and stones. Then he began to wind the reel, and the frog in the air and the frog in the pool began to draw close to each other, till the real one hit the water with a smack. Once there, its legs began to work again.

"Swim away, son," said Clem indulgently, and he unwound more of the line. "You'd think he was taking swimming lessons, wouldn't you?" he said, watching him amiably.

"But wouldn't the pike eat him?" said Jimmy. "Isn't that worse than getting the hook stuck on him?"

Clem turned around. "Nonsense!" he cried. "Death and pain are two different things. Learn to distinguish, boy!" And he called to Pearl. "Would you like to hold the line for a while, Pearl?"

But Pearl—Pearl was not looking at the frog. Something had caught her attention behind them.

"Who are those men, Daddy?" she asked, as the two big men in dustcoats, who had been watching the scene for some time from the causeway, began to get over the wall and slide down the bank towards them.

Clem looked back. "Here, Jimmy," he said. That was all, as he handed the line to him.

"You know why we're here?" asked one of the Gardai. Clem simply answered their question with a question of his own. "What about the children?" he asked.

Never would Jimmy have thought the Gardai could be so gentle-like and kind. "The children will be well treated, Clem," said one, and the other addressed Jimmy. "Stay here with them, you Jimmy, and keep them amused. We've got a woman in the car up on the drive, and she'll come down to you in a minute and see what's to be done." They turned to Clem. "We'll have to ask you to come with us, I'm afraid."

Clem nodded briefly. Then he turned to Jimmy. "Here, give me the line again for a minute," he said, and as Pearl had snuggled close to him, her two arms around one leg as if it was a pillar, he freed her grasp and put the rod into it.

"You can have the first turn, Pearly," he said, "and then Moll, and then the others. After that it will be turn and turn about for you all!" he said authoritatively, even sternly, and then he nodded to the men, and finding it slippery to walk in the dirty tennis shoes, he caught at some of the elder branches, and by their help scrambled up the bank alongside the men.

THE END



A new play by the author of *Malcolm* and *Color of Darkness*

BY JAMES PURDY *Photographic illustrations by Erwin Blumenfeld*

Nera is seated in a huge chair under a buttonwood tree in her garden. She is eighty years old, and the Nurse, though younger, looks even older. The Child is seen upstairs in his cot.

Nurse: You're still reading that special delivery letter that came last night.

Nera: I only look at it occasionally because it's from the last living member of my family, my brother Floyd. His wife writes the letters because he's the one who had the stroke.

Nurse: I know all about it, Nera.

Nera: He communicates everything he feels to her, since he cannot talk, by some kind of telepathic look. She writes me these letters as if he was speaking to me. They're a great comfort.

Child (upstairs): I feel the winds from the cracks again blowing.

Nera: Nonsense. It's summer. Go to sleep.

Child (reading from a book): "Before I was acquainted with life, I felt the zephyrs of death."

Nera (correcting): The *cold* zephyrs.

Child (reads): "I felt the zephyrs of death blowing from the cracks in my surroundings." (Stops reading.) I called to somebody about an hour ago.

Nurse: What on earth do you want now?

Child: The winds from the cracks.

Nera: He's always quoting from that book. Never says anything on his own. (Scolds.) I told you and I told you. There are no cracks where you are the wind could get through.

Child: It's the Nurse's doing.

Nurse: I won't tell you to go to sleep again, because I've never told you in any case, and now I say to you: continue to mention whatever you like, for it is not there.

Child: The cracks are closing now. . . . I'll doze. . . .

Nera: You've kept me waiting, you and the Child, as usual, from commenting on my special delivery letter.

Nurse: Those letters all say the same thing. You completed your comments on them a year ago. We won't listen.

Nera: Since my brother Floyd had his stroke he communicates with his wife by looks. Then she writes down what he is thinking and sends his thoughts to me. . . . He's the last of my family. . . . When he goes, I'll have nobody. . . .

Nurse: I have a thousand things to do besides listen to you. My sewing is waiting for me out there.

Nera: You'll do as you're told, you and the Child. How dare you speak to a mistress like that! If it weren't summer, I would cry.

Nurse: Very well, then, tell me the contents of your special delivery letter.

Nera (happy she can tell): To fill in the background: my brother had all the advantages because he was the right sex. A university education, fraternities, social occasions. He became a distinguished doctor and then he made not one but twenty fortunes. . . . There was this small town in Virginia where he owned all the buildings in town and much of the outlying land. . . . Farms, barns, rivers, enough to support a regiment on. . . . Every two or three weeks he took vacations. . . . While I . . . My husband turned out to be a petty embezzler. Left me with a large family to support. . . . My mother used to try to intercede with my brother. . . . He was always too busy to hear her. . . . He allowed her to become a scrubwoman. . . .

Nurse: That was your sister Kate, not your mother.

Nera: Be quiet, it was Mother. . . . Kate was the organist. . . . Can you imagine, our own mother. Once I picked her up from the floor where she was scrubbing. . . . "Nera," she said, "don't please feel sorry for me. You're the one has had the bad breaks. I had two good husbands, buried both of them, and now though I have to scrub for a living . . . I remember happiness." (NERA weeps.) Wasn't that a terrible thing for her to say to me, her own daughter? She didn't realize how her remark hurt. It was true, but she should not have said it. . . . I said, "Mother, Mother, you shouldn't have to scrub for a living when your own son is a wealthy investor and owns all of Virginia."

Child (awakening): I hate cracks!

Nurse: So you said last night.

Nera: That is not my child speaking. . . . It's a neighbor's. She left it here one warm summer evening like tonight when the planet Jupiter was so brilliant in the early sky. She never returned. I couldn't send the poor little thing to an institution. . . . But something's wrong with it, with him.

Child: You could get rid of the cracks if you tried, you old bitch.

Nera: That Child is not only ill, he's upset from within.

Now my brother is a hopeless invalid, and cannot speak or read. . . . He understands television, they say. . . . My mother has been dead many many years. . . . Yet she is the only comfort I still have. Only my mother loved me. Nobody ever loved me but her. . . . That is why I could not send this little child to an institution. . . . He has nobody and out there (mysteriously, frightened, looking into the distance from which later the FIGURE will emerge), if he was sent, who would he have but doctors and nurses. . . . Coarse people used to instruments and charts, they look on the body as an interesting mistake. . . . No love in the world! (She cries.) Yes, the Child is right about the cracks.

(The NURSE meanwhile has been sewing in another part of the room.)

Nera: My children all died one right after another, just when they were getting to be a comfort to me, after the long weariness of raising them. . . . Just as they were about to be young men and women, all four of them, one right after another died. . . . Each one violently. Their insurance has left me somewhat comfortable, but with nothing to think about really except my mother. . . . Nurse, what is that thumping sound? . . . The sewing machine? . . . Very well, yes, mend the curtains, and make new ones if you like, too. . . .

Child: The cracks are closing now. . . . Goody.

Nera: Every night that way, he carries on. . . . If he couldn't worry about the cracks, there would be something else for him to fret over. . . . We have to have troubles in order to speak. . . . If everything went along all right, we might remember nothing . . . when it came to get dark.

Child: Goodnight, Nera. The cracks have closed.

Nera: Sleep till morning, precious. . . . That's right. . . . No, Nurse will not leave the house until you come down to breakfast. . . . We will meet in the grape-arbor and have our bread and hot milk. . . . Thank God, it's summer. . . . I hate the winter months. . . . One gets so cold, and I always think of the dead out there. I wonder what the dead really do. There must be something after that for them. . . . There can't be just nothing, even though, as the unbelievers say, there was nothing we can remember from before. . . . I'm sure there's more!

Child: Do you hear somebody calling? No? Goodnight. I won't call you or Nurse again. . . . Goodnight and goodnight and goodnight.

(A faint whishing sound like a weak but prolonged explosion is heard.)

Nera: The Child never said that before. . . . Nurse? (NURSE is asleep.) No answer. . . . Both fell asleep at their place. . . . I thought I heard a strange noise after the Child spoke. . . . Everything rattled inside. . . . And now it's so quiet. . . . The universe is completely mysterious and yet no longer so scary as when I was a child and was afraid of cracks. . . . Only I called them ghosts. . . . He calls them cracks. He *called* them cracks. . . . (Frightened.) Why do I correct myself? . . . Oh the awful silence. . . . I should have visited Mother's grave more often in the winter months. That's when the dead seem so pitiful, when the snow piles high and the wind rages, and you know everybody, everybody at last, with no exceptions, is for-



"The body breaks down and then the poor mind."

gotten in death. . . . No exceptions. Even the great are merely remembered as great dead, for there is nobody to tender them living love. . . . In the end everybody and everything is forgotten. . . . (Her head falls over.) I must have dozed just then. . . . I must have fallen fast asleep. I never go to sleep in a bed unless I have to. . . . I'm afraid. . . . Usually when I do it's in the daytime. . . . I go and lie down for an hour or two. . . . But during the night of late years, I don't know why, I keep a vigil. . . . I don't know for whom or what.

(A FIGURE has stood by the entrance all the time she has said this, watching her. . . . It is apparently the figure of a young man, but he is too shrouded in darkness and in his heavy clothing for us to be sure.)

Figure: Don't you know why, Nera?

Nera: My goodness, you startled me, more than the funny explosion.

Figure: I'm surprised you heard it since it seems to have had no effect on you.

Nera: Should it have had?

Figure: Well, I dare say so. . . . In view of its being the end . . . of everything.

Nera: I'm glad the Child went to sleep and the Nurse, too, though she was supposed to make the curtains tonight. . . . But Nurse annoys me with all her questions. Why can't she simply make the curtains? Why does she come to me with all the problems of sewing? I've forgotten how to sew, either by hand or machine. . . . I never liked sewing. In the days when I was head of a family, I loved to cook. They said my dishes were superb.

Figure: That's all over, along with the memory of it.

Nera: Who are you and what are you coming into my garden for at this time of night? . . . I should be frightened, but your voice is so kind I know you're that way, too. . . . Will you be seated?

Figure: The end of the world has come and you don't know it.

Nera: Have you experienced some great grief that you speak like this?

Figure: No.

Nera: I have suffered nearly all the usual afflictions and bereavements. . . . I lost everybody I loved, and now I'm waiting to join them if there is such a thing as an afterlife. . . . I'm of two minds about it. . . . In the late evening, if I'm comfortably tired and if the sky is beautiful and mild with stars and planets in easy view, I'm sure there must be more ahead. . . . But often when I awake in a stiff posture in the morning, and my milk isn't brought to me by Nurse, and the Child is complaining and crying, I feel there's nothing after this life. . . . And yet it's all so without sense that way. . . . There has to be more to make this terrible life have meaning. . . . It can't stop here, that would be unfair!

Figure: But it's all over, dear person.

Nera: Again your beautiful voice! . . . One thinks you are singing. No matter what you say . . . Say anything, I pray you.

Figure: It's all over.

Nera: You see, even when you say something without any meaning, it's musical and cadenced. . . . I used to play the piano and I sang. I sang in our church choir. . . . People came from far and near to hear my voice. . . . No matter if all I was going to sing that Sabbath was the anthem, the preacher knew we would fill the house. Then I got married and I lost my voice. . . . Or rather I didn't want to sing. . . . My voice stayed the same. . . . I sang to all my children but the last little fellow . . . I never sang to him. . . . And you know he needed it the most because all the time I carried him there were worries; my husband deserted me, and then died in Chicago. . . . This little child, the last of all my children, prematurely born, never heard me sing to him. . . . He passed away when he was three. . . . That's why the little boy upstairs reminds me of him.

Figure: He won't again, dear person.

Nera: He's gone to sleep upstairs, thank goodness. . . . But in the morning, when my spine and head ache, he'll cry. . . . We'll have to go out to the grape-arbor and have our bread and hot milk, and he'll ask me such impossible questions, like "Where did we all come from?" and "Will we all meet again after this world is gone?" My dear sir, those are the questions I think about all the time also. . . . Old age and extreme youth, you see, think the same thing, and the trouble is there are no answers to them. . . . People who are occupied with the world and making money and shining in their place don't think of them, and often die of a heart attack in their work so that in all their life except when they were children they never so much as thought of the only things we really care about: "Where are we going?" and "Will we live forever?"

Figure: But the world is over, dear person, and so our questions, too, are no longer . . . here.

Nera: Your voice is simply beautiful, pure song. . . . Are you a singer? You're young, too, I can see under your heavy clothing you are only a youth.

(FIGURE shakes his head.)

Nera: Youth is so different from childhood or old age. . . . What is its characteristic? Yearning? desire? no sense of time? . . . I've forgotten. . . . But childhood and old age are so clear to me: we ask those haunting questions.

Figure (kneels before her): Dear person, the entire world has come to an end, and your questions . . . are no longer necessary. . . . If you look up into the firmament, you'll see only one or perhaps two stars, and they're vanishing. . . . How you've survived, well, I'm after all, only the . . . (In a low *low* voice) . . . the *Creator*. Certain things escape one. . . .

Nera: Before you go—I'd like to tell you one thing, except that I feel so . . . so very tired. . . . Yet my brain is clear. . . .

Figure: I hadn't planned. . . . You see, you were spared. . . . All unbeknownst even to Me.

Nera: Now the question I have in mind seems so absurd when I think twice about it, I don't want to ask it.

Figure (looking around): There is no light . . . nothing.

Nera: The question I was going to raise is, "Why should we go through the pain of giving birth if it's all going to come to . . . nothing?"

Figure: You feel you need an answer?

Nera: I don't think you could answer it in any case. (Hesitant, examining him.) In any real case. (Frightened.) Who are you?

Figure (has stood up and is retreating): I must just have a look around before I go.

Nera: Why should you look around? (Indifferent.) Look anywhere you wish, but don't wake the Child, and don't say anything to Nurse. If she's asleep, good, and if she's loafing at her work, so long as she's quiet, good, also. . . . I need some rest, not sleep, rest, rest to all my questions.

Figure: Such as "*Why should we go through the pain of giving birth if it's all going to come to . . . nothing?*"

Nera: Did I say that?

Figure: Just a moment ago.

Nera: You are still young and have your memory. . . . I can recall almost nothing from hour to hour. . . . I see the day come, I feel in my bones it is getting later rather than recognize the fact in my mind, and everything is a blur from the present, the immediate past of the day, from the nearer-past, and from the long-long ago. . . .

Figure: That's the way it is!

Nera: But the future always seems to end in . . . a blank . . . a question mark. That's what gives one uneasiness. . . . You wonder why you've been to all the trouble. . . . And yet, looking back . . .

Figure: Go on.

Nera: I thought you were going to look around.

Figure: I started to, but there was nothing here either, only you. . . .

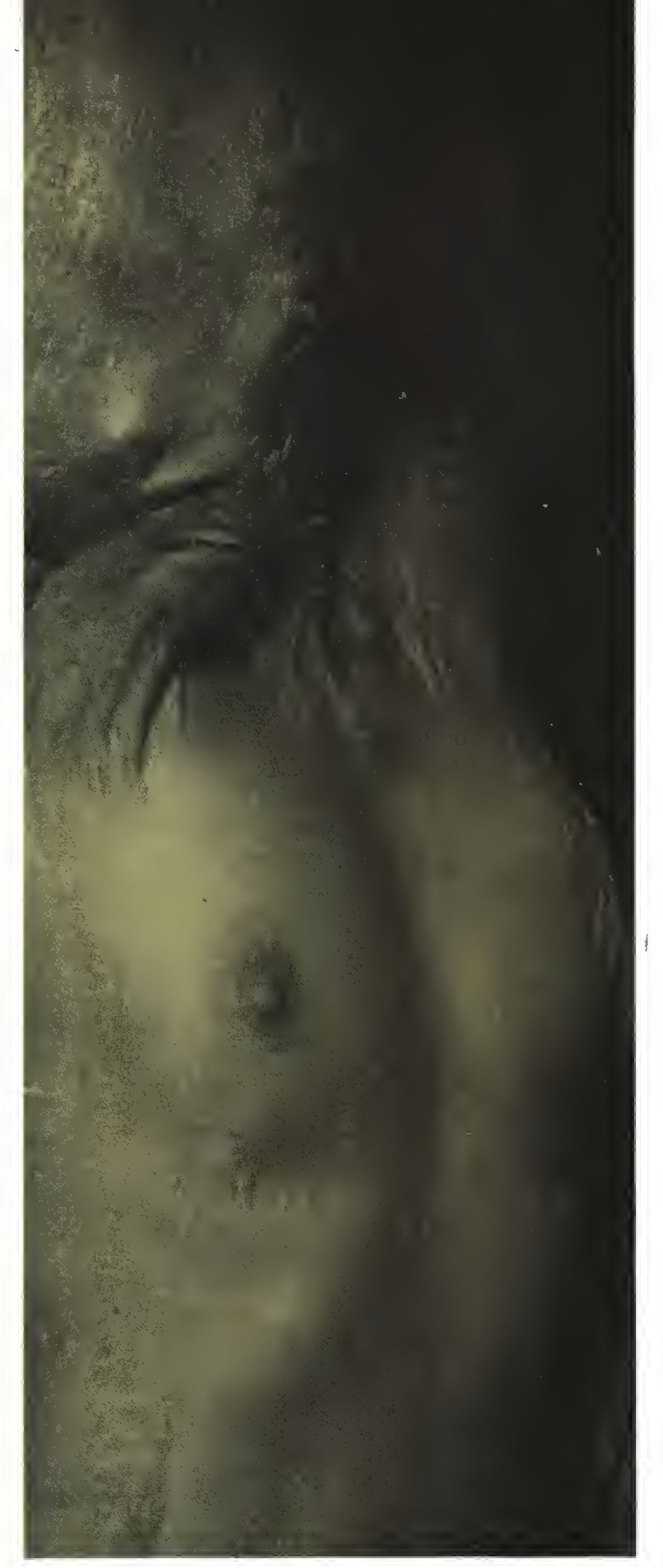
Nera: My dear . . . Well, if you like to say peculiar things, of course that's your privilege. . . . Years ago I would not have liked your way of expressing yourself. . . . I would have always admired your voice, because I know you're a singer. . . . Perhaps you're in disguise. . . . Be that as it may . . . But what was I saying? . . . You see how sad old age is. . . . One loses the thread of one's own sentences. . . . The day itself merges mindlessly with night. . .. But the questions (weeps) never go away! Why? why? all the time like a sharp piece of glass in my tired brain. . . . They never let up. . . . Then I call out to Him who must know all the riddle, and He doesn't say anything. . . . I cry all night some times for Him to speak.

Figure: "The pain of giving birth—"

Nera: A man like you talking about that . . . with your fine voice. . . . When you give birth, you become silent.

Figure: I understand.

Nera: Nobody understands but the one who does it. . . .



"Why should we go through the pain of giving birth if it's all going to come to nothing?"

You're not a woman.

Figure: The whole world has come to an end, and we stand here talking.

Nera: How terrible I will feel in the morning, and Nurse or the Child will never believe I have sat talking with you all night . . . about nothing. (She laughs.)

Figure: You didn't hear a strange and terrible sound some while ago. . . .

Nera (trying to remember): Now it is coming back to

me . . . yes.

Figure: That was it, the end of all.

Nera (trying to understand): The end of all . . . I see.

Figure: But out of it all, you remain. . . . You see I had—it was willed—the world would end.

Nera: Oh one of those old old questions, which, now that old age has come, and I have the Child to answer, I think of all the time. . . . Insoluble.

Figure: When you heard the noise, it was I destroying everything.

Nera (looking at him): I think you should go away. . . . You might frighten the others.

Figure: I am going, but I don't know what to do about you. . . . Curiously you cannot stay here.

Nera: Your voice was less lovely that time. . . . It sounded fatigued. . . . A good voice should never allow itself to become tired. . . . That was what maternity did to me, among other things, I could no longer sing. . . . Yet giving birth was beyond happiness.

Figure: That is the way it is!

Nera: Beyond everything.

Figure: Yet you voice regret.

Nera: One is always complaining, with eyes shut. . . . We destroy our own gifts, one by one. . . . Like my children, they left me one by one.

(As she speaks, all her children suddenly appear, a filmy mist over them, near her.)

Nera (moved to ecstasy): I say . . . I said . . . (She is astonished but calm. She stretches out her hand to them): Children!

Figure: What is it?

Nera (As she gazes at her children, they vanish one by one): It was nothing. . . . Memories. . . . Lateness of the hour, you see, and when one is old there are certain little things go wrong with the brain and limb. Yet one is not exactly mad. . . . The body falls to pieces, and the mind, poor thing, is left without a prop. . . . When you said the world had come to an end, what did you mean?

Figure: I should not have told you.

Nera: You said the world had come to an end. . . . You implied the Child and Nurse were not here, if I remember correctly, or am I dreaming? The nights are so hard on me, my bones especially seem to revolt against the nights. . . . The body simply falls to pieces, and the mind, poor thing . . .

Figure: I am only the Creator. . . . Beyond that is life, is *is*.

Nera (as if quoting): "Eternal, renewing itself, coming to itself again and again long after the pain of giving birth. . . ." Are those my words? "Ending and beginning and continuing and everlasting."

Figure: They are life's . . . (Going.)

Nera: Look here, you're leaving, and I have no idea who you are. . . . What if you've escaped from some institution? You're all bundled up in queer clothes, too, though it's summer. . . . Come back here or you'll leave me worried. . . . And you've said such odd things, about the world coming to an end. . . . Are you a young man who's escaped from an institution? . . . Answer me.

Figure (with colorless honesty): I am the Creator.

Nera (convinced despite herself): Forgive me. . . . Forgive.

Figure: Nothing to forgive, dear person.

Nera: My mind wanders. . . . I should have been reverent.

Figure: You were . . . you are. . . . If it was I who despaired . . .

Nera: I was the one who despaired. . . . I had only questions.

Figure: I said the world had come to an end, and I meant it.

Nera: But didn't I say that? I said there would be no more life when I wasn't here. . . . Didn't I say that? After this life, I said, what of the future? You see, I was confused.

Figure: No, no, I despaired. . . . As the Creator I despaired, but then I heard something.

Nera: The Child?

Figure (shakes his head): Something in your voice.

Nera: No, no, I have no voice. . . . Now you are confusing me, you see. . . . Again, I ask you: What are you? . . . Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid. And you're all bundled up!

Figure: The world has commenced again after ending. . . . I had ordered it ended, but it was created and therefore was something more than I, even I. It was I and it was more than I.

Nera: Who are you now? You're all bundled up, and you're making fun of me, saying I have a voice. . . . It's you who have the voice. . . . You're a singer, that's what I said when I first saw you, and it's what I say now. . . . You're a beautiful singer, though why you've bundled up—but then you're an opera singer! Of course. . . . And you're going!

Figure: The Creator is not all, his created go on and they will never stop, they will never . . . never . . . (He exits.)

Nera: They will never stop? You will say . . . you were the Creator. . . . The Singer. . . . Oh when one's old, the body falls apart, the body, the body, and the poor mind. . . .

Nurse (who has awakened and come to the front): Now see what you've done. . . . You've wakened both me and the Child. . . . Can't you hear him squawking?

Nera: But I've had a visitor!

Nurse: You will sleep in your chair and you have bad dreams. . . . Oh you're naughty, naughtier than the Child. and I have all the work to do. See my poor hands, they're bleeding from work.

Nera: But you're alive. . . . You're alive.

Nurse: You're coming down with some illness, babbling like this.

Child (rushing in): My milk and bread!

Nera: Oh thank God, thank God. (Embracing the CHILD.) We'll go right into the grape-arbor and have our hot milk and bread.

Nurse: But the dawn's only just coming. It's still nearly dark and the stars are blinking. You woke us all up too early.

Nera: You heard me, Nurse. The Child and I will go into the grape-arbor and you will bring out bread and hot milk. . . . You see, I dreamed the world and creation had come to an end. . . . But just when my despair was at its height . . .

Nurse: Well, well.

Nera: I can't remember. . . . Isn't it awful to be old, the body . . .

Nurse: Yes, yes, "the body breaks down and then the poor mind."

Nera: The Creator said to me, as I am sitting here, I swear to you—

Child: We'll go to the grape-arbor, nice person?

Nera: He said—now I must remember before it's too late—the Creator, that was this young man with the singer's voice covered up with heavy wraps, He said to me, "No matter what the pain of giving birth and the thought that if you would say DON'T BE DON'T EXIST . . ." Oh my poor mind. . . . You see . . .

Nurse: What are you talking about?

Nera: I must remember what the Creator said. . . . You see, it was the answer to all my questions, but I can't remember now. . . . You see, as I sat here, He had thought He had destroyed the world, and then, seeing me, hearing me talk, with his own beautiful voice he changed his mind and pronounced the truth.

Child: We want our bread and hot milk in the grape-arbor!

Nera: Just a minute now, it's coming. . . . I must remember what the Creator said. I will know in a moment and then I'll remember the truth.

Nurse: But you've been dreaming.

Nera: If the body would only let me, but I'm old, old.

Child: I want to go to the grape-arbor. . . . I must have the milk.

Nera: Now it's coming to me, at last at last it's coming. . . . (She stands up and looks out.)

(In the background the voice of the FIGURE.)

Figure: "After all the pain of giving birth . . ."

Nera: That's it, I hear his special voice now.

Figure: After all the pain of creation, the created will continue, after all the pain, after all the pain . . . no matter what we do or say . . .

Nera: Creation! That's it! That's the answer to my question. . . . Oh don't you hear his voice, my dears? The world does not come to an end, no matter how great the pain or the loss. . . . You see, my question's answered. . . . We can go into the grape-arbor now.

END



"In the late evening . . . if the sky is beautiful and mild with stars and planets in easy view . . ."

"Mother and Child" Painting by Hans Erni, Courtesy of Hammer Galleries



He was her own beautiful boy—no one was going to hurt him or take him from her.

BUTCH

BY RONA JAFFE

Alice Dinsmore stood at the edge of the park oval, leaning on the handle of her baby's Carry-Cart, with traffic swishing behind her and the dry summer leaves hanging motionless ahead. She always sat on the same bench, the one directly in front of the park entrance, where she could watch the people getting out of Cadillacs and Jaguars in front of the Fifth Avenue hotels across the street, and where the people who walked crosstown could in turn watch her. She hoped that someday a photographer would come and take her picture; such a young mother, such a domestic scene in the heart of the city where suddenly, by virtue of half a dozen city blocks of distance, she was not just a member of an army of mothers inside the park, but a distinct entity.

But today there was something wrong. Ahead of her, on her bench, was another girl, holding a large shiny baby carriage before her as if it were a bulwark. Perhaps if she could shut her eyes for a moment the intruder would go—red beret, pale white skin, slightly beaked nose and all, her silhouette would vanish. But when she opened her eyes, the girl was still there; what was more, she was pulling aside her full hlack skirt and smiling, making room for Alice.

Alice nodded coolly and sat on the very edge of her bench—she hated to give it up, really—and pulled Charmian's Carry-Cart against her legs.

"Ice cream!" Charmian said loudly. She had a clear voice for a child only eighteen months old; it was like a little bell. A little dinner hell, Alice thought.

"Later," Alice said. The girl was looking right at them now, a tentative smile on her face. She wore a long-sleeved black dress even though it was the middle of summer, and she held on to the handle of her baby carriage with both hands. She was wearing white gloves.

"What a lovely baby," the girl said. She had a soft voice, the cooing of a pigeon, no, not as nice; a penguin perhaps. "Is she yours?"

Charmian was grinning at the girl, loving every bit of it. "Yes," Alice said.

"But you're so young," the girl cried. "You look about seventeen. I thought you were the baby sitter."

"Everybody does. See, wedding ring. I've been married six years."

"You must have been a child bride from Tennessee."

"I'm twenty-four," Alice said.

"I can't be*lieve* it!" the girl replied.

What pretty skin the other girl had. It was nearly translucent, and where it stretched over the delicate bones of her nose it was almost a bluish white. She was hardly any older than Alice. "That other one's mine, too," Alice remarked. "The boy playing by the fountain."

"That big one?"

"Edward. He's only five. But he looks much bigger and he always plays with the older boys. Watch, they'll hit him and then he'll come back."

"He's lovely," the girl said.

They sat and looked at the little boys running under the trees around the fountain. There was no water coming out of the fountain because it had been a hot summer and there was a water shortage, but the sunlight glittering on the white marble looked like water. The little boys shouted from the distance and there was the whoosh of tires over asphalt and the bleating of auto horns as the lights changed and the cars began rushing crosstown alongside the edge of the park where Alice and the other girl were sitting. There were three little boys: two in dungarees, wearing felt caps with medals pinned all over them, and a blond boy in a white suit: Edward. Edward was chasing the other two, and then one of them turned around and hit him on the top of the head with a fist.

"You see?" Alice said.

Edward let out an anguished scream and the other two darted away and leaped on to the rear bumper of a hus that was just pulling away from the curb. He stood in the exhaust fumes of the bus and stamped his feet. "Goddamyou, Goddamyou," he screamed.

"Do you think it's good for him to get so m-a-d?" the girl whispered.

Charmian cocked her head and smiled. "Damoo," she repeated cheerfully.

"He has his moods," Alice said. She wanted to turn her back. Why didn't that girl go uptown to the part of the park where the other mothers were? This place was going to get to be a veritable nursery, with all the silly women sitting around and talking about whether Junior spit up. She couldn't bear it. She liked to sit here by herself, with her two children, and pretend she was dozing while she secretly listened to what people were saying about her. What a young mother, they used to say. Or, do you think she's the mother? When she had first had Edward, and he was so big for his age, sitting in the carriage looking like a two-year-old while she looked sixteen, she had thought of putting a sign in the carriage saying: "Edward. Thirteen months. Mother not as young as she looks."

She would amuse herself thinking of all kinds of signs. But now that he was so big, he would hardly stay with her, always running after the pigeons, trying to kick them, and if there were ever any little boys in this section of the park, which there seldom were, he would chase them. Edward wouldn't play with the little boys his age anyway, he towered over them; he only wanted the older ones who didn't want him. Well, wasn't that the way life was everywhere?

"Poor angel," the girl was saying. She was holding Edward's arm and wiping his cheeks with her handkerchief. Suddenly he seemed to realize what she was doing and he pulled away from her. Alice couldn't help gloating.

"Come here, darling," she said. "Come to your old mother who loves you."

Edward stood near the Carry-Cart, but would not come closer. His nose and cheeks had sunburned and peeled and then sunburned again so that they were covered with round pink blotches. They were rather cute. "Can we have ice cream now?" he said, crossly.

"Ice cream," Charmian said.

Edward kicked the wheel of the Carry-Cart tentatively. "*She* can't have ice cream," he said. "She's too fat."

"We'll all have ice cream," Alice said. She stretched her legs out in the sun. She was getting nicely tanned these days, she hadn't worn stockings since the end of May. "You can go and get it."

"Me too," Charmian said.

"You too, fatso," Edward said. He blew out his cheeks and waddled off, taking stiff little steps, with his arms straight out at the sides as if he were too fat to put them down.

He was right, of course, Alice thought. Charmian wasn't at all what Alice had had in mind when she'd named her: a cool, lithe, Egyptian-type beauty. She was round and red-faced, with the beginning of baby freckles, and damp blonde hair. All the dust and grit of the city streets seemed to blow on her white organdy dresses, it made her eyes water and there were streaks and smudge marks down her cheeks. Her pink hair rihbons slipped right out of her fine baby hair. She was getting so heavy, Alice could hardly lift her any more. But what could one do? All the old men who sat in the park, reading yesterday's newspaper and smiling at the sun, wanted to give Charmian peanuts, the matrons with the silver-hlue hair and little furpieces all stopped to fuss over the dear fat baby, and when Charmian sat there like a talking Buddha and piped up in her clear voice, "Ice cream!" they were all won over. It was so

rare to see a baby in this part of the city. Alice wouldn't live anywhere else, even when they were offered that bigger apartment up in Riverdale for the same amount of rent they were paying here. She would shrivel up and die in the country, alongside of the growing radishes.

Her friends were all leaving her, the girls she had gone to school with, married and whisked off to the country in a mass migration, like lemmings. Suddenly she could see the next twenty years ahead of her; the clotheslines and the school buses and never buying a basic black dress again because they would never go anywhere dressier than a drive-in movie. And all for love. When she had met Harry, she had just turned eighteen, and along with the realization that he was the best thing that had ever happened in her life was the cold little fear which started when the embroidered tea napkins started coming in, and then the expensive things like the silver and her electric frying pan with the gadgets on it. She was to be settled, a matron, a guarder of possessions. It was like nursing a dream for years and then suddenly having it come true when you still wanted only to he thinking about it. But what else could she have done? She couldn't have said, "Harry, I love you, come back in five years." She would have lost him.

I wish that I could have met him just last year, Alice thought. *This could be the first year of our marriage. I'd be a good wife.*

The girl was leaning over, looking at her. "I said, I guess you come here every day," said the girl. She smiled. "I've never come to this part of the park before."

You're telling me, Alice thought.

"It's nice. My name is Bella. Who are you?"

"Alice Dinsmore."

"I'm so pleased to meet you. This is *my* son. His name is Butch." She gestured at the carriage with a white-gloved hand. "He's so good. He never cries. Of course, he's only nine months old. I expect he'll be more trouble when he starts walking."

Now she'll tell me the formula, Alice thought.

"He's such a darling," Bella said. "Butch hardly suits him. He couldn't he more gentle. But I think a little boyish name is cute, don't you?"

Alice closed her eyes and let the sun warm her face. "Yes," she said. She did not want to get up to look at the baby, so she pretended she had fallen asleep and Bella did not say anything for a while. Now Bella was humming and Alice could hear the creak of the carriage as Bella rocked it gently back and forth. They must be rich, Alice thought. That carriage must have cost well over one hundred dollars.

She didn't care. Not about not having money to do all the things they would have liked to—before her marriage she'd had an allowance and she had been able to afford even less. A child with an allowance. It had annoyed her then, but now it sometimes made her so nostalgic, her throat closed up. Next year she'd be starting Edward on an allowance. Seven cents a week, and she would tell him not to spend it all the first day. Of course he would, the first time. She had just started being able to keep within her allowance at the end . . . and then it was time to begin buying her trousseau. . . .

"Do you live around here?" Bella asked.

"We live on Seventh Avenue," Alice said. "The reconverted brownstone on the corner. Right near the theaters."

"How nice. I guess you've seen all the shows."

"We send away for tickets to everything. Before they open. It's sort of a gamble, but if you get a hit, of course it's wonderful." Second balcony, however. But I'm not going to tell her, with her hundred-dollar carriage.

"Such a darling sweet baby," Bella said. "Who do you leave them with when you go out to shows? I would never trust those baby sitters."

"They can't *do* much, but they're all right for watching. We get an eighteen-year-old girl."

"I don't know. I wouldn't let such a young girl take care of my child."

"Well," Alice said, and smiled graciously, "I was only eighteen when I was married and taking care of an apartment. And when I was nineteen, I had Edward." She bent down in a rush of motherliness and unhooked the strap around Charmian's stomach. "Do you want a little walk, darling?"

At eighteen months, Charmian still refused to walk. Alice set her on the paving and the baby let go of the edge of the bench and fell down on her back like an upturned turtle, fat legs sticking up straight in the air.

Clumsy little pig, Alice thought; looking right up at her with round blue eyes, Charmian seemed to know what she was thinking. Her baby mouth began to turn down tentatively. Alice felt a lump rising in her own throat. She loved them, didn't she? How could anyone love one's children more? They looked exactly as she had when she was a child, both of them, little Alices. And wasn't that what every adult human wanted, to bring forth an image of himself and rear it and care for it, until it was himself all over again? But that was what she hated. She didn't want to see herself as a child in her own children because that somehow turned her into her own mother. The thought of being like her mother frightened her.

"Couldn't you eat her?" said Bella. "When my Butch gets older, maybe they'll play together. Perhaps they'll even get married some day. Wouldn't that be funny, after we met here on this park bench?"

"In years to come," Alice remarked dryly, "she will be comforted to know that she was engaged at the age of eighteen months."

Charmian was busily picking up the bread crumbs that had been left for the pigeons and transferring them to her mouth.

"Do you let her do that?" Bella said.

Alice had been about to pick Charmian's hand away from the crumbs; now, for some reason, she did not want to. She just shrugged.

"You know," Bella said softly, "I could baby-sit for you some night if you wanted me to. I could bring Butch. My husband is in the Merchant Marine, and he's away a lot. I hardly have anything to do."

Alice looked at her. Really, what could be better than a girl with a baby of her own baby-sitting for one? She would be so motherly. Their own sitter usually fell asleep with the portable radio on and wasted the battery. Not to mention being dead to the world if the kids should ever wake up. "That might be nice," she said casually.

Bella reached out to touch Charmian's hair lightly. "I know just where you live," she said. "If you want me any time, just say so when you see me in the park."

Edward came bounding across the paving like a spring lamh. He had ice cream pops bristling out of both fists.

"Take the paper off," he demanded.

Alice unwound the paper with Edward still clutching the stick. He retreated a few steps and began to eat quietly. Charmian was eating quietly, too. Alice smiled at them both. The only times they were gentle and really childlike was when they had something to gnaw on, so perhaps she let them eat more sweets than were good. But what could she do? Sometimes when she looked at her children they seemed to turn into two savage pygmies who had found themselves prisoners of a strange tribe. They did not even seem to understand what she said. When Edward had been little, in his own Carry-Cart, she had often peered into his face and asked: "What are you thinking?" but he had only stared back at her. And once, just once, when he was two and a half, he had answered: "Thinking of a doggie." She had never asked him that question again.

"I'm finished," Edward said loudly. "I want another!"

"You can't," Alice said.

He walked over to Butch's haby carriage and shook it roughly. "This baby can't have a pop," he said. "I'll have his. Babies don't get anything."

"Don't shake my baby's carriage,

sweetie," said Bella. She lifted Edward's hands from the edge of the carriage. There was a little smudge of chocolate on the white silk coverlet. "You'll wake him up."

Edward put his hands behind his back and peered under the hood of the carriage. "Hey!" he said. His voice had suddenly become gruff, a little boy trying to pretend to be a man. "There's no baby in that carriage!"

"There is so," Bella said. "Take your hands off."

"Edward, stop it." Alice stood up and took Edward by the shoulder. "Leave the baby alone." She couldn't resist bending down to take a look at Butch. Bella's little angel who wasn't even crying with all this. Some people had luck. . . . The white silk pillow lay in the shadow under the carriage hood, shining a little, such lovely material. But there was no baby. Not a sign that one had ever been there. Not even a wrinkle.

Alice stood up and stared at Bella. Bella was smiling. "Doesn't he sleep nicely?" Bella said.

Edward twisted out of Alice's hands. "There's *no* baby there," he repeated.

"Of course there is," Bella said. "My Butch."

It was a game now to Edward. He grinned. "Yes," he said. "I see the baby."

"It's getting late," Alice said. She tugged at his shirt. "Come."

"What a funny baby," Edward shrieked. "He looks like Old Snagtooth the Witch on TV."

Bella colored. "He does not!"

"He does so!" Edward giggled. "That baby has a long gray beard! He's a monster and I'm going to kill him."

Edward clenched his little fists and bent over the carriage, hitting at the imaginary baby: "There you, take that."

Bella jumped to her feet and raised her arms, elbows out, as if to fend off Edward from her child. Her pale face was flushed red, her eyes very round and black. Alice could see the feathery eyelashes each standing separate, and a delicate blue vein throbbing on her cheek. "You're hurting my baby," Bella cried out sharply. "You're hurting my lovely Butch!"

Edward shrank against Alice's leg. It suddenly wasn't a game any more and he knew it.

"Come on," Alice said, "We're going home." Her voice sounded like a croak. She glanced quickly at Bella. "Sorry, we have to go now."

She hauled Charmian up from the ground and dumped her into the Carry-Cart. Charmian was crying. Her fingers were shaking when she pulled the safety strap around Charmian's middle and buckled it.

Edward was as soft and pliable as when she woke him from his sleep. Alice took him by the arm and, pushing the Carry-Cart with the other hand, began to walk away as fast as she could without running. She had read once that you should never run from someone like that. It made them worse.

When she reached the curb, Alice turned around for one moment to see if Bella was following. But Bella was standing in the same place, staring after them. She had pulled off her beret and her hair hung down in two wings on either side of her face, very dark and soft and clean-looking. There were strands of gray hair on either side of the part. Bella saw Alice looking back at her, but she did not move; she simply stood there like a white-faced statue, tears beginning to run down her face. "You hurt him," Bella cried. "You hurt my lovely Butch. . . ."

In the soft night, walking down Fifth Avenue with Harry, Alice thought briefly of telling him about Bella. The oddest thing happened to me today. . . . But you couldn't. It would spoil everything; that moment, that whole evening they had just spent resting in the soft swinging chairs at the air-conditioned arty movie that Harry liked and she hated; it was just as if they were not married at all but were still dating, back in the days when she had sat through dozens of arty movies and pretended she was not falling asleep.

It was exactly as if they were back in the pairing-off years, with Harry not even holding her hand in the dark theater. Most boys couldn't wait to grab your hand, except for the intellectual ones who would hold your hand in a movie but never in a play, because a play needed all their thought. That was the first thing she had liked about Harry—after she had decided she had never seen anyone so blond and good-looking—the way the minute never seemed to matter to him. There would always be some other, more important time.

"What bar do you want?" he said.

"That reminds me of the joke about the millionaire who asked his son what he wanted for Christmas," Alice said. "The son said, 'Golf clubs.' and the next day the father said, 'Well, I got you a set of golf clubs, but one of them doesn't have a swimming pool.' "

Harry laughed, he was being nice; she knew he had heard it before. "What bar do you want to drink in? I can't buy you one tonight, the banks are closed."

"I'm so easy to bribe," she said, and ran down the street in sheer happiness. The store windows were all lighted and there was no one walking on that whole block. She could pick anything she wanted, and say I'll take that one. Tonight the stores were closed, the world had stopped, she could promise herself anything. Tomorrow she knew she would not want it anyway.

Across the street, the hansom cabs waited around the oval of the park, the horses had their heads down, sleeping. The fountain was very white, like chalk, waterless. There was the bench where she had met Bella, the would-be baby sitter. Alice's heart contracted and she stood still.

"You've made up your mind, I take it," Harry said. "The Plaza, right?"

A lone taxi whispered by them. It was the hiss of Bella: You hurt him. You hurt my lovely Butch.

"This place certainly is dead at this hour in the summer," Harry was saying.

I know just where you live, Bella said.

She heard her own voice, her soft little childish voice that always gave her away: We live on Seventh Avenue. The reconverted brownstone on the corner. Right near the theaters.

Yes, said Bella, I know just where you live.

"We ought to go home," she said. "Come on. We have vodka at home."

"But we're right here," he said. "You feeling sick?"

She saw a white flash, Bella's white glove touching Charmian's hair. Such a darling sweet baby, Bella murmured. Couldn't you just eat her?

Suddenly her palms were damp. She stood there in the moon-washed, light-washed street, surrounded by her shadow and Harry's, pulled down by her shadow, unable to take a step. It was like the nightmare she'd had as a child where she was running down a silver road between two rows of tall trees, a living illustration of her fairy tales, with a fox chasing her, snapping its teeth. A fox in doublet and hose. Bella in a long-sleeved hot black dress, a red beret with little pieces of red fuzz standing out on it.

"Come on," she said. "I'm going home." She began to run down the silvery sidewalk, the rows of buildings beside her like tall trees. She heard Harry's footsteps behind her and slowed, waiting for him. He took her hand and loped along beside her.

"At least we have air conditioning at home," he said. "If no entertainment."

She turned her head to look at him, still running. Suddenly she almost wanted to strike him.

He shook his hand free. "Varmint. Take your nails out of my palm." He looked down at her and slowly his frown turned into a smile, a warm, syrupy smile. "All right, darling. I know. I'm hurrying, aren't I?"

There was their house, dark, away from the street light. The garbage pails were lined up outside for the morning, like Edward's toy soldiers that he had melted down one day until they were shapeless blobs of lead. Alice stopped at the bottom stair and listened for a minute to the pounding in her ears. She swallowed, and her throat seemed to stick closed.

"I *am* a good mother, aren't I?" she pleaded. "Aren't I? *Aren't I?*" THE END

LISTEN LEONARDO

BY GLORIA VANDERBILT ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SCHNEEBERG

Listen Leonardo, I said, this time you've gone too far. But he'd already hung up— Damn him. If it wasn't so late, if it wasn't snowing, I'd drive up and—

Listen Leonardo . . . if he thinks he can sit there in that empty house while I sit here buzz buzz buzzing him back— Bet right now he's pulling off the dust sheet on the bergère, the one by the phone, covered in heavenly silver and white Fortuny silk (a signed piece it is, too), sitting on it in a wet overcoat like the big slob he is and—laughing. Messing up the whole place, on purpose naturally, making mud-pie tracks all over the parquet. When I think of the time it took not only me but the whole staff to close that house for the winter, even putting fitted covers over the clocks on every mantel in the house—well, if he thinks he can freeze me out he just doesn't know his little wife Karen, because snow or no snow, late or not late . . . I'm going up there. You'll listen then all right Leonardo.

Halfway up, I still hadn't cooled off, even though the roads were worse than I thought they'd be. This made me so determined to get there, I started rehearsing out loud all the things I was going to tell him once I did, to keep myself from driving too fast. Turning the last corner before coming to our driveway—they hit me right away. From far far down the road. Damn him. Not only had he turned the lights along the driveway on, but all the other lights as well. In the summer green, I never notice where they are hidden, so now they spun towards me as Van Gogh moons floating high up in dark, snow-swirled branches.

Slithering at the gate, the car wobbled in slow motion past stark, spaced oaks, their branches reaching out on either side like skeletons before disappearing into the cold of night. Past the pool, lit as for a party in a nightmare; the tennis court; even the tea house in the rock garden looked out of place: a doll house deserted by some overgrown, untidy child, uninhabited even by winter creatures seeking shelter.

It's good I stopped when I did, by reflex really—if I hadn't, the car would have plunged right on into it . . . for wouldn't you know—there wasn't one single little light or big light coming from the mass of silent house we call our happy home. Which room do you suppose he's in . . and don't tell me he's sleeping. I know he's here all right because that car next to my car in the courtyard is his. Pretty sure of himself I must say, *knowing* I'd follow him through ice and snow so we wouldn't be parted even for a night. Quite the romantic, isn't he. Sitting in the dark the better to dream of his beloved. Beloved, my ass.

Listen Leonardo, I didn't come all the way up here to play hide-and-seek. Leonardo . . . It echoed through the hall and up the stairwell, and that was that. Not a peep out of him. I waited inside the front door, listening to the house, to rooms with mounds of furniture covered in dust sheets and no sound coming from anywhere.

Listen Leonardo, I said, loud enough this time for him to hear me, even if he was spooking around behind one of those closed doors. If this is your idea of scaring me—forget it. (Milquetoasts like Leonardo are always cooking up devious ways and means to get the upper hand.) Look at that floor! All right, Hansel, I'll play Gretel long enough to follow those filthy muddy footprints down the hall, into the living room and—didn't I tell you. Oh, I know my boy all right. That beautiful chair. The silk—spattered—ruined. This time, he has gone too far.

That's why I missed it at first. Now, it's true I am what Mother used to call "house proud," but I'm not all that fussy. Very few things burn me up, except one . . . spots on furniture. Why, I can see spots that a careless person might overlook. Leonardo hadn't lived with me all these years for nothing, you can be sure of that, so when it comes to me and spots —Leonardo knows what's what. So do I, my friend. Black amoebas bobbed around my mind's eye even before I saw them. Hopped into a white and silver pool they drifted, transformed to . . . spots—muddy snowy Leonardo ones—ensconced indelibly on what had become, at that particular moment, my very best favorite chair. If only he'd been there when I saw my wildest dreams had come true, how I would have screamed at him! How predictable of him not to be—just when I needed him most. What could be more boring than screaming in an empty room in a house closed for the winter at the makeshift of an empty chair. My fury deflated from lack of an audience to feed it; I yawned and looked down at the phone plunked on top of the dust sheet in the middle of the desk. Propped up against it my name spread out in spindly writing I knew so well. I picked up the envelope. Oh hell, what's he up to now.

Listen Karen—it started. (Listen Karen indeed!)

The phone just stopped so it's my guess you're on the way out the door and up here. You couldn't not come, could you my darling. Too tempting to resist, isn't it. A whole big house all to ourselves to bill and coo in. No servants to spy. You might even be interested to know all the houses around here are closed for the winter, like ours is. Even the Harrisons decided this year to sit this one out in Palm Beach. I checked. You also might be interested to know I'm not loaded. One Jack Dan and that's it. No dinner, but I'm not hungry. Fact is I'm having my dinner right now. Opening my heart out to you like this is all the dinner I need and although I'm enjoying every minute of it I can't wait to finish and move on to the dessert. Karen, that time you blew up because I said I thought it was crazy, two people with no kids moving to an eighteen-room apartment? You were so surprised. Couldn't believe it was me talking and anyway you'd already signed the lease. Remember? I do. It was the beginning of all the other times that ended up as that one did. Hey, I just realized what day it is. What a coincidence, yet how fitting that I unsuspectingly choose it to finally declare myself to you. Our anniversary. No, not our wedding, Miss Kincaid at the office never lets me forget that. Another one. One you may not remember. Ten years ago, my love, to the day I met you at Aunt Bessie's Easter party. Wearing a pink hat that fitted around your chignon as if it grew there. Pink dress, too. Real old-fashioned girl if I ever did see one. Couldn't believe it when Cousin Bessie introduced you as not only managing director of Ludlow Beauty Products, but Karen Ludlow herself. I believe it now though, honey. You finally got through to me, yes darling, through to me, like I'm going to get through to you when you come up to the attic. I'll be waiting.

Leonardo

I read it again, then once more. It was his writing, but it didn't sound like anyone I knew, least of all Leonardo. Some prowler . . . could Leonardo have been followed, hovered over, forced to write—Leonardo taking dictation from a maniac as a volunteer in a hospital would to humor a patient. No . . . the hat fitting around my chignon, who but Leonardo . . .

My whole being willed it otherwise so why, as I ran from the house, did I go in the opposite direction from the one I wanted to. Why was I running towards . . . Towards those stairs . . . up and up—running until I fell into the attic—

He was there all right. Like he said—waiting. All dressed up to receive me in a cotton dress borrowed from a closet on the floor below. His face . . . the lipstick on it, borrowed, too—from me. Even the sandals he wore were mine. Mine, too . . . printed with butterflies, the chiffon scarf around his neck not quite hiding the rope he hung by. THE END

"There wasn't one single little light or big light coming from the mass of silent house we call our happy home."


R.G. SCHNEEBERG 62

THE ORDEAL OF MORGAN STRITCH

He didn't like the idea of being alone at sea with a beautiful stowaway.... How was he going to explain her to his boss?

BY BROOKS BALDWIN ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

Morgan paid the cab driver and walked across the grass toward the sea wall and the river's edge. The duffel bag was slung over his shoulder, thumping against his back. He stepped to the edge of the wall, and then onto the little club dock. He was a tall, angular young man with close-cropped hair, big hands and deep-set brown eyes.

He took a moment to savor the yacht's lean grace and the contrast she made to her burly owner. Bernard Lubbock was as shrewd and practical as his head was square, but a lover of beauty nonetheless. The *Mardi Gras* was forty feet of sheer line, like a flourish of trumpets, with topsides that glistened like bone china and a mast that struck out for infinity. He would miss her.

He hailed her. There was no answer and no sign of activity aboard. He swung the duffel bag to his shoulder again and headed for Barney's Boat Livery and Marina, where he could get a ride on Barney's launch. Sitting in the launch, he watched the *Mardi Gras* loom higher as they approached her mooring. He would miss her. But he felt the suffocation of defeat whenever he thought of his life in Burford.

Out at the mooring, he fended the launch off the yacht's immaculate topsides with one hand. He heaved first his bag and then himself aboard, shoving the smaller boat clear with a stockinged foot as he did so. He waved as the launch boy headed back to the dock.

"Pete?" he called, stepping to the companionway and peering below. Pete MacAllister was the college boy Mr. Lubbock had aboard this summer as a paid hand. Slowly, as Morgan's eyes adjusted to the relative darkness of the cabin, he made out the gleam of fair hair held by a hair clip, a well-filled gray denim shirt and tight white shorts. He stepped back from the companionway as the yacht rocked gently in the wake of an out-bound power boat.

She followed him, climbing the ladder until her head and shoulders came out of the hatchway. She had a snub nose and hard green eyes, and her legs were smooth and brown below the tight shorts. "Pete had to run an errand for Mr. Lubbock," she said, giving him a twisted little smile. "He asked me to help you take the *Mardi Gras* to Stonington."

He sat down to put on his rubber-soled shoes and bent over, pulling at the laces. The last thing he wanted was to make his last cruise aboard the *Mardi Gras* with a female juvenile delinquent. "When's Pete coming back from this errand?" he said, with his head between his knees. He straightened up. She was staring at him coolly, as if she were checking off his points, the way you would check off the points of a good horse. He stared back at her, startled, and her face relaxed.

"He's not coming back," she said. "You and I are taking the boat to Stonington to meet Mr. Lubbock. Pete had a call from him this morning. It was some kind of an emergency . . . I don't know what. Pete had to leave right away. He needed someone to help you with the boat, so he called me." She looked at her watch. "It's twelve thirty now. If we don't hurry, we won't get there in time this evening.

"I'm Sadie McAndrew," she added, as an afterthought.

"I know," he said dryly. She was one of the yacht-club bums. He recognized her from previous years, when he'd seen her scatting around the anchorage in a lapstreaked Abeking and Rasmussen sailing dinghy, heeled hard over, dodging in and out among the moored boats. She usually rode up to weather on an outrigger plank, with one hand on the tiller and one on the sheet, cutting under the bows and grazing the transoms of middle-aged yachtsmen. She was barely eighteen. Her parents were divorced, and she lived with her father in a big house on a water's-edge estate just downstream from the village. She had been thrown out of three fashionable schools for young ladies in Connecticut and Massachusetts. It was a pattern he detested.

"I think you're very attractive," she said. "I like older men."



"I'm Morgan Stritch," he said. There didn't seem to be any point in adding that he was one of The Lubbock Company's engineers—the only one who was both a bachelor and knew how to sail, so that he was availahle, as well as useful, for working week-ends aboard the boat. He looked at her again. Her eyes were fixed on him insolently.

"If you're wondering whether I can handle myself on a boat, Mr. Stritch," she said, "I've been sailing since I was five years old."

"It's not that," he said resignedly. He looked at the sky. It was clear, except for a few cirrus clouds riding just above the hills on the far side of the river. His orders were to meet Mr. Lubbock and his weekend guests at Stonington no later than five o'clock, so they'd have time for a drink and dinner aboard the *Mardi Gras* in the anchorage before it got too dark. If the weather held, he could practically handle the boat alone. He'd rather do it alone than take this kid along, hut he knew Lubbock disapproved of going out short-handed. There was no reason not to believe the girl's story. Anyhow, there was no way of checking it. Pete wasn't around, and Lubbock was on his way up from New York. The office wouldn't know anything. He shrugged and started the engine in neutral.

Then he went forward, hauled the mooring loop off the bitt and threw the float clear of the bow. As he started aft toward the tiller, he heard the idling rumble of the engine turn to a steady grind as the girl shifted into reverse, hacking the boat off the mooring. She was an independent little . . .

They swept into the channel, under power because he didn't want to risk maneuvering under sail in the river without a full crew, and he looked back to the green-shuttered clapboard houses, the white steeple and the barn-red boatyard sheds, against the hills beyond. He loved that view, and the anchorage which lay in a bight of the river, ringed with hills. He was saying good-hy to it.

A figure ran out on the club dock, waving. The yellow shirt looked familiar. "Sadie," he said sharply, "hand me the glasses." Her look followed his back toward the dock. Then she stared at him blankly, though he knew that she had understood what he had said. "The binoculars," he said. "They're in the locker over the after starboard bunk." She moved deliberately down the companionway. "Hurry up," he snapped. "They won't do me any good after we've gone around the hend."

Finally her gleaming head appeared again in the open hatch and her brown arm extended the binoculars, still in their case. He snatched the case open and dropped it to the cockpit deck as he raised the glasses. The yellow-shirted figure was standing on the dock with hands on hips, staring after them. It was Pete MacAllister.

"Watch out!" the girl said. They were running down on the buoy which marked the far side of the channel. He threw the tiller over sharply, bringing the *Mardi Gras* back to mid-channel and around the bend, out of sight of the village.

She was standing beside him in the cockpit, looking forward, and the breeze lifted her hair gently. He looked down at her, knowing now that the story she had told him about Lubbock's call to Pete MacAllister was an out-and-out lie. She continued to stare straight toward the next downstream buoy.

"I suppose you think you're pretty clever," he said acidly.

She looked up at him with her lashes veiling the green eyes. "Clever, Mr. Stritch?" she said blankly.

"You know what I mean," he grated. He felt like an idiot, to have been taken in like that by a kid.

"You deliberately made me leave Pete MacAllister on the beach. What gives you a license to come aboard and foul everybody up?"

"What do you mean?" she said demurely. "Don't you want me for a shipmate?" She turned her head and looked forward again.

He was too angry to try to talk to her. It was useless, anyhow. He looked at his watch. It was after one o'clock. If they went back now, they'd be at least an hour late getting to Stonington tonight, assuming a good southwest breeze and the right tidal currents. He decided quickly that he couldn't go back. Pete would have to get to Stonington by bus and meet them there in the evening. He straightened the boat and scanned the channel ahead.

His course was a long angle toward the opposite bank, across to the second arch of the highway bridge, nearly a mile downstream. They were in a broad reach of the river, flanked by low-lying meadows on the left and a high wooded bank on the right. He left the girl at the tiller—the one thing he was sure of about her was that she could handle the boat—and went below to look for some lunch. In the main cabin, there were cartons stacked under the cushions on the port bunk, and others, covered with a piece of tarpaulin, on top of the ice chest. He looked at the labels. It was canned beef stew—enough for forty days, not counting days when you could eat fish. He rubbed his knuckles against the angle of his jaw, wondering where Lubbock might he taking it.

Coming back on deck a few minutes later with a can of beer and a peanut butter sandwich, he took the tiller from Sadie without speaking and then looked down at her, sitting on the edge of the cockpit coaming, bracing herself with a hand on the stanchion. Her head was thrown back as she looked up at the halyards slapping against the bare mast. Her throat was smooth and tawny.

He was still smoldering over the senseless trick she'd played on him and Pete MacAllister. He supposed that she'd known what train he was coming in on and how long it would take him to get down to the anchorage. and that she had sent Pete off on some wild-goose chase—Pete was probably soft on her—to keep him out of the way until they'd sailed. Why would a kid who'd had as many advantages as she had pull a stunt like that? It seemed like meaningless cruelty. She was as bad in her own way as the New York delinquents.

They passed under the highway bridge in silence. Then there was the railroad bridge, extending its black skeleton across their path. Across the water came the muffled rumble of machinery as the bridge came down.

"Pete MacAllister a friend of yours?" he asked.

Her glance dropped quickly to his face and then slid away. She shrugged her shoulders. "In a way."

"Are you mad at him?"

"No, I'm not mad at him. He just bores me."

"Oh. Why does he bore you?"

"Do you mind if I call you Morgan, Mr. Stritch?"

"I don't care. I'd rather you didn't call me Mr. Stritch."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"I think you're very attractive," she said. "I like older men."

He shifted his grip on the tiller and studied her face. It was hard to tell whether she was poking fun or delivering an unconscious insult. "Thanks a lot," he said. "Since you like me so much, why don't you tell me why you left Pete on the dock?"

"I told you," she said, looking up at him from under her lashes. "He bores me. He doesn't know anything. He hasn't . . ." she shrugged her shoulders ". . . *been* anywhere. He's just—blah."

"But what's the excuse for leaving him on the dock?"

"That's it," she said. "He's boring. I think it's the best excuse there is. Don't you hate being bored?"

Did he hate being bored? Yes, he hated heing bored, he told himself, as his eyes swept the grassy flats on the east bank of the river and followed the swoop of a gull, diving for its lunch. That was why this was his last cruise on the *Mardi*

Gras, and why he'd had his résumé mimeographed and had left copies with all the executive search firms he could find in New York City. He hated being bored, and he hated being an educated errand boy in the engineering department of The Lubbock Company. He thought he was better than that, after so many years, but he hadn't been able to figure out why he was stalled.

She stretched luxuriously, rolled her head from side to side and then lay down on the cockpit seat cushions, with her hands under her head. She smiled up at him with an inward smile, which made him think of a baby with gas on its stomach, but there was nothing childish about the invitation of her smooth brown body. It occurred to him that she could tell any story she chose about the trip when they got ashore. She could even claim he had forced her to come along with him . . . or worse. He realized that he should have turned back for Pete MacAllister, regardless of the delay. Suddenly the perspiration started out on his upper lip.

He tore his eyes away from her and looked outboard again, sweeping the broad stretch of water between the *Mardi Gras*'s bow and the railroad bridge. There was a fresh breeze, and the olive-drab river was whipped into a brisk chop. Over their port beam a centerboard racing sloop, maybe twenty-five feet long, was slicing toward him under full sail, heeled well over. It was a small boat, but beautifully made and beautifully finished off. It said money.

"Let me have the glasses please, Morgan," the girl said, sitting up. She trained them briefly on the other boat, which was coming closer across their bow. and handed them back to him. "My father," she said, in a voice of resigned contempt. He raised the glasses. The man at the tiller was handsome in a meticulous way, as if he spent quite a bit of time thinking about his appearance, and the girl beside him was a page-boy blonde who looked barely older than Sadie. Her eyes were closed and she was snuggled into the crook of McAndrew's arm, her head on his shoulder. Sadie lay back on the cushions again. Her mouth had a set, sulky look about it.

As they passed between the brownstone piers of the railroad bridge, green with moss at the water's edge, she sat up again. She posed like a bathing beauty and waved at the man in the control booth, who trained a pair of field glasses on her in reply. Then she drew her knees up to her chin, looking downriver toward the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater.

"Are you married?" she said.

"No."

"Why not?"

He shrugged. None of her business, but a good question. Why wasn't he married, at twenty-eight? Why hadn't he found the right girl? Was it because he hadn't tried hard enough at it—maybe hadn't tried hard enough at anything?

That wasn't right. He'd tried hard enough in college—never had enough money, spent all his time with his nose in books and made top grades in engineering school. There had been something electric about his life then. He'd never been much of a ladies' man—they worried him, somehow—but at least he'd been committed to something. The work had fascinated him.

Sadie was trying a new tack.

"Why don't we just keep on sailing," she said, "and go to South America?" She looked at him, as if his answer would mean something.

"Good idea," he said dryly, looking back over his shoulder at the receding black outline of the bridge.

"I mean it." She turned toward him, suddenly intense. "We could buy what we need at Block Island and just take off." Her eyes clung to his.

"Wonderful!" he said. "We'll sail up the Amazon and trade shrunken heads with the natives."

She tossed her head impatiently. "What kind of work do you do?" Her voice was light again.

"I'm a quality control engineer."

"What does that mean?"

"It means . . . I work for The Lubbock Company."

"Do you like it?"

"It's a job."

That's what it was—a job. That's all it had ever been. He speculated about it, rubbing his chin and straining his eyes ahead for the next buoy. Maybe Korea had something to do with it—being in the Army in a supply depot a hundred miles back, while the rest of them were up front, being shot at and getting their feet frozen. He still remembered the frustration of it—feeling you ought to be up there with them, but not being able to make the decision to apply for combat, the decision that might end everything for you, and for a cause that nobody understood, nobody could explain and nobody seemed to believe in.

Maybe that had something to do with it. Maybe it had helped to break the momentum he'd built up in engineering school. Maybe it had made everything seem useless, because he couldn't make the big decision. Maybe that was why he'd taken the safe, dull job that he'd never been able to get excited about, and had kept on reading, like a man taking dope, and thinking about what he would do when his big break came.

"Are you going to be president?"



A trickle of icy water ran down his back. He had to find a way out.

she asked, continuing the conversation.

"What?"

"Are you going to be president?"

"Of the company?" he said.

She nodded.

"It doesn't seem likely," he said.

"Don't you care?"

She had all the explicit, probing directness of a child. Since she wasn't a child, however, her questions evoked something more than the automatic response he might have given her. Normally, however dull his job seemed, his life was at least bearable. Normally, however, he was not on the river, with an able boat under his feet and the ocean in front of him—and the irritating directness of this strange girl lacerating him. Instead of a sailing companion, he saw himself in hard perspective as a hired hand on Lubbock's sleek yacht.

"What if we did go to South America?" he said. What if we left Burford? What if we tried another job? "What would we do when we got there?" he said.

"Sell the boat," she said.

"And?"

"Oh, I don't know."

What was she running away from? Her father, snuggling a vacuous blonde?

"Seems to me you're more interested in getting away from where you are than what happens when you get there," he said. He had the feeling he might be talking about both of them.

"Maybe," she said. "But it's better than staying in the same old puddle. Don't you want to see new places and meet new people?"

He shrugged. "What's the matter? Did Pete MacAllister stand you up?"

"Do you always think in clichés?" she asked with the same quiet contempt she'd used in speaking of her father.

He reached for his pipe. It was a sick conversation. Next, with her flux of know-it-all and childishness, she would be filling him in on Freud. He tamped tobacco into the pipe. For all the girl's strange rudeness, she had something appealing. Partly it was the way she jumped on her problems without letting anyone tell her what to do. She probably inherited that from one of her grandfathers—the one who had made all the money that her parents were spending. He could see, wryly, that a little more of this quality would fumigate his own existence.

"Morgan," she said, standing in front of him and looking into his face intensely. "Wouldn't it . . . be fun? Wouldn't you like to just sail away, just the two of us, and leave all the rest of them behind?" She raised her face to his and pressed her body against him. Just for a moment she was too much for him. even though he knew what she was doing; he dropped the tiller and grabbed her, and kissed her with the desperate frenzy of a drowning man kissing a crucifix.

Then, shaking a little, he pushed her away. "For God's sake," he said disgustedly, "leave me alone." He picked up the tiller and brought the *Mardi Gras* back on course. Maybe there was really something wrong with the girl.

They were passing the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater. He pointed the *Mardi Gras* for Bell "8," and then gave Sadie the tiller while he raised the main and the staysail. From the buoy, they would go inside Fisher's Island, past New London harbor. The girl shut off the engine, and as they coasted down wind, ahead of the breeze, there was no sound except the slap of water against the hull and the creak of the mainsheet blocks.

"Heading from the buoy is zero nine

five," he said. "Take it for a while. I'm going to stow my stuff." He went down the companionway ladder, pulled his duffel bag off the port bunk where it had been tossed and dragged it forward to the bunks in the peak. He opened the door of the hanging locker. The locker was jammed with oilskins, some of which looked unexpectedly small. He read the tapes sewn inside the collars. They had the girl's name on them. Interested, he looked at the bag on the stårboard bunk. The luggage tag said "Sadie McAndrew." It was a big bag, and he zipped it open. It was full of clothes. On top of everything else lay a box of assorted fish hooks. Suddenly he believed her.

As he started for the companionway ladder, he saw that two of the hatch boards had been dropped into the grooves, nearly closing the opening. As he looked, the third dropped into place. He lunged for the hatch cover, but he was too late. It snapped shut, and the hasp of the padlock clanked into the brass fitting on the outside. He hammered at the inside of the cover. "Sadie!" She didn't answer. He sank to the edge of the starboard bunk. She couldn't be wild enough to try to steal the boat singlehanded. Where would she go? He hammered again. Outside the porthole, Bell "8" was sliding past.

The *Mardi Gras* heeled more sharply, and he could hear the blocks rattling as the mainsail was sheeted in. She was altering course to the southeast. He took the box compass out of the locker over Lubbock's bunk and checked the new course. She was running at about one nineteen or one twenty magnetic. He checked the chart. They were pointing between Little Gull and Race Rock. Beyond was Block Island, and after that nothing but ocean to the hump of Africa. Panic and claustrophobia suffocated him and he sank back to the bunk. How far could she get? Suddenly, what she was doing fitted with the oversupply of canned goods and he knew she had brought them aboard.

The slow boil of anger rose in his blood—equal parts of frustration, wounded vanity and fear. It was only a matter of time, and not much of that, before Lubbock had the Coast Guard looking for them. They might sail all night, under cover of darkness, but by noon tomorrow the air search would have picked them up. The girl probably had no more than eighteen hours of mock adventure before she would be hauled back—and he with her—to Stonington.

But Lubbock would have no patience with him for letting the *Mardi Gras* get into trouble, particularly through the treachery of a green girl. Morgan had to get out of The Lubbock Company, and away from Burford, in his own time—not as someone who had been fired.

Then the panic subsided, and he had a series of quick visions of Sadie McAndrew's life, like scenes from a silent movie. Maybe the details were wrong, but he knew the main outlines were true: the child in her nightgown, a pale shadow hunched at the top of the staircase when she should have been in bed, listening to the argument between her parents below. The malicious whispering of her mother's friends, overheard during afternoon bridge parties. Loaded glances when the child came into the room. Desertion by her parents. The bleak trip alone to boarding school. The empty house at vacation time. Later, her father's chi-chi young house guests. It made a pattern of desperate loneliness surpassing his own.

He thought of the smooth, tawny vulnerableness of her throat when she threw her head back, the pleading in her eyes when she asked him to sail to South America. She, too, was running away. A convulsion of sympathy clamped his throat. He felt her unhappiness as if it were his own, and then, after a moment, it became his own.

Slowly, as he sat there, the slap of the waves against the bow and the gurgle of the wake under the counter became sounds in his world again.

Bell "8" was the buoy marking the offshore end of the channel through the bar of sand and silt deposited at the river's mouth. This was their point of departure in laying a course to the east for Stonington. For hundreds of years, ships had crossed this bar for Jamaica, the Virgin Islands, the Azores, the Cape of Good Hope, Tahiti, Trebizond. All the oceans of the world lay before them. It was a tempting idea . . . to sail away.

Morgan sat there for a long time, thinking about his own life. It was empty, but not so empty as he could foresee it, even if they got away with the boat and survived the voyage to—where and what? Slowly the definition of the girl's error grew on him. and he knew it for an error which had drained the juices out of his own life. Like her, he had let the driving power of his imagination run off in dreams, instead of committing himself to something and making that power work for him.

A trickle of ice water ran down his back and he started moving about the cabin, looking for a way out. He looked closely at the inside of the sliding cover of the companionway hatch. As soon as he did so, he smiled. The screws holding the part of the latch which was fastened to the slide were on his side, the under side. Obviously they would have to be, when he thought about it. The lock was supposed to keep people outside from getting into the cabin, not to keep anyone inside from getting out. He fumbled at the tool locker under the port bunk, took out a screw driver and removed the screws. The hatch slid open easily, and he heard the padlock fall to the cockpit deck outside. He climbed up the ladder and stepped over the hatch boards.

The girl's face registered shock, disappointment and rage in quick succession. She snatched up a winch handle and threw herself at him, kicking furiously at his shins while the *Mardi Gras*, with no hand at the tiller, began to round up into the breeze. He took the winch handle away from her, slapped her face and sat her down hard on the cockpit seat.

"Just stay there for a minute," he said roughly, reaching for the tiller.

She started to cry.

"Shut up," he commanded, with the taste of action like the bite of vinegar on his tongue.

He put the helm over to bring the *Mardi Gras* back on course for Stonington, watching the binnacle turn around the compass card until he was back on zero nine five. Then he slacked the main sheet until the boom was riding well off to port, spreading the sail before the following breeze. The girl's shoulders continued to shake and she rubbed her knuckles in her eyes like a schoolboy. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her like a brother, on the forehead. In reply she clung to him violently, burying her face in his shirt. He felt a sharp twist of pity for her loneliness. Nevertheless the vision of her, stretching and posing for the railroad bridge tender, and the thought of her opportunity for blackmail as a result of their isolation aboard the *Mardi Gras* lay in the back of his mind.

"Why don't you go below and throw those extra groceries of yours overboard?" he said. "Unless you want to explain to Lubbock how they got there. And when you're finished, we'd better figure out a good explanation for leaving Pete MacAllister on the dock."

She disappeared obediently down the hatch and he watched her go. It was a good feeling, to care about somebody, or something, again—even if the caring was a mixture of good and bad. She was a funny kid. Maybe—he couldn't tell yet—something would grow up between them, in spite of the age gap.

He studied the mainsail and slacked the sheet a little. It looked as if the breeze would hold to Stonington. Fisher's Island was coming up over their starboard bow. He squared his shoulders. It wasn't a new job he needed. He'd found what he needed. It was nothing but the willingness to take hold of opportunities that were right under his nose. THE END



The Creative Urge

She had come to Paris to paint – and if there was one thing she didn't want, it was a man. But Eric Taylor turned up anyway and fulfilled a basic need Martha never even knew she had.

BY MARGERY SHARP Author of *Cluny Brown* and *The Nutmeg Tree*

"I've come," announced Mr. Joyce, "to talk about Martha."

Martha's aunt Dolores, still slightly fluttered at the unexpected visit, paused in the act of placing a black satin cushion behind his back to glance nervously at Harry, her husband. She was always a little nervous of Mr. Joyce, because they owed so much to him: if he hadn't put Harry in as manager at the shop in Richmond, they mightn't even have had a roof over their heads. (The Joyce headquarters establishment, in Bond Street, purveyed sable and mutation mink; Harry Gibson still did quite nicely with lapin and flank musquash.) Moreover—a circumstance peculiarly precious to Harry's somewhat battered ego—the two men were friends; regularly every Sunday morning they played a round of golf together on the Richmond course—Mr. Joyce nipping ahead after his ball, small and spry as a cat; Harry Gibson plodding behind, large and sedate as a cart horse—after which Mr. Joyce, sated by a week's fancy cooking at home, regularly came back for roast beef and apple pie. If it had been a Sunday, Dolores could have taken him quite calmly; but this was Saturday evening after supper.

Moreover again, he wanted to talk about Martha.

The Gibsons owed a lot to Martha, too. Neither could think why. To Dolores, with the best will in the world, Martha's childish drawings had looked no more than a muddle of crisscross lines, and to Harry like some sort of blueprint: the fact remained that Mr. Joyce had been so unaccountably struck by them, he was paying not only her fees at an art school, but also three pounds a week towards her keep. Since Martha ate like a horse, it made a quite substantial difference to the Gibsons' narrow economy. . . .

"Isn't she working?" asked Harry severely.

"Darling, I'm sure she is!" cried Dolores.

With a snap of his small, neat fingers, Mr. Joyce flipped the notion aside. Indeed all three knew very well that whatever her other shortcomings, Martha worked. She ate like a horse, also she worked like a horse. (That is, at drawing or painting: not about the house to help her aunt. Given a bed to make, she simply covered it up; given a cup to wash, broke the handle off. Mr. Joyce called it conserving her energies; and after all it was he who paid three pounds a week.)

"Where is she now?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"I'm afraid in the bath," said Dolores modestly.

"Saturday night," added Harry—betraying, as he too often did, his plebeian background.

"Good," said Mr. Joyce. "I am not sorry to have a word with you both first. What I've been thinking about Martha is, she ought to go to Paris."

He pushed the cushion away and sat back, impassive. As his father or grandfather, outside booth or tent, had sat back impassive: before a deal of consequence. Neither Dolores nor Harry had ever understood, it was beyond them to understand, the sense of creative capture with which Mr. Joyce had followed year by year Martha's artistic progress. He was himself an artist *manqué*, destined merely to make a fortune in the fur trade: in Martha, finding a vicarious fruition. Equally beyond the Gibsons was it to appreciate the integrity that held him back from loosing her on the world as an infant prodigy. With his many connections—for he was a great patron of art galleries—it would have been easy enough; Mr. Joyce held back. Counting his remaining years, and allowing himself the decade between seventy and eighty,

She got out of the bath, looking as rosy and healthy as an apple.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

he set Martha's first show at somewhere about his seventy-fourth birthday. He was the best friend Martha ever had.

The short, astonished silence was broken first by Harry.

"Gay Paree?" said Harry dubiously.

Mr. Joyce grinned. He was truly fond of Harry—as the cat is fond of the cart horse, as the small is attracted to the large, as the nervous to the placid.

"Dashed if I quite know myself," he admitted, "what they've got there. But they've got something." He cast about for an acceptable simile. "It's like the Argentines coming here to buy bulls," offered Mr. Joyce.

"The roast beef of old England," agreed Harry, brightening.

"Well, it's the same with Paris and painters. Paris gives 'em something. Look at Sickert, look at Whistler, look at Sisley. Look at Picasso. Let alone their promotion technique," added Mr. Joyce, "get taken up in Paris and it's half the battle. But you've got to be trained there. Which is why Martha," finished Mr. Joyce, "should have at least two years."

He had spoken with unusual, even unnecessary impressiveness: the Gibsons had no intention of arguing. When Mr. Joyce talked about painters and Paris, and Whistler and Sickert and Sisley and Picasso, they knew themselves thoroughly out of their depth in waters where only Martha could thrash beside him. Harry by now would have seen Martha off on the next boat-train, such was his confidence in her patron's wisdom and intentions; and only Dolores's maternal, or auntly, instincts found voice.

"She's only eighteen, Mr. Joyce!"

"Just the right age," said Mr. Joyce.

"And she doesn't speak French!"

"She will," promised Mr. Joyce. "I have just the billet for her—widow of a professor, daughter who's a school marm, not a word of English between them."

Still Dolores hesitated. Actually it wasn't Martha's lack of the parlez-voo (as Harry would have put it) that chiefly troubled her; nor did she fail to appreciate the widow-and-daughter aspect. Before, her marriage once forced her to take in lodgers herself. As an experienced landlady, Dolores recognized, in that particular setup, a guarantee of respectability. But Martha, in Paris, would be attending an art school as well; and of the few French phrases Dolores knew, *la vie de bohême* happened to be one. . . .

"What I really mean—" persisted Dolores; and hesitated again. For what she really meant, to put it crudely—and though no nice woman *would*, it was something any nice woman naturally thought of—was that in Gay Paree Martha might get raped. Not sordidly and horridly, of course, not in such dreadful circumstances as one read of in the Sunday papers, but after some gay party when they'd all been drinking red wine. "What I *mean*," said Dolores delicately, "is that she might *come to harm*. . . ."

She blushed as she spoke.

"I shouldn't think it likely myself," said Mr. Joyce. "She must weigh close on ten stone."

At which moment, Martha appeared.

Mr. Joyce's guess at her weight was roughly correct. As a child, Martha had been first fat, then stocky; in maturity she would undoubtedly be stout; at eighteen, however, one could see where her waist was. She always looked her best immediately after a hot bath: her hard round cheeks shone like red apples, her pale hair, while still damp, lay in neat bangs. Instead of smelling as she customarily did of turpentine, she smelt wholesomely of coal-tar soap.

"I thought it was you," said Martha.

"It didn't make you hurry much," retorted Mr. Joyce.

"Well, the water was still hot," explained Martha.

Mr. Joyce rose from his chair in order to stamp his foot. Martha squatted on the floor. She knew, without ever giving him a conscious thought, much more about Mr. Joyce than did either her uncle Harry or her aunt Dolores. His stamping didn't alarm her. She instinctively recognized that he was merely translating a mental concept into a physical act—just as she herself did whenever she picked up a brush or chalk: as it were, stamping his way into their joint future. Thus Martha squatted receptive, but by no means overawed. She even, after a moment's reflection, hauled herself up again to reach for the biscuit box—

("Have a ginger biscuit?" suggested Martha.

"Oh, Mr. Joyce, didn't I offer you one?" cried Dolores.

"I am not here for ginger biscuits!" snapped Mr. Joyce.)—before tucking her feet snugly under her dressing gown.

Mr. Joyce, on the other hand, continued standing. He was seventy, and the richest man in his line of business in Europe. When he entered an art gallery, they fetched the boss. In dealing with Martha, who owed everything in the world to him, he still seized on the least advantage—such as forcing her, physically at least, to look up to him while he spoke.

"I have news for you," announced Mr. Joyce.

"I'll say he has!" exclaimed Harry jovially. Mr. Joyce shot him a repressive glance.

"You are going to Paris," announced Mr. Joyce.

Now Dolores looked at Harry, to stop him from saying "Gay Paree" again; then they all looked at Martha.

"Why?" asked Martha.

"To learn to draw and to paint," said Mr. Joyce sharply.

"I can now," said Martha.

"Just so well as to be best in a class of twenty who cannot paint or draw at all," snapped Mr. Joyce. "There are reasons you would not understand, but principally you must learn to draw."

"Oh, Mr. Joyce!" cried Dolores reproachfully. "Can't you see she doesn't want to leave home?"

Martha blinked. Actually it wasn't an aspect of the matter that had occurred to her. Actually her main objection to going to Paris was that it meant a break in routine, and she needed routine, because routine left her energies free for such essentials as co-ordinating a tangle of stovepipes into a coherent pattern. (Martha's eye, as Mr. Joyce had perceived, omitted the model altogether—as another inessential.) But even though finding in her aunt an ally, she didn't jump up with any demonstrative affection—to fling her arms, for instance, about her aunt's neck, or to bury her face in her aunt's lap. She just continued to sit where she was—as Mr. Joyce perceived.

"So she doesn't want to leave home?" repeated Mr. Joyce thoughtfully.

"Of course not! Hasn't she lived with us ever since she was a little tot? Ever since—" here Dolores dropped a ready tear for Martha's defunct parents, which was more than Martha ever did "—she was left all alone? Please don't think us ungrateful, Mr. Joyce," cried Dolores, "but this is Martha's *home!* And *we* don't want to lose her either—do we, Harry?"

Harry Gibson hesitated. Now that the matter was actually put before him, he found he wouldn't absolutely *mind* losing Martha. He was fond of Martha in a way, but chiefly because she'd always been there.

"Martha can stay with us for ever and ever," continued Dolores earnestly. "*We* aren't ambitious for her—and in Christmas cards I'm sure she'll always find a little niche. She can stay with us for ever and ever!"

Turncoat Martha rose slowly to her feet.

"I'll go to Paris," said Martha.

Any young person of eighteen Paris-bound naturally bids her friends adieu with some feeling of consequence. Since this was the end of summer, Martha's art school was shut; but in any case she regarded all her fellow students with equal contempt, and in fact the only two friends she bade adieu to were an ex-war hero who sold matches outside Paddington station and an elderly cobbler in the same neighborhood.

Martha traveled to Paris alone with Mr. Joyce. There was some little difficulty about this: at first both Harry and Dolores proposed accompanying them. Only the latter admitted her motive, which was personally to place Martha in the hands of Madame Dubois, but

in fact it aroused less sympathy, in the principals, than did Harry's unspoken but perfectly apparent notion of a bit of a jolly in Gay Paree. "But wouldn't it be *nicer*, Mr. Joyce," pleaded Dolores, "for Madame to see Martha has someone *belonging* to her?"

"She will see Martha has *me* belonging to her," retorted Mr. Joyce and, glancing percipiently at his friend, added kindly, "Perhaps another time."

It was Mr. Joyce who paid the piper. He and Martha traveled to Paris alone.

Neither spoke much on the journey. Mr. Joyce was aware of its momentousness, but he refrained from giving advice. He suspected that during the last few days Martha'd had as much advice as she could digest, from her aunt Dolores. Mr. Joyce's taciturnity, in the train and then during the short sea crossing, was thus welcome; and Martha had nothing she particularly wanted to say herself. She rarely had.

"That's France," said Mr. Joyce at last. "How does it strike you?"

Martha stumped over to the rail. They were entering Calais harbor. It was her first glimpse of foreign soil, the first time she'd ever seen any flag flying but the Union Jack. How different, from that methodical combination of three defeated and one triumphant standard, the gay simplicity of the tricolor! How animated, too, the dockside scene, how promising of desperate risk (rather than of baggage safely conveyed under union rules), the jostle of blue-bloused porters! Rare is the British islander, one in a thousand, who does not feel himself, at such a first approach, on the threshold of new experiences, or at least on the threshold of a jolly. Martha was that thousandth.

"The light's good," said Martha critically.

"That will do for the moment," said Mr. Joyce.

On the train that bore them to Paris, Martha also for the first time encountered, and did appreciate, mirabelle jam. Not only its sugary blandness appealed to her; the still-apparent small shapes pleased her eye almost as much as their syrup did her palate. Martha scraped her own pot to the bottom, also Mr. Joyce's, and arrived at the Gare du Nord still licking her fingers. They were clean only just in time (after a final polish on Mr. Joyce's handkerchief in the taxi) to receive unadhesively the hand so cordially extended by Madame Dubois.

"And so this," cried Madame Dubois, "is to be our little English friend!"

She was the shape of a wooden clothes peg. From the small round head with its scraped-back gray hair, Madame Dubois's silhouette slightly broadened to include narrow shoulders and flat bust, slightly indented at the waist, then continued as narrowly to ground level, which her skirts accurately kissed. Martha had plenty of time to observe this (standing a pace behind Mr. Joyce in the dim corridor of an apartment in the rue de Vaugirard), because Madame Dubois spoke in French, so that Martha's eyes weren't distracted by her ears. She just got the general drift. She also subconsciously recognized, in the Frenchwoman's manner, something which it would have been unkind to call obsequious, but which suggested that any protégée of Mr. Joyce's had the upper hand.

"One does not forget," Madame Dubois was in fact continuing, "to whose kindness the publication of my poor husband's monograph on Chardin was so largely due! If only he were still with us to express his renewed thanks! Now we will see mademoiselle's room—which one trusts she will not find too simple, after the luxury to which she is undoubtedly accustomed."

Martha in fact liked the look of the large room very well. (Both of which attributes, size and bareness, accounted for by its being actually the room of Madame's daughter, Angèle. When Angèle moved out in favor of Martha, she took all sorts of things with her: all the trimmings.) The salon, on the contrary, where what was evidently a rather special *goûter* awaited, exhibited an Arts Décoratifs elegance more to the taste of Dolores: there were even black satin cushions like those at Richmond, but pen-painted with roses (the frantic work of Angèle). Here Madame Dubois and Mr. Joyce conversed in French while Martha silently consumed *petits fours.* Even in her native tongue, any social effort was a pain in the neck to her.

Fortunately no social effort was required of her. After the *goûter*, though he took her along in tow to the studio where she was to be enrolled, Mr. Joyce left Martha to wait in an antechamber while he himself nipped familiarly through a further door. Martha, still too much below par to be affronted, or even inquisitive, for the next half-hour in fact went to sleep in a large, dilapidated leather chair. Whatever Mr. Joyce had been saying about her within, whatever the effect produced by the dozen of her drawings he had carried with him, was summed up to Martha by a mere encouraging (also awakening) pat on the head from a large, big-knuckled, freckled hand. . . .

She blinked up at it suspiciously. It wasn't Mr. Joyce's hand. Since she disliked being patted in any case, Martha nearly bit it.

"*Je t'ai dit, c'est une petite sauvage*," said Mr. Joyce, over her head. "*Tout de même, on verra . . .*"

"Who was that?" demanded Martha suspiciously, as they emerged into the street again.

"You'd better call him Maître," said Mr. Joyce, "because he is going to be your master."

"Oh," said Martha.

"And I may tell you that you are a very fortunate young person," added Mr. Joyce, "to be accepted into his studio."

"Oh," said Martha again. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Joyce.

She ruminated so long, he felt misgiving. Undeniably, she was getting pretty drastic treatment: though it was a measure of his belief in her, experience also had taught him that the only way to handle Martha was strictly with the gloves off.

"Don't you want to go to the studio?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"Yes, but I don't know how to get there," said Martha.

Mr. Joyce, unaware that he had been holding his breath, expelled it in a sigh of relief.

"Angèle will take you, on her way to school."

"Won't I look silly?" asked Martha.

"Very," agreed Mr. Joyce, "until you learn which bus to take by yourself. . . ." Upon which he returned Martha to the rue de Vaugirard, and himself, having many connections in Paris, enjoyed a very pleasant evening before returning to London next day.

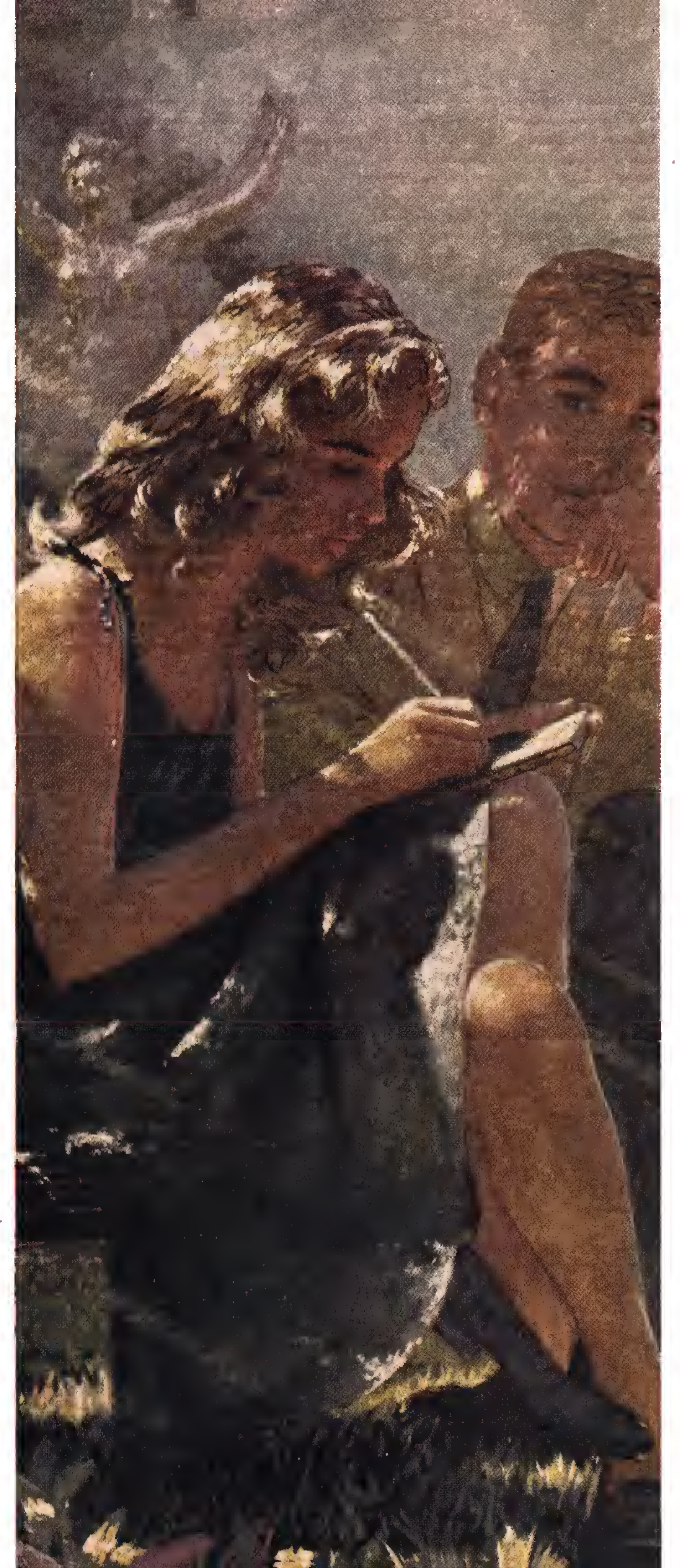
Martha was so little homesick, an apartment in the rue de Vaugirard was just as acceptable to her as a Richmond flat, and within a matter of days became almost as familiar. There was her own room, and the salon, and the dining room and bathroom—this last, the least satisfactory: flakes of enamel from its antique tub adhered to Martha's behind, also the water was never quite hot—and somewhere in the hinterland, so to speak, a kitchen, and the rooms of Madame and Angèle.

Contrary to Mr. Joyce's prophecy, she learned to speak practically no French at all. She learned to understand a certain amount; but discovering, for example, that when she said "no," people understood just as well as if she'd said "non," she left it at that. It wasn't as though she had anything she particularly wanted to say. The power of expressing thoughts, or emotions, was unnecessary to her, and not to be able to answer questions a positive advantage.

On the other hand, both Madame Dubois and Angèle learned a good deal of English.

Angèle was very kind. She had a kind face. She also, by some peculiar freak of genes, precisely embodied the Gallic caricature of an Englishwoman. Five foot-eight and bony, she moved without grace, a superfluity of combs and pins weighed down, rather than secured, hair less blonde than mousy, her long, large teeth, when she smiled, suggested an amiable horse. Martha learned which bus to take to the studio within a matter of days.

The basic reasons, however, for her easy swimming, lay deeper. They were



The Creative Urge (cont.)

two. The first was that, in Paris, painting was accepted as a normal and serious occupation. In the circumstances, Martha must have grasped this by a species of osmosis, have simply breathed the knowledge in with the Paris air; she recognized it, nevertheless, as do all practitioners of the arts who have the luck to lodge, however briefly, on the banks of the Seine. In Paris, an artist swims not against, but with, the tide.

The second reason was that she immediately re-established a routine. There was the morning period at the studio, then back to the rue de Vaugirard for lunch, then the afternoon period; between *goûter* and dinner, a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens with Angèle served the double purpose of giving Martha fresh air and improving Angèle's English; after dinner, while the latter corrected exercises and Madame sewed, a programme on the T.S.F. theoretically improved Martha's French. By ten, she was in bed and slept like a log for the next nine hours to be ready to start all over again next day.

At the studio she was put straight into Life Painting—where she continued, doggedly, to draw whatever heating pipes or lighting apparatus the background afforded; until one morning a large, big-knuckled, freckled hand took her by the scruff and hauled her from her position in front of the model to a position in front of the studio stove. Only the general sense of *le maître*'s anathema reached her, not its classic periods; but it was a commonplace in the studio that *le maître* never bothered to swear save at a definite talent, and Martha correctly accepted a permission to draw what she liked. She casually executed, the following week, a meticulous one-eighth lifesize of the model complete to toe- and fingernails.

"One trusts mademoiselle has enjoyed the exercise?" enquired *le maître* sardonically.

"No," said Martha. "She was like an English model."

"And what is mademoiselle's objection to English models?"

"Well, they go off the paper," said Martha.

There was a general guffaw. All the students had stopped work to listen, for it was a tradition of the studio that any words of wisdom addressed to one were free to be garnered by all. But after this single exchange they were to be disappointed. All *le maître* ever subsequently

When he joined her on the park bench, Martha pretended not to notice.

said, standing beside Martha's easel, was "*Continuez!*"

Fortunately for Dolores's peace of mind in London, the exact composition of Martha's class was unknown to her. Of the twenty regular students, no less than fourteen were male, and eight actually French (the tail made up by three Americans, two Dutch and a Swede). Thus the proportion of males to females was more than two to one, arithmetically; emotionally, a pretty American named Sally so far upset the tables, by chaining all her fellow countrymen, four Frenchmen and Nils the Swede to her chariot wheels, that Martha, one Dane and three other (plain) Americans were left in a proportion of scarcely more than fifty-fifty. Even this would have been enough to make Dolores take alarm; but in one way she had protected Martha better than she knew. Besides warning Martha against red wine, Dolores had also made her three very nice smocks.

They were of blue denim, for hard wear, and at Martha's insistence all done up down the front, but otherwise, in cut and ornamentation (red feather-stitching), completely traditional. On a more slender figure they might have suggested, quite attractively, traditional milkmaid or shepherdess. On Martha they looked partly like pup tents and partly like maternity garments, and successfully quenched in four Frenchmen and two Dutch any notion of making a pass at her. There were even a few ribald jokes on the point. However, Martha's unexpectedly matronly appearance contained also a certain matronly consequence, and if she wasn't made a pass at, no more was she made a butt.

It was Sally who found a nickname for her: Mother Bunch. As Mother Bunch—and though a chuckle might have echoed from Paddington, to see a Young Pachyderm so translated—Martha occupied a position in the studio that suited her very well.

Each Sunday she wrote two letters home: one for Dolores, one for Mr. Joyce.

"*Dear Aunt Dolores,*

I hope you and Uncle Harry are both well. I am, too, also working very hard, and the food is not bad.

Yours affec.,

MARTHA."

Mr. Joyce received practically a carbon copy:

"*Dear Mr. Joyce,*

I hope you are very well. I am too, also working very hard, and the food is all right.

Yours affec.,

MARTHA."

If they were not epistles to be exchanged and exclaimed over with any extravagant enthusiasm, at least their punctuality reassured.

To not a single gay party was Martha invited. Nor did she learn to frequent such cafés as *Le Dôme* or *La Rotonde.* All the red wine she ever consumed was consumed at table in the rue de Vaugirard. Madame Dubois, unaware of an ally in Paddington, was as surprised as relieved that Martha didn't demand Vichy water, but Vichy or tap was all one to Martha. But though she always dined at home, she didn't always lunch at home. If the day promised fairly, Madame provided half a long French loaf well stuffed with *charcuterie* for her to munch *en plein air* in the Tuileries Gardens.

Following her instinct for routine, Martha regularly sought the same seat (adjacent to the *trompe l'oeil* statue of Tragedy and Comedy, the contemplation of which bizarre artifact relaxed her eye much as the reading of detective stories relaxes the academic brain). Naturally, she was sometimes forced to share it; in fact, amorous couples so appreciated her stolid lack of curiosity, they made beelines for its other end. But neither the beelike murmur of their endearments nor even the shriller note of a quarrel disturbed Martha. She roused and glared only if anyone sat on her portfolio—and not even the most besotted of lovers ever did so twice.

But the Tuileries Gardens are in Paris, in the heart of Paris. On one of these days Martha was neighbored by a solitary young man.

Even Dolores (even in Paris) could hardly have felt apprehension. Nothing more decorous was imaginable than his general aspect and behavior. A neat suit and close haircut placed him securely within the resident Anglo-Saxon pale; he wasn't even eating, like Martha, French food, but reading Galsworthy in Tauchnitz. Only as he turned the pages (and with no one sitting between them), it was inevitable that he should at last catch Martha's eye.

"Nice day," said the young man.

Martha growled noncommitally.

"I *thought* you were English," said the young man. "I am, too."

The addendum was so superfluous, Martha ignored it. Possibly taking her silence for virginal alarm, the young man instantly informed her that his name was Eric Taylor and that he worked in the Paris branch of the City of London Bank.

"Haven't I seen you here before?" he added hopefully.

The classic approach was ill-judged. In Martha's view, either one had seen something (things including persons) or one hadn't; any doubt on the point was mere ocular flabbiness. Again, however, her silence was misunderstood: whether she wanted to or not, she learned that her interlocutor lived with a widowed mother who had come over from England to make a home for him. Martha munched at her roll rather more quickly and ceased to listen; but obviously he told her a good deal more about himself, since when he at last rose to go, he said what a jolly talk they'd had.

"Perhaps we'll see each other again?" he suggested.

"If you keep on coming here," said Martha gloomily.

Nothing on the face of it could have been less promising. But young Eric Taylor had already projected upon Martha an ideal image: that of a dear little English girl all by herself in Paris.

He needed to meet one badly. It was understandable. His mother, in addition to making a home for him, had made him a very nice circle of friends. Regularly each Saturday evening they played bridge with the English druggist and his wife, and on Wednesday evenings, with two nice women who ran the English library, and on Sundays, after the Anglican service, they often stood chatting with quite a party of nice friends. Only they were all rather long in the tooth; in fact, there wasn't a girl among them.

Eric's position as cashier at the City of London Bank indeed offered opportunities which a brasher young man might have profited by, among the pretty debutantes at finishing schools who scampered in to cash Daddy's checks; unfortunately their *chic* put him out of countenance, the flutter of their long eyelashes fluttered his heart but tied his tongue. The shyness he projected upon Martha was his own. As for the multitude of pretty French girls about his path, they frightened him even more: Mrs. Taylor's secret but perennial fear of her son's taking up with a midinette was as nothing to Eric's personal secret fear of being laughed at for his accent.

Thus Martha, plain and stocky as she was, filled a space too long vacant. Eric's very conventionality demanded that it should be filled. To be young, and in Paris, and not in love—("Gay Paree!" as Harry Gibson would have said. "Amour amour!")—bothered him as much as if he'd been at Lord's cricket-ground without a club tie. For several days before he spoke to her, the sight of Martha solitary on a bench in the Tuileries had set every necessary emotion in ferment.

The emotion that led Martha to permit his attentions—or at least to refrain from biting his head off—was more practical. He bagged the seat for her. A spell of fine weather immediately succeeding made the service peculiarly welcome. Though the Gardens were thronged, even if Martha stayed to wash her brushes there was her place kept. Common politeness forbade a snub—or if not politeness, self-interest.

Thus they entered day by day into something like acquaintance. Eric having told her his name, Martha was too socially inexperienced not to return her own. He found it infinitely preferable to the Jennifers and Lettices (some with an Hon. in front) on his Bank's books: Martha was a name to reassure the most

timid heart that beat. As for her status as art student, Eric knew too much of Paris to take it seriously. Half the debs he cashed cheques for called themselves art students.

"I'm only surprised your people let you come," said Eric. "All on your lonesome!"

It must be admitted that Martha, by saying little as possible, was a party to his self-delusion. The less she said, the shyer and sweeter she appeared to the poor fish.

"You're so defenseless," added Eric fondly.

He did everything he could think of to reassure her. A week after their first encounter, he invited her to meet his mother.

"I know she'll like you," encouraged Eric, "and I'm sure *you*'ll like *her*. . . ."

Socially inexperienced or not, Martha could smell boredom. The additional bait of a nice family evening (such as Eric felt sure she must be missing) was again ill judged. Martha had no more taste for nice family evenings than a Cossack. If it hadn't been so particularly fine next morning, she'd have consumed her *charcuterie* in the studio. But the weather was in league with Eric Taylor, and force of habit took her back to the familiar bench.

"Mother says next Friday," reported Eric gladly, "to supper."

Thus driven to active self-defense Martha sought, and happily found, what appeared to her an unanswerable objection.

"I get supper. It's paid for."

"What a careful little thing you are!" exclaimed Eric, affectionately amused.

"I'm not supposed to speak English."

"You've been speaking it to *me*."

"And I'm sorry for it," said Martha.

"If you like, we'll all talk French," he promised.

"I might pick up a bad accent," countered Martha. Why didn't she say outright that she wasn't coming simply because she didn't want to? Her mistake lay in having entered into argument at all. Martha, perceiving this, was in fact about to rectify the situation, and as forthrightly as possible—the phrase "damn and blast your mother" actually forming on her tongue—when Eric pressed on.

"Anyway, I'm sure you'd like to see our flat," he urged. "Mother's done wonders with it. The bathroom's just like at home."

He spoke more appositely than he knew. As has been said, the one thing that discontented Martha in the rue de Vaugirard was the bath. What with the flakes of enamel adhering to her behind and the water never running quite hot, she hadn't had a proper lie-down-and-soak in weeks.

"Is it constant hot water?" she asked enviously.

"Constant," Eric assured her. "Mother had a whole new system put in." He wasn't disconcerted by this new turn in their conversation. Amongst all the other virtues he'd projected on Martha was domesticity.

"Is the bath vitreous?" asked Martha.

"If you mean is it a sort of china, yes," said Eric. "Pale pink."

Her defenses pierced at last.

"What time on Friday?" asked Martha.

"Do you mind if I'm not in for dinner?" enquired Martha of Madame Dubois on the Friday morning. "I've been asked out."

"But my dear child, how agreeable!" exclaimed Madame Dubois, from the heart. "By whom?" she added conscientiously. "One of your comrades?"

"No, Mrs. Taylor," said Martha. "She's a widow in the City of London Bank."

Madame Dubois beamed. What could sound safer or more respectable? Also she immediately visualized a whole dish of *tripes à la mode de Caen* served between Angèle and herself before Martha ravaged it. An additional source of complaisance was that she and Angèle were spoiling for a row. Customarily, Madame and her daughter had a row about once a fortnight. It was their only means of injecting drama into a joint existence otherwise suffocatingly placid; the presence of Martha had inhibited them already too long. Madame Dubois looked forward to those *tripes à la mode* with an enthusiasm as much emotional as esurient—one word of criticism from Angèle and the knives would be out indeed. . . .

"Certainly, my dear child," permitted Madame Dubois, "the more nice friends one makes, the better! Do not fail to present my compliments to your kind hostess."

Thus licensed, Martha made her preparations and, with the aid of a street plan carefully drawn by Eric, arrived at the Taylor apartment on the dot.

As Eric's mother was fond of remarking—indeed as though laying claim to some virtue—she wasn't clever; thus it must have been purely by some almost animal instinct that she succeeded in transforming a little bit of Paris into a little bit of home.

A badger, it is related, faced by the water from a spilled vase, will immediately set about chewing up the nearest chair leg in order to build a dam; Mrs. Taylor, less destructive, merely remodeled a bathroom (in particular ousting the *bidet*): but every stick of the Taylor furniture had crossed the Channel, and not a dish appeared on their table unblessed by the severe gods of British cooking. Eric's mother was probably the only housewife in Paris to serve regularly, at whatever expense of spirit, Brussels sprouts.

And like the fabled badger, she built a dam, protective of her only child against the dangerous waters of Gallic immorality.

It was true that these scarcely swirled down the quiet rue d'Antibes, and barely lapped the sills of the City of London Bank; but Paris was Paris. The Taylor circle of acquaintances has been described: no person of even remotely immoral, or even frivolous, character was comprehended in it; Paris was still Paris. Mrs. Taylor never forgot this for a moment—or if she did, Paris reminded her. Just the way a taxi hooted—so differently from a London taxi—put her on guard again. Walking home from Saturday bridge at the English druggist's—twopence a hundred and then a nice gossip about the Royal Family—Mrs. Taylor was once positively halted by the warning note. "If you're tired, Mother, we'll take one?" suggested Eric kindly. "Tired? What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Taylor briskly, and briskly stepped out again. Not for worlds would she have shared with him the mental image of a blonde in fox fur being borne to (or from) some illicit rendezvous. Yet it was strange how clearly she visualized the creature—hair bright as a topaz against the taxi's interior dark, bosom aheave under silver fox in anticipation (or languor). She wasn't a normally imaginative woman; it was just Paris.

For the last three years, in fact, Eric's mother, for all her surface calm, had lived in a state of mind comparable to that of an air-raid warden in the London blitz. At what moment might not some blonde bombshell strike upon her son, to destroy him and pass on? Eric couldn't *stand* it, Mrs. Taylor told herself: his heart was too pure. Also, she knew his salary to a shilling, even a silver-fox muff would run him into debt—and what would the Bank say then? Sometimes if the English druggist and his wife had served Welsh rabbit, Mrs. Taylor lay awake for hours, picturing her son at once heartbroken and unemployed; or even lying beside the Seine under a gendarme's cape.

Thus it was an enormous relief when Eric brought home Martha. Martha found a built-in welcome.

She arrived carrying a small paper packet. Eric at first glance assumed it to contain some little gift, of bonbons perhaps, directed towards her hostess. But it dangled too limply to contain *dragées* or marrons. The idea that she'd possibly found time to embroider a little table mat put an extra warmth into his introduction.

"This is Martha, Mother, whom I've told you about!" announced Eric happily.

"And I'm sure I'm very glad to meet her!" said Mrs. Taylor.

Indeed she was. Martha's appearance (for that of a young person picked up in the Tuileries) came as a delightful

surprise. In particular, a complete absence of make-up predisposed Mrs. Taylor in her favor at once, while an equally complete absence of social manner did no harm, Eric having warned his mother that Martha was very shy.

"I'm told you want to be shown our flat—though goodness knows why!" said Mrs. Taylor, with kindly, helpful humor. "We'll just peep round before supper. Where do you live at Home, dear?"

Martha replied shortly, with her aunt and uncle. She always disliked being questioned. Fortunately, Mrs. Taylor, apt as her son to project the suitable emotion, took Martha's sulky pachydermous look for one of subdued grief.

"Your parents—?" prompted Mrs. Taylor sympathetically.

"Dead," said Martha.

The word fell with a certain harshness. It would have been nicer if she'd said passed on. But at least Martha's parents weren't *divorced. She's had to conceal her feelings*, thought Mrs. Taylor, *poor child! One day I must get her to talk to me. . . .*

"Here's the sitting room. And where do your aunt and uncle live?" asked Mrs. Taylor, still very kindly.

Martha said in Birmingham.

Why she told the lie, she didn't know herself. Partly it was because she disliked answering questions; more deeply, she knew by instinct that an artist's work is ever best favored by personal anonymity. The name Birmingham simply happened to be the first that wasn't Richmond that sprang to Martha's mind.

"I expect you went to boarding school?" suggested Mrs. Taylor, leading Martha on to see the bathroom.

It absolutely exceeded Eric's description. Not only the full-length bath gleamed vitreous and pale pink, but the walls as well; and the entire floor was covered with cork. A pair of beautiful big English towels hung rough and rich from a heated towel-rack (Martha put her hand on it). The soap, two beautiful big tablets, one for the bath, one for the washbasin, was Wright's Coal Tar.

"It's the best bathroom I've ever seen," stated Martha formally.

"Well, I do think a bathroom's important," said Mrs. Taylor. "D'you know what my bad boy calls it? Mother's Ruin!"

"Mother spent a fortune on it," explained Eric, from a modest position in the doorway. "I rag her about it no end."

"Your friend will think you very disrespectful," said Mrs. Taylor, with mock severity. "I'm sure *she* doesn't 'rag' her aunt! Now for the dining room, and supper!"

But Martha stood firm.

"I haven't had a proper bath since I've been here," she observed thoughtfully.

"You poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, pausing beside Eric in the door. "But surely, where you're staying . . . ?"

Martha could employ tact when she needed to.

"Yes; but only the French sort."

Eric's mother paused again. In a month or two's time, she thought, and if they really got to know each other, why not? With a mingling of present pride and future, potential, if-Martha-deserved-it kindness, she said something about there always being hot water. . . .

"Is there now?" asked Martha, rather pointedly.

"Well, of course," said Mrs. Taylor, attempting a rearward movement into the passage. But Martha's eye nailed her.

"If you'd like a bath tonight—" began Mrs. Taylor weakly.

"Thank you very much," said Martha. "After supper or first?"

Mrs. Taylor attempted to retract. "Though as I'm cooking something a little special—"

"How long will it take?" interrupted Martha practically.

"Not more than ten minutes. Liver and bacon!" said Mrs. Taylor, with an affectionate glance at her son. It was Eric's favorite dish. "And as one shouldn't take a bath immediately after a full meal—"

Martha thought fast. The bit about after a full meal didn't bother her, it was a theory she had long demonstrated to be false; but she did want to get home fairly early, because if she hadn't nine hours sleep she wouldn't be properly fresh next morning. Ten minutes, if not time for a proper soak, was at least time for a lie-down. . . .

"I'll have it now," said Martha, swiftly opening her packet, which in fact contained several articles of clean underwear.

Why Mrs. Taylor tolerated such behavior—why she actually and even warmly invited Martha to come again, and let her use the bath again—must be obvious. She was terrified; not of plain, stocky Martha, but of blondes and midinettes.

She never succeeded in getting Martha to talk to her. On the other hand, Martha (looking forward each week with steady anticipation to a Friday night bath) decided to make a gesture. Along with her packet of clean underwear she carried a nosegay bought at the entrance to the nearest metro station. The rigid concentric circles of varicolored short-stemmed flowers, no less than the paper frill concealing this last inadequacy, reflected with surprising accurateness the formality of Martha's sentiments; but Mrs. Taylor managed to think it very sweet of her.

Though Friday evening at the Taylors' thus became a feature of Martha's routine equally agreeable to all parties—Mrs. Taylor's fears allayed, Madame Dubois and Angèle making up for lost time by rowing once a week, Martha herself, once a week, clean as a pink—there arose certain complications which Martha had not foreseen.

She was definitely undesirous of any further involvement with her nice friends. One family evening a week was as much as she could stomach. She certainly didn't want the Taylors littering up the rue de Vaugirard. But she had considerable difficulty in preventing it. As Madame Dubois pointed out, such regular hospitality entitled Mrs. Taylor to a little luncheon at least, if not a little dinner. (Also might not Angèle, too, thought Madame Dubois practically, find in Mrs. Taylor a nice friend? Their circle was so narrow!) Madame Dubois dispatched by Martha several invitations, at first verbal, then by note. Nor would Mrs. Taylor have been surprised to receive such. Martha simply suppressed them, but then had to invent refusals. "Mrs. Taylor says thank you," reported Martha finally, "but she never goes out anywhere because of her back." "What is wrong with her back?" enquired Madame Dubois suspiciously. "Lumbago," said Martha. (She knew about lumbago because Harry Gibson had it.) In time, Madame Dubois took umbrage—just as Mrs. Taylor did; Martha was undoubtedly guilty of fomenting bad Anglo-French relations, but at least she kept the Taylors out of the rue de Vaugirard.

Angèle proved a trickier proposition. Angèle, unlike her mother, soon discovered that besides a Taylor *mère* there existed a Taylor *fils*—by the simple expedient (which she felt was no more than her duty) of following Martha one Friday and questioning the Taylor *concièrge*. Scenting romance as the poor nomad of the desert scents the far rose gardens of Damascus, Angèle ambitioned to be Martha's confidante. "Not a single syllable will I breathe!" hissed Angèle (making an extremely unwelcome appearance one night by Martha's bed). "*Maman* is so old-fashioned, she might well object to your going where there is any young man at all! How many opportunities has she not denied *me*," hissed Angèle, her hair coming down all over Martha's pillow, "by her old-fashioned notions! Even *le Croix Rouge* I am not allowed to join! But I promise you to keep your secret!"

Martha no more wanted Angèle as a confidante than she wanted Mrs. Taylor as a luncheon guest. But there was something in what Angèle said, and Martha paid, reluctantly, the price of her complicity by meeting her eyes across the table whenever Madame Dubois animadverted on Mrs. Taylor's *morgue Britannique*, also by allowing their evening promenade in the Luxembourg to take on the character of a Latin *passeggiero*. "Do you see him? He isn't here? Perhaps tomorrow!" consoled Angèle. "Oh, what fun if he should suddenly come up and address us!" Martha, who knew that Eric always went straight home as soon as the Bank shut, was sufficiently unperturbed: occasionally

she even pretended to start, as at a hoped-for figure, just to see Angèle jib, too, like a horse at a wind-trundled dustbin-lid. A better educated heart might have been touched to pity by Angèle's silly vicarious excitement; but only Martha's eye had been educated, and she baited Angèle without remorse.

Martha had the situation in hand. As the temperature dropped, she wasn't even compelled to put up with Eric's daily company in the Tuileries, because she now lunched at home in the rue de Vaugirard. She just turned up at the Taylor flat on Fridays. The approaching end of Martha's first term in Paris, in fact, found her very comfortably circumstanced: at the studio occupying a certain definite position, in the rue de Vaugirard Madame Dubois and Angèle more or less under her thumb, and a proper hot bath laid on once a week.

In the studio, the talk began to be of the Christmas vacation. Sally was flying back to Park Avenue regardless of expense. Nils formed the project of hitchhiking home to a Stockholm suburb and didn't much mind whether he got there or not. Martha's destination was, of course, Richmond. She was to make the journey alone, after Angèle put her on the boat-train—this last safeguard a concession to Dolores. "Martha has learned to take a bus, she can learn to take a train," argued Mr. Joyce. "But suppose she takes the wrong one?" pleaded Dolores—with some uneasy vision of Martha getting off at Istanbul. Her fears, however idiotic, were so obviously genuine, Mr. Joyce settled for Angèle and wrote Madame Dubois instructions on the point. "But wait and see!" grumbled, or promised, Mr. Joyce. "Soon Martha will be taking whatever trains necessary, alone!"

Harry Gibson's loyal but not entirely disinterested offer to nip over and fetch Martha himself was hardly considered. Both his wife and his friend unhesitatingly turned it down.

As Dolores would have been the first to acknowledge, Paris wasn't Istanbul. Not even to please Mr. Joyce would she have allowed Martha to be consigned to spend two years in Istanbul. Paris was still Paris. On the second Friday in December, as Martha arrived at the Taylor flat, Eric stood waiting for her on the threshold, wearing a harassed, but nonetheless important, air.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said at once, "but Mother isn't here. She had a wire from London, her father's terribly ill, and she left straight away. I'm terribly sorry, Martha—"

"I am, too," said Martha. "Isn't there anything to eat?"

"Well, of course she left my breakfast," said Eric, looking slightly hurt. He had expected Martha to be more sympathetic, at least more interested. In Taylor circles, a serious illness rated as a highly interesting event. "She said—and I do think it was pretty wonderful, in the circumstances—that if you came, I'd better take you out somewhere."

Martha reflected. Eric's breakfast meant bacon and eggs: after a long day's work, she was willing to settle for eggs and bacon in preference to going on to some restaurant and then coming back for her bath and then going out home again; or even if Eric wanted all the bacon for himself (a point of view with which Martha did sympathize), she could have an omelette. . . .

"Thank you very much, but can't I just have an omelette?" suggested Martha. "You can get it ready while I'm in the bath."

To her surprise, Eric hesitated. Martha knew he could make omelettes, Mrs. Taylor had often told her what a light hand he had with them; why then should he look so dubious? But it seemed as though there was something other than omelettes on Eric's mind.

"As Mother isn't here, perhaps you'd better not have a bath at all," offered Eric uncertainly. "I mean, as Mother isn't here . . ."

Martha was surprised again.

"Did she *say* I couldn't have a bath?"

"With a father practically dying, I don't suppose she thought about it," said Eric reproachfully.

"Then she might have said I could," argued Martha.

Eric, rightly trusting to his own instinct, was certain his mother would have said nothing of the sort. He was indeed mentally at one with her on the point. Yet how to present, to Martha's lovable innocence, the idea that young girls simply didn't, shouldn't, take baths alone in a flat with a young man? Eric couldn't think. The situation was beyond him.

"I don't see anything wrong about it," argued Martha.

"Well, of course not *wrong* . . ." admitted Eric.

"Then I'll have it straight away," said Martha, pushing past him with her nosegay in its paper frill and her customary packet of clean underwear.

Few sounds combine more reassuringly than those of running bathwater and eggs being beaten. Ten minutes later, Eric, in the kitchen, had begun thoroughly to enjoy the prospect of a domestic picnic. (Martha, in the bath, enjoying at last a proper lie-down-and-soak, was practically comatose.) Indeed, such was Eric's enthusiasm, he had everything ready far too soon; and such his impatience that when ten minutes more had elapsed, he went and knocked at the bathroom door. "I'm out!" called back Martha automatically—just as she'd been used to call to her Aunt Dolores; but as soon as his footsteps retreated, she turned on the hot again. A hotter tide lapped her chin even as Eric heated the pan; curled absolutely around her ears as he tipped in the eggs. Only a second, a more urgent, an almost desperate knocking got Martha truly out at last.

As her Aunt Dolores knew, Martha never looked so well as immediately after a hot bath. The French had a word for it: appetizing. Fresh from a hot bath, Martha looked as rosy and solid and wholesome—and as appetizing—as a ripe apple. This was all the more apparent as she cannoned off Eric in the corridor, since she'd just jumped out and rough-dried and thrust her head through a clean vest and for the rest merely toga'd herself in bathtowels. Above their strict British candor, Martha's cheeks glowed rosier than ever, and her throat was apple-blossom pink. . . .

It cost Eric quite an effort to mutter that if she didn't finish dressing, she'd catch cold.

"It doesn't take long to eat an omelette," said Martha, "and they go leathery." A brief shiver transmitted through her bare feet from bare parquet surprised her nonetheless; transmitted in turn a slight body-shiver apparent even through the towels.

"There you are!" accused Eric. "I knew you were staying in too long."

"Perhaps I did," admitted Martha uneasily. She was always nervous of catching cold because a really heavy cold was almost the only thing that stopped her working properly.

"You've got to be warmed up somehow," said Eric worriedly. By hazard, the door to his bedroom stood ajar. Mrs. Taylor's careful hands had made his bed before she left, had even turned it down . . .

"I'll be all right as soon as I've had something to eat," said Martha.

"I tell you what," said Eric, daringly. "Get in my bed and I'll bring it to you. I'm sure Mother wouldn't want you to catch cold."

The omelette was only slightly burned, and how neat the tray! Eric knew just how to set it; good son that he was, he brought his mother breakfast in bed every Sunday. Such refinements as the matching salt- and pepper-pots (shaped respectively like an owl and a pussy cat) and the sprig of parsley on the butter were rather wasted on Martha, but she was no ungrateful beneficiary. It was wonderfully comfortable to eat sitting propped against pillows, and she voluntarily pulled up her feet to make room for Eric, with his own tray, on the bed's end. She had never liked him better. Nor had Eric ever liked Martha better than as she sat passive and grateful, receiving his ministrations. In Eric's by no means ungenerous view, receptiveness and gratitude were the cardinal womanly virtues.

Also Martha's cheeks like rosy apples, and her full throat the tint of apple-blossom, glowed ever more and more richly as she ate.

The French had a word for it: appetizing.

"You look awfully nice in there," said Eric, setting her empty tray on the floor beside his own. Actually upon it, in a glass of water between the owl and pussy-cat, the stiff little paper-frilled nosegay Martha'd brought for his mother. Eric's hand must have shaken slightly; nosegay and glass tipped over together in a small unheeded puddle.

Martha, burrowing luxuriously under the blankets, said it *was* nice.

"I've a good mind to come in beside you!" said Eric daringly.

Ten seconds later, he was. It took him just the ten seconds to strip. The result was inevitable: Martha lost her virginity not after any gay party, but after a nice hot bath.

How deep the slumber of satisfied flesh! They were both satisfied. By a rare conjunction, for such a first encounter, masculine potency met and was charged by female ripeness. Martha and Eric both enjoyed themselves quite uncommonly. Then they both slept like logs.

Martha returned home with the milk. It was not to be expected that her absence had gone unremarked, yet by a fortunate chance not until shortly before she reappeared. Madame Dubois and Angèle, overnight, had engaged in one of their most vigorous rows: neither, abandoned to tears of self-pity behind a slammed door, remembered to listen for Martha's return; and only when no answer came to Angèle's morning knock was the alarm raised. The period of anxiety, though thus brief, was nonetheless severe.

"Where have you been? One has worried to death!" cried Madame Dubois, as Martha came stumping in. "If one had not known you were at Mrs. Taylor's, one would have sought the aid of the police!" (This was a sort of back-play, so to speak, or natural dramatization; Madame Dubois already imagining herself to have worried *all night.*) "You *were* at Mrs. Taylor's?" demanded Madame Dubois anxiously.

"Of course," said Martha reasonably. "It was Friday."

Madame Dubois scrutinized her. Young girls had been known to lie! But Martha's appearance, as always, reassured. No light of romance hung about her stout, respectable figure; no extra brightness of eye, softness of lip or flush of cheek betrayed her. She looked just as usual. Indeed, she felt just as usual; or possibly a trifle more relaxed.

"Mrs. Taylor asked me to stay the night," said Martha, "because her back was particularly bad."

It would be wrong to say that Martha felt the loss of her virginity no more than she would have felt the loss of a favorite chalk. Immediately, she felt it less. What she certainly didn't feel was any sense of guilt.

In any case, Eric felt enough for two.

He was waiting that evening outside the studio. Martha, who had stayed late washing brushes, and who in consequence was particularly eager to get home in time for dinner, observed him not only with surprise but with definite annoyance. If she could, she would have dodged Eric—as Eric observed.

"I don't wonder," he said humbly.

"Don't wonder what?" asked Martha.

"If you'd rather not see me." He swallowed. "After last night . . ."

Martha glanced towards her bus stop. There was such a mob there already, as the next bus churned up she had obviously no chance of boarding it.

"Of course I don't want not to see you . . ."

"You weren't at our seat," accused Eric.

"I haven't been for weeks," Martha reminded him. "It's too cold." Still his earnest, troubled visage drooped dismally above her own. He didn't look like himself at all; he looked almost disheveled, as though guilt instead of turning his hair white had grown it a couple of inches. He'd had such a bad shave; Martha thus closely face to face remarked four separate cuts, three still slightly fuzzed with cotton-wool, one beginning to bleed again. The portfolio under her arm made a barrier between their bodies, but across it she spoke as kindly as her impatience allowed. "Last night wasn't your fault," she encouraged, "or at least no more than mine. Anyway, the others do it all the time."

The ingratitude of men! He showed a spark of resentment. "If you just wanted to do like *all the others*—"

"I didn't," Martha assured him. "I was just as surprised as you were."

He brightened a little.

"And you really don't hate me?"

"Of course I don't hate you. . . . There's another bus coming," said Martha. "Let's just forget it."

Eric swallowed again.

"That's part of the trouble. You're being wonderfully big, Martha, but I can't forget it. In fact—and it's partly what I came to say, besides asking your forgiveness—if Mother's not back by next Friday, I think you'd better not come 'round. I—I shouldn't be able to trust myself."

Upon a moment's reflection, and rather to her surprise, Martha found that she wouldn't be able to trust herself either. Her healthy body had thoroughly enjoyed the previous night's experiment, and now that it knew exactly what was going to happen, would probably enjoy a repetition even more. In fact, it seemed almost a pity—the first and irrevocable

step taken—not to proceed further. . . .

"I couldn't trust myself either," acknowledged Martha.

"That's terrible," groaned Eric. "And wonderful, too," he added huskily. "I mean, it's terrible but it's wonderful as well. It means we'll be fighting it together. If only we could get married straight away!"

Martha backed so sharply, the corner of her portfolio jerked up and hit him on the chin. Fortunately no drawings fell out; she tucked it more securely under her arm.

"Of course we can't get married," she said sharply.

"Not yet," agreed Eric, "not until I get my raise." But he brightened still further. "Only you know I want to, and now I know you want to, too, it makes everything all right. And at least we'll both be fighting it together!"

To Martha this repetition was such an obvious *non sequitur*, she temporarily let more serious considerations slide. If everything was all right, why fight what? And indeed something of the same sort seemed to be passing through the mind of Eric.

"Mother'll probably be back by Friday anyway," reflected Eric, after a slight pause. "Unless she has to stay for the funeral. Or if Granddad turns the corner, it might be Wednesday or Thursday."

"It's Saturday now," reflected Martha.

"It's going to be pretty beastly, all by myself in the flat," meditated Eric.

"Don't you know anyone else to have?" asked Martha.

"Even if I did, I wouldn't want them." said Eric, "with my mother so worried and my grandfather so ill."

If the spirit of Paris might have found this rather an odd way of asking Martha to go to bed with him again, Martha herself understood perfectly. Like her lover, she sprang from a class in which passion is always respectably masked; and indeed yielded to his amorous plea in terms no less oblique.

"Well, if you've got an alarm clock," said Martha. "Because I'd have to be back by ten."

"Do you mind if I'm out again tomorrow?" asked Martha, back in the rue de Vaugirard. Thick-skinned as she was, even Martha had realized that she couldn't disregard a meal practically on the table without offending Madame Dubois quite uncommonly—perhaps even to the point of active interferingness. "Just for dinner," added Martha. "I'll be back by ten."

"So one would hope!" snapped Madame Dubois. "Your friend Mrs. Taylor again in need of a masseuse?" she enquired ironically. "She should be in a hospital."

Martha, with complete lack of conscience, directed a suborning glance across the table at Angèle. The latter responded loyally.

"Have you not said yourself, *maman*, Martha is deep in Mrs. Taylor's debt? Now is her chance to repay."

"And for how long is she to repay?" retorted Madame Dubois. "Until the Ides of March?"

"No; just for a day or two until she does go into a hospital," said Martha resourcefully. "She's waiting for a bed."

There was always something very convincing about Martha's lies. Her general aspect of respectability promoted belief. If Madame Dubois hesitated, it was not from any doubt as to the facts. She simply felt that Martha was getting out of hand—as indeed she was—also that Mr. Joyce would hardly approve what must evidently be a distraction from his protégée's rightful studies. On the other hand, how Martha ate! To so economical a housekeeper, the absence of that splendid appetite from the dinner table appealed strongly. *After all,* thought Madame Dubois, *Monsieur Joyce left no particular instructions; and if the child (who knows him better than we do) fears his displeasure, she will not tell him.* Thus reasoning, and with the good motive furnished by Angèle, Madame Dubois gave way.

"Very well, I permit you!" said Madame Dubois crossly. "But if your Mrs. Taylor is too suffering to prepare a meal, do not come to *me* for *tartines,* in the middle of the night!"

Actually Eric fed Martha—on the Sunday, and then Monday, and then the Tuesday—rather well. In the absence of his mother, he explored the Parisian *charcuteries*; even took such expert advice, this was when Martha acquired her taste for truffles. But they always ate rather fast, to get all the sooner into bed.

As Martha had suspected, it got better and better. Apart from all else, no illicit amour was ever more comfortably quartered. Martha and Eric had the apartment to themselves, secure in privacy, while the fact that it didn't in the least resemble a love nest was a positive advantage. A pink satin bedhead and white bearskin rugs would have put Eric off; whereas in such thoroughly domesticated surroundings he could feel, as he needed to, domestic. "We might be married already!" Eric sometimes paused to exclaim. "Oh, Martha, if only you didn't have to go home!"

This was the only fly in their ointment, that they had to get up and dress again (when the alarm clock went off) and turn out again into the December night. Both of them; for Eric was by this time too fond, and already as it were too husbandly, to let Martha return to the rue de Vaugirard alone. He took her back in a taxi, which Martha, with a prudent eye to the Dubois concièrge, made stop a door or two short of her own. Yet even this taxi ride became a snug little coda to what had gone before—Martha held tight to Eric's chest against its Gallic boundings. Mrs. Taylor had been right to take alarm, that night she walked back with her son from the English druggist's bridge party: how strangely was her vision fulfilled! Though Martha was no languorous blonde glinting like a topaz, though she was swathed not in silver fox but in stout navy serge, well was Mrs. Taylor's fearful vision justified!

In fact, the brief taxi ride was a small price to pay, if any price at all, for what had preceded it: a complete and happy intimacy in Eric's bed.

It wasn't the last intimacy. Once Martha emerged from the bathroom to find him handling her portfolio, and snatched it away.

"That's not very friendly," complained Eric.

"I don't like my drawings looked at," scowled Martha.

"Don't they look at 'em in the studio?" retorted Eric reasonably.

"I let *le maître*," admitted Martha, "but that's different."

For once he was stung into a rare plainness of speech.

"Well, I must say it's a pretty bad deal if you won't let me look at your drawings when you'll let me look at you with no clothes on."

"That's different," repeated Martha, tying the strings of the portfolio in a double knot.

Actually Eric was not displeased to have a little lovers' tiff. He had read about such. But he thought he had perhaps shocked Martha, by his plainness, and was already sorry for it; and ended the matter with a tender jest.

"Sometimes I don't believe you care for me at all!" chided Eric humorously.

It was the truth. Every artist being in some degree bisexual, Martha possessed the faculty commonly supposed reserved to males of disassociating pleasure from sentiment. She'd liked originally having the run of the Taylor bathroom; her healthy young body subsequently enjoyed very much intimacy with another healthy young body—particularly between such nice clean sheets as Eric devotedly prepared each night; but for Eric himself, Martha's regard first and last remained unchanged; and it was slight. In physique he was neither handsome enough, nor emaciated enough, to interest her draftsman's eye, and his conversation bored her. Only in bed could she accept him as an equal; and after three nights running her body was so satisfied, also she was beginning to feel so sluggish in the mornings, Martha accepted Mrs. Taylor's return on the Wednesday philosophically enough.

Once again it was Eric who suffered for them both. His aspect, as he met

Martha outside the studio at lunch time to break the ill news, was almost as wretched as five days earlier. He'd had a better shave and his hair was tidy, but his eyes gazed into hers with such mournful intensity, it seemed as though he felt disappointment as keenly as he did guilt. (Mrs. Taylor had been right again; he couldn't *stand* it. . . .)

"Mother's back," he announced mournfully. "She took the night boat. So I'm terribly afraid, Martha—"

"Well, of course not," said Martha. "How's your grandfather?" —She meant it as a kindly piece of tact, but his look was ungrateful.

"Passed on," said Eric, rather shortly. "Mother came straight from the funeral. You don't seem to feel it much."

"Well, I never knew him."

"I didn't mean that," said Eric. "Martha, don't you *know* what I meant?"

"Of course I do," said Martha. "But as your mother *is* back," she added, with soothing illogic, "I can still come to your home on Friday."

And on Friday there was Martha as usual, with her nosegay, also her packet of clean underwear, just as though nothing had happened. "Did you have a nice time?" enquired Martha politely, if thoughtlessly. Mrs. Taylor, fresh from burying a parent, forgave the *gaffe* in true Christian spirit, and said how sorry she was she hadn't been able to see Martha's people, to give them firsthand news of Martha. "Though even if I'd had time to get their address, *Birmingham*," admitted Mrs. Taylor, "is a *little* far, from Harrogate!" The implied superiority of address was lost on Martha, who was in fact reflecting that it was just as well the alarm had gone off. "But you'll be seeing them soon, at Christmas," added Mrs. Taylor. "You must give your aunt my regards."

"Thank you very much," said Martha, making towards the bathroom. . . .

She passed the door into Eric's room without so much as a blush. It was Eric who blushed. Fortunately, his mother wasn't looking.

"I'm so glad you two young people saw something of each other while I was away!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, a little later. "My poor boy tells me you quite cheered him up."

"Well, of course he was worried," said Martha, "but we had some lovely truffles."

For once, and at Martha's suggestion, when Eric put her on the bus his mother came, too. The frustrated glances Eric had been shooting her all evening promised such a scene of emotion as Martha was determined to avoid.

"After you've been so worried, too," invited Martha, "wouldn't you like a breath of fresh air?"

It was clumsily put, but without any effort at all. Mrs. Taylor thought it very sweet of her.

This was in fact the last time Martha saw the Taylors before the Christmas holiday. The term ended at the studio with almost the gay party of Dolores's imaginings; but Martha didn't attend it. (Not after red wine; after a nice hot bath.) "Mother Bunch, d'you mean you aren't coming?" cried Sally. "It's only half-a-dollar!" "I don't like parties," said Martha truthfully. "Then I'll have to give you my present now," said pretty, generous Sally. It was a charming French powder-compact, which Martha in fact economically transferred, as a Christmas gift from Paris, to her appreciative aunt. Angèle's wilder offering of a pen-painted match-box cover for Mr. Joyce Martha instinctively lost at once.

"And what is *he* giving you?" asked Angèle avidly.

"Money, I hope," said Martha.

"Sly one! Not Mr. Joyce, Mr. Taylor!" cried Angèle.

"It's going to be a surprise," said Martha, just to keep her quiet. Angèle was quite satisfied; less so when Martha absolutely refused her offer to steal round very very early on Christmas morning with Martha's own surprise for Eric Taylor. Angèle would have enjoyed above all things to creep out before breakfast, heavily muffled, clutching some small precious packet to leave with the Taylor concièrge; if it were snowing, so much the better—or if the concièrge leaped to a wrong conclusion, better still. . . .

Actually such an error was impossible. However heavily muffled, Angèle could never be mistaken for Martha, with whose appearance the concièrge in the rue d'Antibes was as familiar as she was with the timetable of Martha's visits during the absence of Mrs. Taylor—including the first. Had such an escapade been repeated—(not at all *dans le genre de la maison*)—Madame Leclerc the concièrge might indeed have felt herself bound to relay information—but what could be more respectable than ten o'clock? Also Eric had had the sense to give her a whacking great tip. . . .

Angèle saw Martha onto the boat-train; without incident Martha completed the journey; and arriving back at Richmond told her aunt Dolores, and her uncle Harry and her patron Mr. Joyce all she thought necessary to tell them of her first term in Paris.

It wasn't much.

"I'm still in Life," grumbled Martha. "If Mr. Joyce says so, that's where you ought to be," affirmed Harry. Dolores's enquiries as to Paris fashions—the waist up or down, hats large or small?—met an absolute blank. "I don't believe you even look!" cried Dolores disappointedly, for she had been awaiting Martha's return to buy a chic winter outfit. Another disappointment was when she asked if Martha hadn't met any nice young men.

"No," said Martha flatly.

"I don't mean students," said Dolores.

(It was in fact a great relief to her to find that Martha hadn't attended a single orgy.) "But there must be some *nice* English people, in Paris?"

Martha, sinking the Taylors and their circle without trace, replied that if there were, she hadn't met them. "Anyway, I'm not supposed to speak anything but French," said Martha virtuously.

Her presumed ability to parlez-vous (the phrase, inevitably, Harry Gibson's) was in fact very useful. It afforded precisely the cut-and-come-again sort of joke needed to tide such a disparate household over the Christmas festival. Harry Gibson, in addition to his "Gay Paree," could say things like, "Bon soir, mam'zelle," and "Ooh-la-la!"—to which Martha could respond with a reasonable apposite "*Allez-vous-en.*" It wasn't the language of Racine, but it sufficed.

Mr. Joyce's examination of Martha, unlike her aunt's, was strictly professional. Actually Mr. Joyce had his own sources of information, from the horse's mouth, and Martha could hardly have dissatisfied him. "*Only let your young savage continue*," had scrawled that large, big-knuckled, freckled hand, "*and one day, old friend, we may see marvels!*"

"Are you prepared to continue?" asked Mr. Joyce of Martha. "In Paris?"

"Yes," said Martha unhesitatingly.

"Why?" asked Mr. Joyce.

Martha pondered. Between them, after the Gibson Christmas dinner, a couple of candles flickered out round the remains of Dolores's plum pudding. Dolores was washing up, with Harry to help—not Martha. Martha and Mr. Joyce consulted together as artist and patron should, unencumbered by domesticity.

"Art," said Martha at last—pronouncing the word with far more difficulty than she'd have pronounced the name Eric—"in Paris, isn't something silly. It's something serious."

"And how have you found *that* out?" asked Mr. Joyce. "The dealers haven't been after you?" he added anxiously.

"No," said Martha. "I haven't met any dealers. Anyway, I don't think *le maître* thinks I'm ready yet, for a show."

"Heaven forfend," said Mr. Joyce. (Now they were getting down to brass tacks: two professionals together.) "At least three more years you need, before your first show; and even then perhaps because I am an old man. If in my senility I ever say 'show' and *le maître* says not," said Mr. Joyce, "take *his* word, not mine."

He was the best friend Martha ever had. He also gave her five pounds.

Martha's aunt Dolores, by a peculiar coincidence, gave Martha a very nice powder-compact. It was an additional disappointment to her that three months in Paris had so little improved Martha's personal appearance. Whatever Martha wore still looked like a pup tent; no trace of make-up—after three months in Paris—civilized her broad, bucolic countenance. "You might just as well never have gone to Paris at all," cried Dolores despairingly, "for all the change it's made in you!"

In this she was wrong. Actually Martha herself wasn't yet entirely sure what change Paris (and life without the capital) had made in her. There were certain physical signs and warnings; like many another young woman in her situation, Martha contrived to ignore them. She definitely preferred not to remember Eric Taylor, with whom, to be frank, she now regretted all intercourse.

"Are you now capable of making the journey alone?" enquired Mr. Joyce, the day before Martha was due to return to Paris.

"Of course," said Martha.

The flat in the rue de Vaugirard seemed almost like home. Martha, dumping her suitcase in the hall, sniffed its familiar, distinctive odor of floor polish and French cooking with pleasure. Across the dinner table, the withered little visage of Madame Dubois, the long bony countenance of Angèle, were objects as pleasingly familiar as might have been a pair of china dogs on a mantelpiece.

"No doubt Mr. Joyce made many enquiries, about our little *ménage?*" suggested Madame Dubois. It was a point on which she felt some anxiety. Those evenings she'd permitted Martha to sit with Mrs. Taylor still weighed on her; her own very pretty Christmas card addressed to Martha's patron had been answered, late, by one obviously designed for colleagues in the fur trade: Madame Dubois very much hoped that nothing had been said at Richmond to reflect on her qualities as chaperone. Martha's cheerful reply that no, Mr. Joyce didn't seem to be interested, left Madame too thankful to take offense, and she spontaneously offered a second helping of *coeurs à la crême.*

Poor Angèle fared worse. "Did he appreciate my little remembrance?" asked Angèle eagerly. "I'm sorry, I lost it," said Martha, with equal cheerfulness. "It is just as well!" cried Madame Dubois. "Did I not warn you, Angèle, against being too forward?" Angèle flushed. Yet even to have attempted to be forward—and to be foiled, too, but by another's carelessness!—was an achievement to so frustrate a vestal, and she also helped to finish up the *coeurs à la crême* with unusual appetite.

Pleasurably Martha settled back into her big, bare room. Even the bathroom didn't seem so bad: certainly preferable, despite flaking enamel and inadequate water supply, to that in the rue d'Antibes and all that went with it. . . .

Martha was in fact firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with Eric Taylor whatsoever. Involvement with him took up too much energy. When she recalled how sluggish she'd been, at the studio, three mornings running, Martha (after the break at Richmond) could only marvel at, and chide herself for, her flippancy. It was with extreme distaste that she apprehended even the one further interview probably necessary, to give Eric the brush-off.

"When do you see him again?" whispered Angèle—invading Martha's room that same night.

"I hope soon," said Martha grimly.

"Has it seemed so long? Ah, but how fortunate you are!" sighed Angèle. "And he, too!" added Angèle loyally.

Martha's period of apprehension lasted not much more than twenty-four hours. As the first day of the new term ended, there stood Eric waiting for her.

He got in first. After but one glad cry of greeting—

"Martha, I've got to talk to you," said Eric.

His tones were at once tender and masterful—or so they sounded to Eric; to Martha they sounded bossy. Observing a half-empty bus nearing her stop, her first impulse was to catch it. But the opportunity to get things over was too good to miss: she stood where she was.

"Not right here," said Eric. "We'll go to our seat."

It was a bare five minutes' walk to the Tuileries; again, Martha accepted. She herself thought those very five minutes amply sufficient to make her intentions plain in; and indeed hoped to do so. But Eric, his hand under her elbow, hurried her on at too fast a pace for more than the slightest exchange, such as asking if she'd had a nice Christmas. "All right," said Martha. "Ours was pretty flat, too," said Eric, "without *you* there. . . ." "Well, I was in London," pointed out Martha. "Not Birmingham?" asked Eric, briefly surprised. "My aunt's got relations in London," countered Martha. "You never told me," said Eric. "Look, Martha, there's our seat!—and with no one on it!"

They sat; opposite the *trompe l'oeil* statue of Tragedy and Comedy.

It was slightly unfortunate that the next bench should be similarly occupied by a couple—or rather, that the woman's fashionable high-crowned hat, as the man bent towards her, formed the exact apex of a triangle that flowed down through his shoulders to a base suggested by four extraordinarily well-placed feet. Also the lines of the bench afforded the necessary parallels. . . . Martha couldn't help trying to memorize, and so missed Eric's first few sentences altogether.

"So you see what a brute I've felt," Eric (evidently) continued, "ever since I realized how you must be worrying. No wonder you made Mother come to the

bus stop with us, to punish me! But you do know—don't you, Martha? You do trust me *that* far?—that if anything . . . happens, we can get married straight away?"

Martha listened, perfectly appalled.

"I mean, without waiting for my raise," explained Eric eagerly. "Because of course as soon as I do get my raise we'll be married anyway. . . . *Has* anything happened?" asked Eric anxiously.

"No," said Martha instantly.

"Then I'm glad I haven't said anything to Mother," acknowledged Eric, "though I really believe she's almost as fond of you as I am. And you can't think what a relief it is," he added practically, "because of course she'll live with us. . . ."

It was time for Martha to gather her forces. No prospect had ever appalled her more, not even that of painting Christmas cards in Richmond, than this loyally offered prospect of honorable matrimony. But every word Eric spoke, while Martha struggled for words herself, thrust her so far deeper into furious, tongue-tied dismay, he had for the moment a clear run.

"I don't suppose you'll want to go on with art," meditated Eric, "unless for a bit of teaching, perhaps, in a nice school —and until something *does* happen!" He smiled at her warmly. "I've been thinking about that quite a lot, Martha! And now I can think about it . . . just think how happy we'll be, when the time comes. . . ."

Martha found utterance at last. The unfolding vista of domestic bliss so nauseated her, she literally choked as she spoke. But she spoke.

"And I've been thinking, too," said Martha, "and what *I've* been thinking is that we'd better not see each other ever again."

The affronted surprise on his countenance was nearly ridiculous. Only his new-found masculinity prevented its being so entirely. For what more can a male offer than honorable matrimony—the complete shouldering of all responsibility for wife and child? In incredulous but not undignified reproach—

"Martha!" exclaimed Eric. "You don't understand! I want to look after you! I want to shoulder all your burdens for you—"

"I don't want to be looked after," snarled Martha.

"You will. All women do," Eric assured her: He cast about for some, to him, rational explanation of her extraordinary behavior. "If you think because I said that about teaching I won't be able to support us—good heavens, *that's* all right, as soon as I get my raise! And even if we do have to pinch a bit, won't it be easy, together? Whatever's troubling you, Martha—"

She had to say something to stop him. She might have said that she'd been engaged from youth to an art master in Birmingham . . . or that there was insanity in her family. But Martha was by now so alarmed, and so infuriated, she told the crude, plain truth.

"I don't want to get married to anyone," said Martha, "and if I did, it wouldn't be to you. I'm sorry I ever had anything to do with you, and I don't like your mother, either."

There was a moment of that silence so intense it seems like a ringing in the ears. Eric whitened; then flushed; and as the blood rushed stinging back, for the second time found forthright speech.

"You didn't seem to mind having anything to do with me in bed!"

"No," admitted Martha honestly, "I didn't. But I don't want even that again, because it's all very well if you haven't to draw next morning, but I have."

With that she picked up her portfolio and stumped off. She cast one last glance towards the neighboring bench; but its occupants had changed position. There was nothing to detain her.

The most serious crisis of her private life thus satisfactorily dealt with, Martha settled down and worked even harder than usual.

Eric made no attempt to see her again. Wounded, frustrated, affronted, betrayed, he attempted to find consolation in being also implacable: and though Martha for a week never left the studio without reconnoitering to make sure he wasn't there, the precaution proved unnecessary. He was not, however, alone in his suffering, even though it wasn't Martha who kept him company. When Martha, to put a stop to Angèle's constant hints and hand-pressings, announced baldly that she'd turned her suitor down, Angèle burst into tears.

"I don't see what *you* have to cry about," said Martha reasonably, "when I'm not."

"You have a heart of stone!" accused Angèle, between sobs. "It is for *him* I weep!"

She was in fact weeping far more for the termination of her vicarious romance; she was like a serial reader defrauded of the next installment.

Martha herself, at this time, was so generally content, her relations with her fellow students took on an unaccustomed amenity. That is, she quite often said good morning to them. As the weeks of the new term passed, her sober, Mother Bunch-ish presence (backed by *le maître*'s obvious interest—and no one is quicker than the Paris student to scent which way the wind blows), from being acceptable became almost popular. She was still extremely surprised when Sally, the pretty American, invited her to join an Easter sketching-party at a village outside Paris.

Doubly surprised: in the first place, Martha'd seen nothing about any sketching-party on the studio notice board; and in the second, Sally rarely sought

female companionship. In that hard-working school, she was something of a phenomenon: possessed undeniable ability, but was so little serious she regularly cut Friday morning class to have her hair set; and though *le maître,* like other great men, was not above a weakness for a pretty face, would probably have been turned out—but that the enormous special fees paid by her father subsidized at least two indigent talents.

Sometimes she wore an engagement ring and sometimes she didn't. There was a darling boy back home, but she hadn't made up her mind.

"I haven't *seen* anything about a sketching-party," said Martha.

Sally drooped her long eyelashes.

"This is just a private one, honey. Consisting of just me and Nils. . . ."

Martha's surprise increased. Darling boy back home or no, Sally's flirtation with Nils was to common studio knowledge rapidly approaching a crisis.

"Then you won't want anyone," said Martha reasonably. "I can't think why you asked me."

One of Sally's many charms was frankness.

"To play chaperone," explained Sally, "I'm terribly fascinated by Nils, but you know what Swedes are, and I *am* more or less engaged. Sharing a room with another girl would ease the situation."

"I dare say," agreed Martha, "but why me?"

"Honey, because one's only got to look at you," explained Sally, "to know that any hopping into bed is strictly out. Of course I'll gladly stake you," added Sally, "and Nils will drive us in the car he's borrowed, and we'll have a fine time!"

Martha hesitated—not because she had any delicacy about accepting Sally's bounty, any more than she'd had delicacy about accepting Mr. Joyce's. Martha wouldn't have robbed a blind man, but that was about her limit of financial delicacy. What gave her pause was the setting of a village outside Paris.

"I'm sorry, but I don't like landscape," said Martha.

Sally giggled.

"Nor do Nils and I, particularly! But you'll have the kitchen stove to draw, and you'll just love it! I've been before," pressed Sally. "We stay with a funny old duck, she's got this cute little kitchen with a great big stove, and there you can sit all day long, drawing your darling stovepipes. Be a friend, Mother Bunch!"

Martha turned the matter over in her mind. As Sally so rightly observed, it wasn't an *official* sketching-party. One wouldn't be hauled out daily and set before acres of amorphous vegetation, a dedicated *paysagiste* at each elbow, babbling about light-values. . . .

Also (and that the consideration came as a secondary one was revealing), Martha was by now fairly sure that she was in what her aunt Dolores would have called an interesting condition. The last thing Martha wanted was her aunt's notice called to the point. She felt, and rightly, that her aunt Dolores's reaction would be identical with Eric Taylor's; even that Harry Gibson might at last reach Gay Paree—with a shotgun under his arm. . . .

She decided to be a friend.

"*Dear Aunt Dolores,* (wrote Martha)

I hope you won't mind my not being home for Easter, but I have the opportunity to join a very good sketching-party at a village outside Paris. It won't cost anything because an American girl whose father we think must be a millionaire has offered to pay for me to keep her company because she does not want to go without another girl.

Yours affec.,
MARTHA"

This letter, the most informative she'd ever written, was received at Richmond just as passively as she'd hoped. To Dolores it seemed to promise that Martha was making nice friends at last: Mr. Joyce (to whom its contents were naturally passed on) imagined with pleasure that she was beginning to perceive color; he was only surprised that it had come about so soon.

Martha left Paris with Nils and Sally without a single backward-glancing thought, still less a pitying one, for Eric Taylor. Yet he deserved pity; deplorable as it is to relate, he had gone straight to the dogs. He found that being implacable wasn't enough; his new-found potency demanded an outlet, and found one—Mrs. Taylor previsionary again!—in the arms of a midinette from the rue St. Honoré. He rewarded the pretty charmer with not merely a fox-fur muff but a fox-fur stole; and if he didn't run into debt with money-lenders, ran seriously into debt with his mother for his keep.

It was Mother Bunch Martha, not any topaz-blonde, who'd struck down upon, and disintegrated, him like a bombshell.

As promised, Nils drove them in his borrowed car. Besides painting gear, Sally took three suitcases; there wasn't room in the boot for even Martha's one bag. She sat on it in the back seat, jammed between Nils' one bag and painting gear and her own painting gear. However, it wasn't far, and Martha climbed out of the car at last merely stiff.

The small village of Fontenay-aux-Ormes, for all its proximity to Paris, was both agricultural and highly picturesque. To a *paysagiste,* which Martha definitely wasn't, its environs offered almost too many attractions. Wherever the eye lighted, springing fields and hanging woods composed themselves but too readily—as it were already framed. "*La peinture au beurre!*" thought Martha contemptuously; and observed with relief that the cottage they were to inhabit at least wasn't thatched.

She walked straight in and looked for the kitchen stove.

Sally's recollection was justified. Majestic beneath a cavernous chimney—simple, iron-stalwart, yet wreathed about by frivolous, Watteau-esque hot water-pipes—the Platonic ideal of a kitchen stove stared Martha back in the face. Upon its broad rectangular bosom, an enormous iron saucepan roundly challenged all supporting parallels. Martha could hardly wait to join battle; and, in fact, never paid the slightest attention to anything else in the highly picturesque village of Fontenay-aux-Ormes.

Their lodgement in the cottage of Madame Paule was simple but adequate: a large light attic, for Martha and Sally, with a double bed, and alongside a sort of cubbyhole for Nils. Martha, being staked, as she calmly recognized, to guard Sally's virginity, stumped experimentally from door to door: no more than a yard separated them, and neither had a lock. Obviously there was nothing she could do about Nils' door, but a chair back propped under the attic latch—Sally instructed to push from without—appeared a sufficient barricade.

"Honey, you certainly take your duties seriously!" giggled Sally.

"It's you who know what Swedes are," pointed out Martha grimly. She made Sally change places and pushed herself. But even under Martha's weight the door held firm.

Below, next to the kitchen where the stove was, a tiny parlor was made over altogether to Madame Paule's guests, for them to eat their meals in, also to sit in when they wanted to be indoors. It contained an upright piano, a round rosewood table, six black-horsehair-seated chairs, but no sofa. About the walls hung, as upon the piano stood, various enlarged photographs of Madame Paule's relations, with in pride of place Madame Paule's diploma certifying her a registered *sage-femme,* or midwife. In all, as Sally and Nils agreed, it was hardly a rumpus room, but they both seemed to find something very amusing indeed about the diploma. So did Martha find something amusing, when Sally translated it for her. Martha's sense of humor was extremely crude, she thought nothing funnier than to make Angèle jib like a startled horse in the Luxembourg—unless it was to lure an undraped model to sit on a cane chair; but in this case her amusement was subtler—Madame Paule the certified midwife being obviously no more observant of her own, Martha's, interesting condition than was Sally. ("My, but you're getting stout!" observed Sally, the first night they undressed together. "I've always been stout," said Martha.

"I don't mind." "Aren't you lucky!" said Sally idly. "*I* have to diet. . . .") Of the two young females beneath her roof, it was slender Sally, not portly Martha, upon whom Madame Paule directed a watchful eye, suspicious of scandal. Madame Paule was outspokenly glad that Sally had brought with her such a serious friend, and let Martha have the run of the kitchen.

Another reason why Madame Paule approved of Martha was the latter's taciturnity. Madame Paule had housed so many Anglo-Saxon students before, she was herself almost bilingual, and greatly objected to their practicing French on her—as something they hadn't paid for. In this respect, Martha was an example of honesty.

As the days passed, however, it wasn't Madame Paule Sally scandalized, but Martha.

Each morning forth set Sally and Nils (Sally each morning in a fresh dirndl-type blouse and fresh dirndl skirt), with their easels and their canvases and their paint boxes, into the sunny, springing fields; and each evening returned with no more to show than such casual blockings-in, such casual smears of color as would have disgraced a couple of amateurs. Martha, herself having toiled all day to co-ordinate essential saucepan with essential stove, sat down to supper opposite the delinquents, emanating disapproval—not because of what they might have been doing, but because of what they obviously hadn't.

"Nils is just wasting his time," pointed out Martha censoriously—she and Sally undressing for bed.

"*He* doesn't think so!" smiled Sally. "Nils thinks he's on the make—poor lamb!"

Martha enveloped herself in a large white cotton nightgown; Sally wriggled out of peach-colored silk into black.

"Then you're just playing up to him," said Martha.

"And why not?" countered Sally. "Isn't he here at his own risks and perils? Haven't you ever heard of the sex game, Mother Bunch?"

"No," said Martha.

"Well, I dare say not," agreed Sally, "but it's quite an enjoyable game, if you know the rules!"

The bed springs creaked under Martha's weight. (There was already a noticeable depression on her side of the mattress.)

"I don't think Nils is enjoying it," persisted Martha. "And anyway he ought to be working."

"Goodness, can't a person take a vacation?" cried Sally—in a slighter, an almost musical, twang.

"Not if they're serious," said Martha stubbornly. "If you're serious, you've got to work all the time," said Martha, "and Nils *is* serious, so you shouldn't mix him up. With sex."

"Tell that to Nils!" exclaimed Sally indignantly. "It's he who's mixing *me* up—with sex!"

"Only you aren't serious," said Martha. "So you don't matter."

It was the last effort she made. She wasn't foolishly altruistic; also Sally was staking her. After this single attempt to rouse the latter's artistic conscience, Martha gave up.

It never occurred to her that the sex game was precisely what she herself had been playing with Eric Taylor. In any case, he didn't matter, either.

Daily Sally and Nils set out with their easels and their canvases and their paint boxes. Martha scarcely quitted the house at all. However brightly shone the spring sun, however softly blew the spring breezes, Martha camped in the kitchen, drawing the kitchen stove. She didn't attempt to paint it. She was taking a sort of vacation herself.

Nils gave up, too—though not without a struggle. There was no light on the upper landing: nightly, after how many half-promises, on Sally's part, in the springing fields (her dirndl-type blouses slipping ever lower and lower down her pretty shoulders), Nils' door stood ajar ready for her to mistake it for her own and innocently, with face-saving innocence, blunder in. But Sally could see in the dark, and ever homed accurately to the double bed she shared with Martha. Once in desperation he tried the attic door; but the chair back under its latch held firm. . . .

"Poor Nils!" giggled Sally, sitting up in a seductive froth of black silk frills. "Don't you think we ought just to see if he's sick or something?"

"No," said Martha firmly—sitting up too, in her white cotton pup tent. "If he wants an Alka-Seltzer it's on the mantelpiece. . . . If you want the Alka-Seltzer," called Martha loudly, "it's on the mantelpiece downstairs."

Nils mumblingly withdrew. Madame Paule in fact caught up with him on the landing. "Is one suffering?" enquired Madame Paule rather nastily. "Or does one merely walk in one's sleep?" Loyal even to a *paysagiste*, Martha shouted that monsieur Nils merely sought the Alka-Seltzer for his disarranged stomach. "I will give him something better than that!" cried Madame Paule, at once reassured and interested. "Descend, descend, monsieur Nils!"

Evidently Nils descended.

"D'you suppose she's holding his nose?" whispered Sally.

"I hope so," said Martha grimly, "and I hope it keeps him quiet." If there was one thing she needed, it was her sleep.

Nils appeared peculiarly pale next morning. He looked purged. Whether his nose had been held or not, he recognized Martha and Madame Paule as too much for him—and gave up.

Thus Sally was deposited back in Paris, her virginity still intact, her finger still apt, if she chose to wear one, for an engagement ring. Nils looked like a rag. (Martha's eye rested on him contemptuously. Though it was undoubtedly her own presence that had so reduced him, all Martha felt for Nils was contempt. He should have been more serious.)

She herself brought back one drawing that almost satisfied her. It was in fact masterly, and some years later to fetch a surprising price. But the most important thing she brought back, from that Easter excursion, was the reassurance that she'd done rightly in jettisoning Eric Taylor. Upon sex triumphant and entrenched in domesticity, she knew she must forever turn her back.

"Mother Bunch," cajoled Sally, as Nils halted the car in the rue de Vaugirard, "tell me you're glad you came."

"Yes, I am," said Martha, "and thank you very much."

It never occurred to her that Sally's father was so rich he could have subsidized a show in New York for his daughter's friend. Certain obvious short cuts to fame never were to occur to Martha. She just showed the one drawing that almost satisfied her to *le maître*, and when he looked at it in silence—digging his large, big-knuckled, freckled hand ever more and more heavily into her scruff—merely felt that at least she hadn't been wasting her time.

Though her time, in another and older sense, was obviously approaching, Martha re-entered the studio for the summer term rather high-stomached. Again, how apposite the old phrase!

Healthy as a milkmaid, untroubled by guilt, Martha carried her child with offhand ease. Her smocks disguised her increasing girth, and a slight pudginess of feature marred no beauty where none had been: as for the old dictum of eating enough for two, Martha always had. Madame Dubois noticed no change in her, nor Angèle; to her fellow students, wasn't she already Mother Bunch? Both physically and socially Martha was in fact so fortunately circumstanced, she could and did give all her mind to the new term's work.

Her palette was still drab, but she employed a slightly fuller brush. "*Continuez!*" said *le maître*.

After the day a new life quickened within her body, however; even Martha had to pause and consider her immediate nonprofessional prospects.

Working the dates out as nearly as she could, she thought it would be about the end of August.

Which again was fortunate: not in midterm. On the other hand, if she gave birth at Richmond there was the shotgun angle, while if she gave birth in the rue de Vaugirard Angèle would undoubtedly make a nuisance of herself and possibly

want to be godmother. Martha for once directed all her attention to a purely, physically personal problem; and in the end wrote a second longish letter home.

"*Dear Aunt Dolores*," wrote Martha, "*I have the opportunity to spend the summer holiday with that very good sketching-party at that village I told you about. It is such a very good opportunity, I feel I ought not to miss it. If you tell Mr. Joyce, I'm sure he will agree. The cost this time will be about sixty pounds, but saving my keep at home, also the fare. Of course I shall be very sorry not to see you at all, but it really is a very good opportunity.*

Yours affec.,

MARTHA"

Martha read it through and thought again—now looking even further into the future; and after a full half-hour's consideration added the postscript that was to bring her kind aunt Dolores so much joy.

"*P.S.*," scrawled Martha, "*after that I am coming home for good, because*—"

Here she stopped to consider afresh—though this time for no longer than it took the ink to dry.

"*—because I am missing you so much*," finished Martha, "*I don't want another year in Paris.*"

"Darling, read this!" cried Dolores, over the Richmond breakfast-table. "It's from Martha! And—oh, Harry!—she's coming home!"

Harry Gibson, in the act of cracking an egg, paused. "She always was coming home," he pointed out.

"For the summer—but now she means *for good*!" cried Dolores joyfully. "For the summer she wants to join that sketching-party again; she means afterwards. Instead of spending another year in Paris! Isn't it wonderful?"

Now in the act of buttering a roll, Harry paused again; his brow rather darkened. If Dolores was the most important person in his life, so that anything that made her happy made him happy, too, Mr. Joyce was the second most important; and what would Mr. Joyce say to this casual sabotaging of his two-year plan? Friendship apart, Mr. Joyce was the Gibsons' economic mainstay; Harry had every reason not to risk biting, even vicariously, the hand that fed him. . . .

"Harry! Don't you *want* Martha back?" cried Dolores reproachfully.

"Of course I want her back. I'm very fond of Martha," said Harry loyally. "But old Joyce meant her to stay a couple of years, and I don't know how he'll like it."

"You know as well as I do she can twist him round her finger. *We* just don't have to interfere!" countered Dolores.

The rider was unnecessary: in any direct encounter between Martha and her patron, Harry would as soon have thought of interfering as he'd have thought of interfering between the horns of locked buffaloes; also his money would be on Martha.

"She'll make it all right with Mr. Joyce, I'm sure she will!" promised Dolores confidently. "Oh, Harry, do be pleased!"

"If you're pleased, that's enough for me," said loyal Harry.

Upon Mr. Joyce the retailed gladsome news acted more positively. Mr. Joyce nipped over to Paris within the next twenty-four hours.

His appearance in the rue de Vaugirard, where he arrived unheralded just in time to take Martha out to dinner, considerably fluttered both Madame Dubois and Angèle and slightly dismayed even Martha. Unlike her hostesses—Madame apprehensive of being charged with inefficacy as a duenna, Angèle more insanely fearful of a rebuke for having attempted to send him a match-box cover—Martha guessed accurately why Mr. Joyce had come; and recognizing in him the only person with a right to question her, while washing her hands attempted to think of a few suitable answers.

They gained the restaurant of his choice, on foot, in complete silence. Martha had never learned the art of making small talk, and Mr. Joyce was too rich to need to. Not until they were settled at the table—(the attentions of head- and wine-waiter briefly acknowledged; the menu swiftly and expertly chosen)—did Martha's patron open fire.

"Now please tell me what is all this," ordered Mr. Joyce, "about wishing to leave the studio. For I may say at once that your tale of missing a kind auntie the old man does not for a moment believe."

Martha pushed about the six snail shells on her plate. The hand-washing interval hadn't been long enough; she was never quick-witted.

"Didn't aunt Dolores believe it?" she asked cautiously.

"Naturally she did. Your aunt Dolores is a very simple and affectionate woman. But I am not simple at all," stated Mr. Joyce, "also I have put money into you; and therefore I repeat the question."

To gain time, Martha extracted the largest snail and chewed. It tasted like India rubber. Unlike many other persons who remarked on this, Martha actually had, frequently, chewed India rubber.

"I don't see why I shouldn't miss an aunt like anyone else," she harked back sulkily.

"Only you are not like anyone else. You are an artist," said Mr. Joyce. "If you tell me that you have been crying into your pillow, again I shall not believe. Continue."

"That's what *le maître* says," offered Martha—as it were seizing a red herring by the tail. "It means that he's pleased with me."

"All the more reason why you should go on with him," countered Mr. Joyce.

"Only he's no good for *paysage*—and I never told you," plunged Martha, and it was the measure of her desperation, "but now I want to paint landscape. . . ."

Mr. Joyce sat back and looked at Martha's plateful of snail shells. The restaurant of his choice, besides being famous for its food, was exquisitely sited. The view from the window by which they sat included the Ile St. Louis breasting the Seine like a galleon in full sail.

"Since when?" enquired Mr. Joyce.

"Well, since that sketching-party I went on," said Martha.

"From which you hrought back a drawing of a kitchen stove," recalled Mr. Joyce. "I admit it was a good drawing—"

"How did you see it?" asked Martha, surprised.

"It was sent me," said Mr. Joyce repressively, "and what a disappointment! No light, no color, nothing the old man had hoped for, from your famous sketching-party! . . . Nice, ain't they?" pounced Mr. Joyce, his eye on Martha's plate.

"Yes," said Martha eagerly. "Can I have them?"

"You can," said Mr. Joyce, "but still the less am I fooled. Here we sit where if you looked through the window you would see Nôtre Dame and the Ile St. Louis, also a remarkable evening light: you prefer to observe snail shells. All right, very well, I have nothing against snail shells! Only do not tell me in the same breath that you now wish to paint landscape, because the old man is not such a fool as he may look."

Martha sighed. She had always recognized in her patron an intelligence able to meet, encourage, or as now to combat, her own.

"Actually I don't *particularly* want to paint landscape," reneged Martha—

"Aha!" said Mr. Joyce. "Now perhaps we are getting somewhere! *Le maître* is pleased with you, you do not wish to paint landscape, still you wish to return to England," checked Mr. Joyce. He paused, baffled as Harry Gibson had been; but unlike Harry Gibson tracked his uneasiness to its source. It had always been his greatest fear that Martha might hobble her career by an early marriage; especially with Martha sitting opposite him, nothing less serious now entered his mind—her portly and consequential aspect put the frivolity of a mere *passade* too thoroughly out of court. . . .

"Are you going to tell me there is some young man?" demanded Mr. Joyce.

In the moment before she answered, he found himself absolutely holding his breath. Martha had flushed scarlet—or, more accurately, beet root color; and while Mr. Joyce had more than once

seen her so flushed before—either with rage (her aunt Dolores blocking Martha's view of the kitchen stove) or from the effort of three hours' drawing without a break or merely (as when he'd bullied her into going to Paris in the first place) under the lash of sarcasm—Mr. Joyce recognized it as possible that Martha might now in fact be blushing. Her negative ferocious growl so relieved him, he knocked back a glass of excellent Montrachet without tasting it.

"No," growled Martha, with convincing fury; and, while he was still taking a breather, at last discovered a sufficient argument that in its way contained a truth.

"I'm tired of being taught," stated Martha. "At home, there won't be anyone to teach me."

Again Mr. Joyce sat back. The arrogance if anything rather pleased him.

"That at last I understand," said Mr. Joyce, "too much of being taught. Maybe you have been pressed too hard; maybe you know best. Who am I," asked Mr. Joyce, with a genuine, rare humility Martha was still too callow to appreciate, "to say yes or no to you? But why not have told the old man outright?"

"I didn't want to seem ungrateful," said Martha virtuously, "when you've been paying for me in Paris."

The meal ended in great cordiality. Mr. Joyce didn't let Martha drink too much (which in her condition was just as well), but fed her to happy repletion (which was just what her condition required), also procured for her from the headwaiter a bag of snail shells to take home. "Now we shall see nothing but drawings of snail shells," complained Mr. Joyce, "but at least a change from the kitchen stove! Also remember I am to have the pick."

More importantly, before they parted in the rue de Vaugirard, he handed Martha a fat Manila envelope.

"There is what you asked for, and a little over," said Mr. Joyce, "to stay a few months longer in France—without being taught. For that I see perfectly to be your idea," added Mr. Joyce, secure in his own wisdom, "in joining this so-called very good sketching-party. If you run short, write to me direct: no need to bother the kind auntie!"

"I won't," promised Martha, "and thank you very much."

Cash in hand, Martha immediately, with Sally's help, wrote a letter to Madame Paule at Fontenay-aux-Ormes enquiring whether she might book Madame Paule's attic for the entire summer vacation. To so serious a lodger the latter responded almost cordially—though naturally pointing out that a double room occupied by only one person remained still, economically speaking, double. Martha thumbed through Mr. Joyce's envelope, and again with Sally's help booked herself in. "I suppose she'll understand what 'okay' means?" pondered Martha, disentangling the one familiar word. "She understands it spoken," reassured Sally. "Anyway, it's international." And indeed so it seemed to be, judging by Madame Paule's second, and even more cordial communication. . . .

As the term ended, Martha won a prize. It was for the best drawing of the year; a small gold, or more probably silver-gilt medallion—and rather chucked at her than awarded to her by *le maître*, who had in fact instituted it for the encouragement of such well-heeled students as Sally. In this case, however, it wasn't only *le maître*'s artistic integrity that proved a stumbling block: *le maître*, if Martha didn't, knew that if he'd awarded it to anyone but Mother Bunch, his students would have howled him down.

It was to be several years before Martha realized what impact she had made on her contemporaries. When she did, she exploited it mercilessly: bullying them into cooking for her, washing her brushes for her, painting frames and transporting canvases for her. Throughout all her later life, Martha never did a hand's turn for herself—off the easel.

Just at the moment, she merely got Nils to turn in her medal at the nearest pawn shop. It didn't fetch much, being but silver-gilt after all; but every little helped, and Martha particularly didn't want to have to write home again.

Term ended: variously the students dispersed. Sally flew back to New York (whither even Nils doubted if he could hitchhike).

Martha would have liked to remain in Paris, too. It was in her conversation with Mr. Joyce at Christmas in Richmond, not in her conversation with him at the restaurant, that she'd spoken the fundamental truth. She wanted to continue in Paris. Only the threat to her whole professional career, of being railroaded into marriage and domesticity, could have made her relinquish a second year.

"Carry every good wish, on my part, to Mr. Joyce!" cried Madame Dubois. "If I mention whom especially," added Madame Dubois, as it were hedging her bets, "that does not mean, I assure you, that one appreciates the less the confidence placed in one by those even nearer in affection! Assure your kind aunt that you are regarded as absolutely a child of the house!"

Martha readily promised to do so. The assumption that she was returning to a family bosom hadn't actually been promoted by her—it was unnecessary.

"Dear little friend!" exclaimed Madame Dubois. "One recognized from the first moment, did one not, a sympathy? Why, see our Angèle almost in tears at the thought of parting with you for even so brief a while!"

Angèle was indeed sniffling. Who could

blame her? She needed to work up whatever emotion she could. Defrauded of her first exciting role of confidante, then of her role as conciliatrix—having wept for Eric Taylor to the point of boredom—the role of friend bereft (even if only temporarily) was one to be seized upon. "Who knows," sobbed Angèle, "whether we shall ever meet again?"

Thus Martha was able to set out to take a presumed boat-train unhampered, and successfully achieved the simple journey to Fontenay-aux-Ormes. A taxi bore her to the station designated by Sally (actually thc familiar Gare du Nord); comprehending that she had a two-hour wait for her train, Martha sat stolidly on a bench, memorizing an interesting pattern of railway lines and munching a long ham roll. It was rather like sitting on the bench in the Tuileries: with instead of the *trompe l'oeil* statue of Tragedy and Comedy, an advertisement for Dubonnet occasionally to rest and amuse her eye. . . .

The parallel was even closer. After Martha had been sitting there about an hour, an obvious compatriot (actually in the dress of a Rover Scout) heaved his pack onto the seat beside her and beyond it sat down himself.

"I say," he offered hopefully, "aren't you English?"

For the first time in her life, Martha voluntarily spoke French. She was probably doing the whole scouting movement an injustice, but she had learned her lesson.

"*Non*," said Martha firmly.

Her train at last coming in, she piled herself on hag and baggage, and in due course was deposited at the highly picturesque village of Fontenay-aux-Ormes.

This time, Madame Paule was not deceived. After but one shrewd look—

"So this is why you return!" exclaimed Madame Paule indignantly. "And to think one never suspected!"

"I'm stout by nature," explained Martha—always respectful of professional pride.

"You must be very near your time!" exclaimed Madame Paule. "No, no, mademoiselle! You must return to Paris and your friends there, at once!"

Martha didn't answer that she had no friends, but wisely rejecting any appeal to sentiment opened Mr. Joyce's envelope and upon the round rosewood table laid out four ten-pound notes.

"Of course I'll pay my *pension* in advance," said Martha.

Madame Paule did a sum from pounds into francs.

"And for any extra services," added Martha, laying down a fifth note beside the first four.

"I would not be a party to anything illegal," said Madame Paule. "That is, beyond failing to register the birth. . . . Also mademoiselle must take the child away with her immediately. In these days, one is on one's feet within a week!"

Martha was glad to hear it; and enjoying the first feeling of any consequence due to her condition, allowed Madame Paule to carry up her bag into the attic she'd once shared with Sally.

She still felt it prudent to obtrude herself as little as possible upon Madame Paule's notice. She didn't draw in the kitchen. In any case, she was no longer particularly interested in the stove. Martha carried her parcel of snail shells into the parlor and there set them out on a dish in a variety of fascinating patterns.

Halfway through the second morning, Martha went back for her paints. She also noticed, in the kitchen, the strong ultramarine blue of a jug on a red-checked cloth. At lunch time, the snail shells, which she was usually careful to leave in a place of safety, still strewed the grass; it was Martha herself, returning, who unobservantly trampled them back into organic detritus.

She was at last perceiving color. Color, not shape, was now to be Martha's obsession for the next five years.

Any obsession, by definition, fills the mind to the exclusion of all else; in Martha, it also ran her temperature up. "*Exaltée!*" thought Madame Paule uneasily; she preferred her cases to be cheerful but calm. Martha was of course a rather special case, and certainly Madame Paule preferred exaltation to constant weeping—such as she had had to contend with in certain other special cases. It still seemed to her that Martha, in her exaltation, was too materially care-free altogether. . . .

"Where, for example, is the layette?" demanded Madame Paule.

Martha looked blank; or rather (they were in the kitchen) at the blue jug. With so peculiarly strong a blue, the equally strong reds of the cloth were almost in combat. . . .

"The clothing, the first necessities, for the infant!" cried Madame Paule impatiently. "Is it possible that mademoiselle has made no preparations at all?"

Martha hadn't. Nor had she any mind to do so now. Her new obsession so exhausted her, except when directly before her easel Martha sank into a complete and not disagreeable lethargy—drowsed even over luncheon, before her nap and as soon as the light went was ready for bed. Professionally, Madame Paule approved; Madame Paule was not of the school that prescribed regular pedestrian exercise. Also she had fortunately disposable both a layette and a carry-cot (sad legacy from a miscarriage) which, naturally for a further consideration, she was prepared to dispose of to Martha.

"Thank you very much," said Martha.

It was for her late, almost nine o'clock in the evening, when this particular exchange took place; but she managed to keep awake long enough to make her intentions generally clear.

"I'm not going to feed it," stated Martha definitely.

"But certainly you will be able to feed it!" exclaimed Madame Paule.

"I'm sorry, but it'll just have to make do with a cow," said Martha.

Madame Paule refrained from pressing the point. She was in fact only too relieved to perceive that Martha had evidently some sort of future plan. The thought of Martha, with her infant, simply *staying on* was one that had troubled Madame Paule for some time.

"Naturally one can prepare a formula," acknowledged Madame Paule.

"Thank you very much," repeated Martha drowsily. "Will you write it down?"

She was painting three hours before she gave birth. Some instinct, that stifling day towards the end of August, kept her even from the orchard. In any case, the problem of integrating a bright blue jug with a red-checked cloth still challenged her; Martha settled down in the empty kitchen without any sense of wasting time. She was shaken by the first pang while squeezing out a new blob of ultramarine; filled her hrush and painted half-a-dozen strokes more before a second, more violent wrenching unmistakably presaged an interruption. Madame Paule had gone out marketing. Stolidly, alone, Martha climhed the stairs to the attic and lay down on her bed. The heat, in the attic, stifled; stolid, alone, Martha rose again, undressed, and put on a clean nightgown. Then as soon as she heard Madame Paule return—

"Put my brushes in to soak," called Martha clearly, "and then come up. . . ."

It was ultramarine blue, and rather painful; then black, and agonizing. Deep, deep into the blue-black sank all of Martha's consciousness, even as her body —strong and healthy as a milkmaid's—struggled to eject one denizen more into a world of blue jugs and freckled mirabelles. Martha's strong body made the final effort; felt experienced hands take charge; and as the black and ultramarine washed back to mild turquoise, deeply, peacefully, slept.

Madame Paule had been right. A week later, Martha was on her feet again; and a fortnight later on the train back to Paris.

Admittedly Madame Paule was anxious to be rid of her. She would still have accommodated Martha and the child longer, had either needed her care; but both mother and son were so obviously, equally robust, it was with a clear professional conscience that Madame Paule accompanied them to the station.

She still felt almost a liking for Martha. Few young persons so situated, in

Madame Paule's experience, behaved so unhysterically; also Martha had never attempted to practice French on her. Besides the formula for the infant, Madame Paule provided for Martha's own consumption a pot of mirabelle jam.

All the way back to Paris, in the slow, stopping-at-every-station train, fellow passengers in the third class admired Martha's infant very much. Even a fortnight had sufficed to uncrumple him; though still no more than a squirming atomy, he squirmed with uncommon vigor. "A boy?—but how evidently a boy!" clucked Martha's neighbor to the right.

Actually a stout *bourgeoise*, fat as her purse, observing Martha's ringless hand, changed seats to sit on Martha's left; and bent such a nakedly desirous look upon the carry-cot, and then into Martha's face, as to leave her honest intentions in no doubt.

"One would never," murmured the stout *bourgeoise*, "abandon such a little one to an orphanage? I beg you not to take offense . . . madame, but it so happens that my husband and I have never been blessed with any child. . . ."

Martha could have disposed of her baby there and then—and possibly to its advantage. But the young male kicking in the carry-cot was British on both sides, and Martha, unexpectedly, had a conscience on the point. Also she had her plans for its future already.

"Thank you very much," said Martha. "But he's going to his grandmother."

It must be admitted that Martha contemplated this parting with her first-born with a complete lack of any conventional maternal distress. Even during the first few days while she lay passive with no other object of regard than the embryo male uncrumpling at her side, she had felt no sentimental enthusiasm for it.

Except on one point. Unsentimentally contemplating her first-born, Martha observed with incredulity, then with surprise and pleasure, an unmistakable, an almost ridiculous likeness to Eric Taylor. It saved her writing quite a long letter.

Arrived back at the Gare du Nord, Martha deposited all her baggage save the carry-cot at the *consigne*—several fellow passengers assisting—and took to the rue d'Antibes.

Conventionally, it should have been snowing. Conventionally, snowflakes should have shrouded Martha and her babe in a soft white veil. (Poor Angèle! It actually had been snowing, at Christmas. To have borne some secret gift from Martha to Eric Taylor, *through snow*, would have been a precious memory to Angèle forever.) But in the exhausted air of a Paris September, Martha rather sweated than shivered as she pinned a prepared envelope to the carry-cot's upper blanket.

It was addressed to Mrs. Taylor, and contained the formula supplied by Madame Paule—nothing more. Martha was leaving all explanations to Eric. Hadn't he wanted to shoulder her burdens for her? In any case, there was that astonishing likeness to speak for itself. . . .

"Wait!" said Martha to the driver.

She hauled the carry-cot out and cautiously approached the lodge. It was now between noon and one o'clock, the hour at which most concièrges, engaged in either preparing or consuming a serious meal, are least alert. No head thrust out from the *guichet* as Martha deposited her burden outside the lodge door. For a moment Martha considered pulling the cord. Had it been snowing, she probably would have; but no infant could possibly perish from exposure, under two blankets and a layette, at a temperature approaching eighty; also the indicator alongside Mrs. Taylor's card stood at IN. Sensibly Martha took no chances, but walked out to the taxi and directed it to return her to the Gare du Nord.

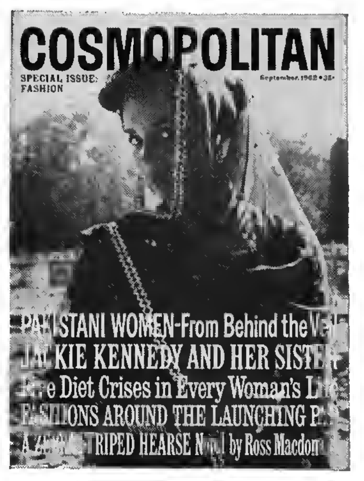
Checking the whole exercise point by point as the boat-train bore her on her first stage back to England, Martha found nothing to correct, regret or apprehend. It seemed to her that she'd done her duty by her child in no uncommon way: its future in the hands of such a grandmother as Mrs. Taylor was bound to be both well-nourished and respectable. Any search after herself to be made an honest woman of was doomed to frustration because they'd be searching after her in Birmingham. As for Eric Taylor, he had so little ever really mattered to Martha, the thought of never seeing him again, after all the trouble he'd given her, was a positive pleasure.

In the jostle on the quay at Calais, Martha stumped so closely behind her porter, for fear of losing him, her nose almost pressed against his blouse. The blue of it wasn't the strong ultramarine of Madame Paule's jug; by comparison scarcely blue at all; rather slate-colored (if the slates were wet) or steely; yet blue remained the basis. Martha was halfway across the channel before she discovered the exact tint: the blue of the poppy-seeds on top of a long French loaf.

THE END

Special Issue in September, on the Newsstands August 28

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BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

In his dreams there was light and color, remembered faces and old accusations, and in his dreams his voice seemed to go on and on, explaining, justifying himself to skeptics.

But he would come out of the dreams, out of a remembered litheness, back into a body ninety-two years old, to the hush of a house of illness. He knew that his impatience was irrational. The body had always healed itself in time. Sickness had always been temporary. But this business of dying seemed to involve so much waiting.

He reached his right hand down to the frame of the bed and found the button which began the soft humming, the slow raising of the head of the bed. He was glad he had ordered them to move him into the small library off the living room of the old house. The master bedroom had been too traditional a room to die in. In May he had decided to be moved into the library, had them take the old desk out, place the bed where he could see, when sufficiently elevated, the red maples and a part of the neglected garden and a segment of iron fence and stone wall.

Paula Lettinger came in, almost without sound. She went to the foot of the bed and looked at him with a mocking severity.

"You have a bell, you know," she said.

"Young woman, when I need your attentions, I shall be happy to summon you."

She came to him, touched his pulse, touched his forehead, shifted the pillows slightly. She was a dark-haired woman in her late twenties, with heavy black brows, a long firm body, high youthful breasts. Her skin had an ivory clarity, and her face had flat planes, prominent cheekbones under the deeply set eyes. He knew that the look of her was a remote heritage, remembering that her paternal grandmother had Onondaga Indian blood, had been a rebellious girl, a victim of gossip, had married the Lettinger who had failed in the livery stable business, had born him three sons, had died of influenza in 1918, along with Lettinger and one of the boys.

She wore slacks and a short-sleeved yellow blouse. He had insisted she give up the white garments of her trade, sensing that in so doing she would relinquish also some of that professional impersonal bustling of the trained nurse.

He saw the new touch of color on her nose and cheeks and across her forehead. "Was it pleasant in the sun?"

She was startled for a moment. "You're a sly old one. Yes it was. I sat at that old cement table and wrote letters. In shorts and a halter, if you need all the details. And the Ormand boy climbed a tree and stared over the fence at me."

"His taste is admirable and his manners are foul. Did you write a letter to your husband?"

She had moved to the foot of the bed. "I wish you wouldn't call him my husband. The marriage was annulled."

"All right. The man who was once your husband."

She sighed. "I wrote him. My God, how you bully me!"

"How do you feel about it, now that you've written?"

"A sense of relief, I guess. But I'd hate to admit you might be right."

"Everybody must be given a chance, and another, and another, as many as the heart can endure, Paula."

"Jud doesn't deserve to be given another chance."

"Who are you to judge? Five years in prison can change a man. If he wants to

"You will leave on Thursday," he said. "Your ex-husband, if he comes here directly from Dannemora, will arrive a week from Thursday. So you have ample time."



see you when he gets out next week, he should have the right to know where you are, the right to come and explain or apologize—the right to know there is somebody in the world who has a little less than absolute hate for him. The thing I most bitterly regret in my life is my righteousness, my dear."

She sighed and shrugged. "If he comes here, I'll talk to him. It won't change anything. But I guess he should have that chance anyway. At least now you'll stop hounding me. Jane has made some divine chicken broth."

"Not right now."

"It will have to be right now. A man has come to see you. If you don't have the broth, then he'll have to wait until tomorrow."

"Probably some pest."

"Oh, I know he's a pest. And he's cost you a great deal of money in the past year. Chasing wild geese."

"Fergasson!"

"The broth is delicious."

"But my dear girl, if he comes here rather than sending written reports, it means he has something impor—"

"A very delicate flavor."

"It is wicked and unprofessional for you to agitate a sick old man."

"As soon as you start on the broth, I'll phone him."

"It astounds me that you should call me a bully, Miss Lettinger. Bring the broth. Please do."

After she came back to his bedside, after phoning Fergasson at the Bolton Inn, she told him Fergasson would be out at four o'clock. He sipped the broth slowly. It seemed to have no taste, only heat and wetness. He told Paula about a little blue sloop and the faraway summer of his childhood.

"And I remember a dog I had forgotten," he said. "Bismarck. His namesake was alive then, settling affairs with blood and iron. The dog looked savage. He had a basso bark, but blue jays used to chase him and he would hide underneath the stable."

"Back to the beginnings," she said in a gentle voice. She sat on the deep window seat, outlined against the sunshine. "That's what I was trying to do, coming back here."

"I thank God you did, my dear. I can hear them when you go into the village, all their sour little mouths flapping. See her? That's Paula Lettinger. Came back here and got a job nursing old Tom Brower, and him dying of every disease known to man and taking his sweet time about it, her shut up in that gloomy old pile of rock Tom's daddy built out of the money that come from overcharging the Union Army for uniforms. Just old Tom there and old Jane Weese been housekeeping for him for over thirty years, and feeble old Davie Wintergreen, lives out in the back and does the yard work. Hear tell she's got a husband locked up in jail due out soon."

"Don't, Tom. Please don't."

"Paula, my dear, the vulgar and ignorant of this area have spent an appreciable percentage of their empty lives discussing the intimate affairs of the Brower family, and God knows we've given them enough material over the years. And this . . . final mission of mine, which certainly they have heard about and distorted to suit their temper, must be giving them a splendid finale."

They heard the door chime. She got up quickly and went through to the front hallway and let Adam Fergasson in. He was a slender and muted little man, with a smile of servility contradicted by such a flavor of self-importance that he seemed the image of the clerical public servant the world over.

But when young Randolph Ward, Tom Brower's attorney, had been directed to contact the best investigation firm in the country and ask them to assign their best man to Brower's mission, Adam Fergasson had appeared to be interviewed.

The mission could be simply stated, though the clues were vague: Find my two grandsons. Find them before I die.

Fergasson had nodded, made notes, asked only the most pertinent of questions and had gone away.

Now he came into the library in his dark suit, murmuring his hope that Mr. Brower was having a good day, taking a straight chair at Brower's right, looking pointedly at Paula Lettinger.

"Miss Lettinger will stay with us, Mr. Fergasson," the old man said.

"Very well," Fergasson said. He took a dark notebook from an inside pocket. A little gleam of pride was evident as he said, "I have located Sidney Shanley. He is going by the name of Sid Wells. He is working as a used car salesman in Houston, Texas. He does not stay in one place very long."

"Are you absolutely certain?"

"I am positive, Mr. Brower. But . . . approaching him presents some special problems."

"In what way?"

"The change of name is part of a significant pattern. He's very wary. If he suspects any stranger of having a special interest in him, I am afraid he might move on—and be difficult to find again."

"Do you mean that he's wanted by the police?"

"He was, for a time. But the charge was withdrawn."

"Aren't you being rather evasive, Mr. Fergasson?"

Fergasson glanced toward the window seat where Paula was. "It's a rather unpleasant story."

"Miss Lettinger is aware of the infinite capacity of mankind to create unpleasantness. Please continue, Mr. Fergasson."

As Paula listened to the dry tone of Fergasson's voice, she found it increasingly difficult to believe the lurid story he told. Tom's younger grandson had owned 20 per cent of an automobile dealership in Jacksonville, Florida. Seven years ago, when he was twenty-eight, he had married a Thelma Carr who had come to Florida to obtain a divorce. After over three years of childless marriage, Sidney Shanley had caught his wife in a Jacksonville Beach motel with a man named Jerry Wain. Shanley had beaten the man severely and had been charged with assault. When Wain had recovered consciousness in the hospital, he had refused to press charges. The beating had so damaged the nerves in the left side of Wain's face, it had turned him from an exceptionally handsome man to a rather ugly and sinister looking fellow. The day before Wain's release from the hospital, a young mechanic was maimed for life when he got into Shanley's car to move it, and an explosive charge wired to the ignition went off. Shanley sold his interest in the agency, turned over the net amount, less one thousand dollars, to the mechanic's wife and disappeared, alone, two and a half years ago.

"This Jerry Wain would seem to be an influential fellow," old Tom Brower observed.

Fergasson's smile was thin. "Some of his business interests are legitimate, sir. He has daughters in good schools, a showplace home, a forty-foot cruiser, respectable friends and no police record in the state of Florida. He's the area manager, I would guess, for bolita, moonshine, call girls . . . every organized vice in that sector."

"And my grandson is still hiding from one man?" Brower sounded indignant.

"From an entire organization, sir. Five thousand dollars from Wain to anyone who can tell him where your grandson is. Thelma Carr—she goes by that name though there's been no divorce—told me a lot of this. She works the cocktail bars along the beach, drinks heavily and sees Jerry Wain very infrequently. Mr. Shanley seems to be an obsession with him. The man has an astonishing capacity for hatred."

Fergasson gave Tom Brower a current picture of his grandson, taken with a telephoto lens from a car parked across the street from the used car lot in Houston. Paula gave Tom Brower his reading

glasses. She studied the picture with him. Sidney Shanley, at thirty-five, was a tanned, lean, leggy man, with a prominent nose, a hard shelf of brow shadowing his eyes. His cropped hair was lighter than his sun-darkened face. He was in quarter profile to the lens, wearing slacks and sports shirt of vaguely Western cut, standing slouched with his hands in his hip pockets, smiling down at some shorter person who had been cut almost entirely out of the picture. The smile did not erase the deep vertical creases in his forehead.

"He has changed his appearance," Fergasson said. "He was heavier in Jacksonville, and his hair was dark and he wore it longer. It is gray now, though it looks blond in that black and white print, prematurely gray. In Jacksonville he wore glasses with heavy dark frames. It's reasonable to assume he wears contact lenses. But his features are so strong, it is easy to recognize him as the same man. He lives alone at Unit 9, Gateway Courts, quietly. He works for Trade-Way Motors. He manages the lot. He owns a three-year-old station wagon, dark blue. He's had that job and been at that address for six months. All this will be in my written report."

It was a good face, Paula thought. Strong and enduring and controlled. Almost too harsh, yet attractive in a totally masculine way.

"Thelma Carr knew surprisingly little about him," Fergasson said. "She knows he was orphaned and that his childhood was unpleasant, and she believes he came from Youngstown, Ohio. When he disappeared, he took his personal papers with him. She had never seen them. As she had told Jerry Wain's people—apparently under duress—as far as she knows, his only living relative is his older brother George, but he had lost touch with George years ago."

"How does she feel toward Sidney now?" Paula asked.

Fergasson hesitated for a moment. "She has a very short emotional attention span, Miss Lettinger. She's a dull, boring, greedy woman. It all happened a hundred years ago, in her mind. I really don't believe she remembers him very clearly."

"I want to see both my grandsons," Tom Brower said in a frail voice. "I want them here . . . while there's still a little time left. I want Sid here first. I want to know if he remembers this house. He was here for two weeks once, when he was four years old. It was the only time I ever saw him."

Fergasson shifted uneasily. "I assume you wish to provide for your grandsons. I believe it is quite a large estate. Sooner or later, there will be publicity. It would make it quite easy for Wain to find Sidney."

Brower stared at him. "And that is a serious danger, after two and a half years?"

Fergasson licked thin lips. "It is my professional opinion that if Wain can locate Sidney Shanley, he will have him killed, wherever he is."

Paula said, "But that sounds so . . ."

Fergasson's quick glance was cool. "I know, Miss Lettinger. This is a lawful society and so on and so forth, and things like that just don't happen. I might remind you of Judge and Mrs. Chillingsworth in Florida. I could also name a dozen people you never heard of. I suspect Sidney Shanley believes, as I do, that such things can and do happen, and so getting him here—even approaching him—presents a delicate problem."

"You are worth your fees, Mr. Fergasson," Brower said. "I am very tired. I shall nap now and then think, and I shall have Miss Lettinger contact you at the Inn in the morning."

After Fergasson left and Paula had closed the blinds, had made Tom Brower comfortable, he said, "The child was here in the autumn. I was sixty-two. Jane Weese had come to keep house for me the previous year. She was a young woman then, but neither of us knew how to entertain a scared child."

"You need a nap, Tom."

He told her where to find a small box of pink jade in one of the cabinets in the living room. She found it and brought it back. There was a carved animal on the lid—a badger, she decided. Beautiful, delicate work.

"Nice to hold, isn't it?" Tom said. "It fascinated the little boy. I gave him two new dimes to carry around in it, and the box as well. But after his father took him away, Jane found the box under his pillow. I could have sent it to him had I known where his father had taken him."

"He would remember this more than anything?"

"And some pictures of the house, I think. And the wall and the old apple tree. Use that gadget camera of yours, my dear, that ten-second wonder. And then you will have credentials to present to Sidney."

When she realized what he meant, she lost her breath for a moment. "You're not serious!"

"Over four hundred days on duty, Miss Lettinger, without a day off."

"But I can't . . ."

"Marriner will arrange a replacement for a few days, some officious biddy who will irritate me beyond reason, but I shall endure because it will be in a good cause. I don't want that boy scared off, my dear, and you are less likely to alarm him than is Fergasson. I think he is the prize. I think he is the one worth saving."

She stared at him. "Saving? A strange word, Tom. Aren't you the one we're trying to save?"

"Don't make me uncomfortable with wisdom, child. Not from a source usually so naïve. George will come as soon as he is called. And we don't know how much time we have left, do we? So pack for Houston while I nap."

"But . . . it scares me."

"Because you've been making your world smaller and smaller, because you want walls around you, because you got hurt out there. You are in hiding and content, a condition your paternal grandmother would have thought beneath contempt. She was a hundred and ten per cent alive. Today is Tuesday. You will leave on Thursday. Your ex-husband, if he comes here directly from Dannemora, will arrive a week from Thursday. So you have ample time."

"But I might. . . ."

"Fail to bring him back? That's my risk. And I hear the sound of Marriner's nasty little red car in the driveway, so you better rush and let him in and make your little whispered report on the ancient patient's dire condition, and for God's sake, ask him if just once, just this once, he can't spare me all that booming professional cheer of his."

Sidney Shanley was awakened from an icy dream by the morning phone bringing him back into the workaday world of Sid Wells. It was ten in the morning, and he was working afternoons and evenings on the lot. The call was from one of the salesmen, Scobie, checking out a complicated deal for Sid's approval. After Sid had approved it, Scobie said, "There was a woman looking for you, Sid, and I told her you come on at noon. Not buying, I guess, because she didn't want to look at anything. Driving a rental, I noticed."

"She give a name?"

"Lettinger."

"Doesn't mean a thing. What does she look like?"

"Not too bad, Sid. Not too bad at all. Medium tall brunette, less than thirty, stacked good, dressed good and sort of class, you know?"

As he showered and shaved and dressed, he thought about the woman. Whenever anything could not be readily explained, the mind slid into the old wary pattern. Jerry Wain would never give up. Not after two failures. He had styled his life so he could walk away from it, without fuss or trouble. He always wore the same belt with the zipper compartment containing two thousand dollars in cash, and the key to the bank box in Jessup, Georgia, which contained every scrap

of paper tying Sid Wells to one Sidney Shanley, ex-resident of Jacksonville. He kept his bills current. He could walk away from these clothes, this car, this life, onto a bus or a plane to any place in the country, pick a new name, acquire the papers to verify it, take a job selling used cars to the people.

Be ready to wander, or be ready to die. He wondered how many years would pass before he lost patience with this solution to the dilemma. As of now, life under the disciplines of the fugitive was the lesser of two evils. Stay wary and stay alive, for the meager pleasures of the loner—food and drink, books and walks and careful talk, and the infrequent girl, similarly lonely, equally anxious to avoid emotional involvement.

He arrived at the lot a little before noon. Burns was working on a rancher over a used pickup. Scobie was in the shack in the chill of the air conditioning, bringing his files up to date. Joselito was listlessly working his way along the front line, whisking the dust from the specials under the striped canopy. The banners hung dead in the airless heat of July. The yellow T-bird turned slowly on the big tilted display platform. He talked with Scobie for a few minutes and then looked out through the glass front of the shack and said, "Is that the woman who was looking for me?"

"Yep. That's her. Walks kinda nice, don't she?"

She had parked her rental Falcon fifty feet from the shack. His wariness diminished. She looked, as Scobie had said, like a lady. She wore a gray blouse, blue skirt, blue shoes and carried a white purse. She walked well, with an erect leggy swing, her head up and her shoulders back.

"A car for the grocery bit," Sid said, "because the old one died in action. Or we're to be hustled for the blood bank. Or possibly her baby brother got cheated."

Scobie opened the door for her. She looked directly, inquisitively at Sid. "Mr. Wells?"

"That's right."

"I'm Paula Lettinger, Mr. Wells. I know that doesn't mean anything to you. But if I could speak to you for a moment, please?"

Sid looked at Scobie. "Go tell Joe to give the Bird a few extra licks. The windshield looks smeary."

Scobie went out. "Will you have a seat, Mrs. Lettinger?"

"Miss. Thank you." She sat in an aluminum chair. He sat on the corner of the desk, looking down at her. He reached over and held a light for her cigarette. She was definitely attractive, and she looked troubled.

Just then Burns came in with the deal on the pickup. Sid checked it and approved it, pending the approval of the bank the rancher wanted to run the deal through. After Burns went out, Miss Lettinger said in her light and faintly husky voice, "Darn it, I've lost my nerve. I think I'll go away without saying a word."

He smiled at her. "I should have a chance to say no, at least."

"I'm looking for a man, Mr. Wells. No. That sounds too general. I'm looking for a specific man. I've followed him to Houston. Am I saying something wrong? You look so strange."

"What man are you looking for?" His voice was not as casual as he tried to make it.

"It's . . . a very personal matter. He didn't commit any crime, Mr. Wells. He just ran away. I don't think he's well. I think he needs help."

"What has this got to do with me, Miss Lettinger?"

"A friend got a postcard from him from Houston. It said he had to sell the car. It was his to sell, of course. I've been looking at the used car lots. I think you have it here."

"What one?"

"That red Pontiac convertible out there by the sidewalk. I can't be sure. But I think that's the one. I thought that when he sold it he might have said . . . where he was going from here. I . . . would like to find him."

He had the impression she was looking at him too earnestly, that she might be lying. But it seemed an odd sort of lie for her to tell.

"Why did you ask to talk to me?"

"I was across the street in that coffee shop this morning after I looked at that car, and I asked them who was in charge over here, and they said that a Mr. Wells was the manager of the lot."

"Didn't you think my salesmen could help you?"

"I was going to ask one of them, but I didn't think he'd understand. I thought he might think I was . . . some kind of a nut. When you want help, you sort of . . . think of going to the people in charge of things."

"I suppose so." He flipped the file open and took out the card for the Pontiac. "That was sold by an estate, Miss Lettinger. A local man owned it. An elderly man. His heart stopped. His executor sold us that car . . . last Monday. He died in January. The car has five hundred and ten actual miles on it."

"I'm sorry I bothered you."

"I'm sorry you had to wait. Either of the salesmen could have told you what you wanted to know."

She stood up and moved slowly toward the door. She turned and made a helpless gesture. "But I just don't know what to do! Maybe I'm doing it all wrong."

"Would it help to talk about it some more?" he asked. Something was wrong with her story. He had the feeling that if he let her go, he would be uneasy for a long time, wondering if she had bird-dogged him here, wondering if he should move on.

"Oh, yes. If it wouldn't . . ."

"Hang around for a little while, Miss Lettinger."

"Paula."

"Call me Sid. Hang around while I check a few things, make a couple of nuisance phone calls. Then I'll take you to lunch."

"I don't want to be a nuisance."

"Stand at ease," he said, smiling.

He took her ten blocks from the lot to a small place where the food was good and the padded booths gave them privacy. It did not take much urging to get her to talk about the man.

"His name is Judson Heiler. Jud. We were married, once upon a time. It didn't work out, so it was annulled, with good reason. I took back my maiden name. He's as big as you are, but heavier, and blond. Not a nice person, Sid, but vulnerable. Do you know? Not equipped to cope, I guess. I stopped loving him a long time ago, but I feel a kind of . . . responsibility for him. Maybe part of what has happened to him was my fault. Can you understand that?"

"Of course."

"I'm a nurse by trade. I've been on a case for a long time, over a year, an old man in a small town. I needed some time off. When I heard about Jud, I thought . . . I'd try to find him to see if I could help. I've been keeping track of him through friends. Even when you're *sure* something isn't your fault, there's always some guilt attached."

"Everybody always feels guilty about something, Paula."

"Jud is my burden, I guess." She made a face. "I was going to make it a very dramatic mission. Swoop in from the past and hold his hand and talk him into leading a constructive life. But Houston is a big place, isn't it?"

"There are people who specialize in finding people."

"It would have cost me more than coming myself. And if they found him, what then? What could they say to him? That's my job."

"I suppose so."

He knew that there was no restraint, knew that there was nothing in the world but moonlight and her need.



"But the reason I was so anxious to talk to somebody, Sid, I guess I'm trying to straighten myself out. Do I want to talk to him for my own good instead of his? Am I just making a gesture? If so, I better go right on back to my patient. Another nurse is filling in while I'm gone. I guess I dread talking to Jud. Maybe there isn't anything that we can say to each other."

"Do you want to talk about what made it go sour?"

"Not particularly. I fell in love with the man he was pretending to be. After we were married, it was too much of an effort for him to keep up the front. He had to revert to being himself, and that was somebody I couldn't even like, much less love. I guess it happens all the time."

"And people see just what they want to see."

"Of course. Are you married, Sid?"

"No."

"I thought you would be, somehow."

"Why did this Jud come to Houston?"

"God knows. When I think of him, I think in terms of the terrible waste of an individual. He's a brilliant man in some ways. But when they assembled him, I think they left out some important little gear or valve or something. He's a psychopathic liar. He lies when there's no need for it. Do you know the kind of person I mean?"

"I knew a girl like that a long time ago."

"You never can truly communicate with them."

"You imagine you can, but sooner or later you're talking to a wall."

"You know exactly how it is!"

"What will you do now?"

"I really don't know." Her smile was rueful. "Abort the mission, I guess. Head on back. Unless I think of something brilliant."

"Is he trying to hide?"

"Probably. He owes a lot of money. He could have changed his name."

"What does he do for a living?"

"He writes advertising copy. He's very good at it, but he loses jobs because he drinks too much. And when he drinks, he gets mean."

"Did you check the local agencies?"

"Yes, of course."

Again he had the small suspicion she was not telling the truth. It was odd how she could seem totally plausible one moment, setting his mind at rest, then could stir a small warning. He guessed that she was merely telling less than the whole truth about this Judson Heiler, that perhaps she was lying in small ways to present herself more favorably to him.

"Have any brilliant ideas for me, Sid?"

"One you won't like. Go back to work."

"I was afraid you'd say that. But I should give it another couple of days, or I'll feel as if I'd quit in the middle of things. I like to finish the things I start."

"You can come back to the lot with me. If it doesn't get too busy, I can make those calls. I can cover the used car outlets a lot faster than you can."

"That would be nice of you, Sid."

"How long ago would he have sold it?"

"The card said he was going to have to, and it was mailed about two months ago."

"And it was one of the big ones, red with a white top and loaded?"

"Loaded?"

"All the power assists, and the big engine and so on."

"Jud is fond of gadgetry and flash."

"We'll give it a try. You're a trained nurse?"

"Yes. I had two years of college before I went into training. I started out wanting to be a doctor. I trained at New York Presbyterian."

"Met your ex-husband there?"

"Yes. He had a very nasty compound fracture of the right leg. He'd been to an advertising agency Christmas party and got tight and walked in front of a cab on Fifty-first Street."

"But you don't work in a hospital now."

"I guess I had it, Sid. I was working in a hospital in Albany. There was a lot of infighting, politics, nonsense. I was making just enough money to keep going. I found a private patient. He's a wonderful old man. I suppose you could call it twenty-four-hour duty, but it really isn't very demanding. He has a housekeeper-cook and a yard man and a doctor who'll come within minutes of being called. I live in. I take care of him. We like and respect each other. He's a very brave old man, and mentally he's keener than I guess I've ever been. He's semiparalyzed, and the odds are against his lasting out the year."

"It must be a lot of hard work for you."

"Compared to ward duty, it's a vacation. And he isn't in pain. But without me, I think he would feel very alone. We have what he calls an intellectual flirtation. We talk about how it might have been if I'd been born sooner, or he later. I'll miss him like the dickens."

"Over a year of that, every day?"

She shrugged. "I guess Jud gave me enough insecurity to last me for the rest of my life. I've needed that kind of life, to sort of bind up my wounds. Routine is very restful. And I do have time to myself, to read and walk and poke around in the garden, listen to music, write to some old friends. I actually don't mind being alone."

"Neither do I. But it's something I had to . . . learn about myself."

She smiled at him. "So did I, Sid."

During his spare time that afternoon, he called every outlet in the Houston area, inquiring about red Pontiac convertibles taken in during the past two months, last year's model. He found two, but neither of them had come from the source she was checking. Both had been resold since.

"Sorry, Paula," he said. "It's a dead end street."

"You've taken an awful lot of trouble, really."

"Maybe I'm working up to a late date," he said.

She beamed at him. "If I'm being asked, why sure!"

"I generally poke around here until nine when we close up, but if it's slow enough, I could break away early. Where are you staying?"

She was in a motel just off the Gulf Freeway out near the airport, called the Houston House, in Unit 92, and it was agreed that he would give her a ring when he was able to leave. During the long afternoon, his anticipation faded and she began to seem less plausible to him. And he sensed he was being stupid. This was not a casual girl, a drifter, in any case. At five o'clock, during a lull, he phoned the Houston House and asked if they had a Miss Lettinger from El Paso registered. The desk said they had a Miss Lettinger from Albany, New York, who had checked in yesterday afternoon. He said that was not the one, and hung up feeling increasingly uneasy. She had given him the impression, without saying so, that she had been in Houston longer than just overnight.

At six o'clock he told Scobie, Burns and Harmon to arrange their schedule themselves for the rest of the evening, and drove back to Gateway Courts. He built a drink and paced back and forth with it, feeling weak and uncertain.

Some of the women working indirectly for Jerry Wain could give a very ladylike impression. Somebody spots Shanley. Wain sends a little task force over. A female decoy to set Shanley up and adequate muscle to take care of him at the appointed place—or wrap him up and take him back to Jerry Wain.

But this is such a small amount of suspicion, he thought. If it only takes this much to make me run, maybe it won't take even this much next time, and finally I'll be afraid to answer the phone or any knock on the door. So I'd better brace myself and check this one out, or stay on the run forever.

He listened at the door of 92. When he heard a man's voice, his heart seemed to move higher in his chest. The summer

dusk was ending. Her unit was on the ground floor. He went around to the side and stepped over a hedge and looked through a small space between the Venetian blind and the side of the window frame, ready to move quickly if anyone should happen by. He saw a narrow segment of bedroom, bright and modern, a green dress on the bed. He heard the man's voice again and then he heard music and realized she must have her television set on. She walked across his line of vision, startlingly close, wearing a brassière and panties, her figure lightly tanned, firm and lovely.

He went back to the door and knocked. When he identified himself, he had to wait restlessly for a time. When she opened the door, she was wearing the green dress. "I thought you were going to phone, Sid," she said, smiling. "Come on in."

He entered the room. "I guess I forgot."

"It doesn't matter, really. Except you have to be patient while I do something about the face and the hair."

He took the bottle of good bourbon from the brown paper bag. "I could order up something to go with this, if you drink bourbon."

"I can choke it down, with lots of soda and lots of ice," she said, and picked up her big purse and shut herself in the bathroom. As soon as he had ordered the mix, he looked more closely at the room. It was a long room, pleasant, with a low, round table and two comfortable-looking chairs grouped at one end of it. She had one large suitcase on the baggage rack, no other luggage, unless she had a train case in the bathroom. He quickly checked the clothing in the suitcase and in the closet, saw labels from New York, Albany and Syracuse. No letters, no documents, no weapons. The boy arrived with the ice and mix. He paid him and tipped him, then made two drinks as soon as the boy left.

When she came, smiling, out of the bathroom, she said, "This is the face you're supposed to see."

"I like both of them." They sat at the cocktail table. "Drink to all searches," he said. "To always finding what you look for."

"I can drink to that," she said. There was an awkwardness in the silence. He had hoped she would ring true. But she did not. His instincts warned him against her. She seemed a lady. But it could be pretense. If quite suddenly the situation got out of control, he would find out what she was. People off balance reveal more than they intend.

"What are the plans?" she asked.

He hesitated, deciding how to do it, then stood up slowly. He put his glass on the table and walked around behind her chair, saying, "We could go out and barge around, honey, and end up right back here, or we could be efficient about it and just never leave this pretty pad." So saying, he grasped the nape of her neck, moved to her side, leaned down, kissed her crudely, harshly, with an arrogant hunger he found easy to fake, realizing with regret that if she was what she claimed to be, he had spoiled it for good, but knowing that if it was an act, she would, in order to maintain contact, switch from the lady routine to something more approachable. She struggled for a moment, and then went limp. He straightened up, picked up his drink and moved away from her. When she spoke, her voice was gentle, her eyes narrow.

"What are you trying to prove?"

He sat in the other chair and grinned at her. "Is it a big prohlem? I sell cars, honey. I'm not a subtle guy. And I don't like those long, long evenings with the big no at the end. So I've left it up to you. haven't I? Throw me out or play it my way. Take your pick."

After a moment of stillness, she said, "Excuse me," in a small voice, picked up her purse and went into the bathroom. She was gone a long time. He nursed his drink. She finally came back, walking slowly. She sat down and put her chin on her fists and stared at him, almost smiling. "Some days I think very slowly."

"What does that mean?"

"Will you or won't you. That's not your style or mine, Sid. Light dawned. It was a crude and very effective way to find out if I came here looking for you, wasn't it? So I must have made a mistake somewhere. Probably. I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"Tricky bitch," he whispered and started up out of the chair.

"Wait! I came here to show you something." She slipped her hand into the big white purse. He lunged at her, spilling her drink onto her dress, catching her waist with one hand, wresting the purse away from her with the other. The purse was heavy. She gave a cry of pain and surprise.

"Look at what I brought you," she cried. "It won't hurt you. It won't blow up. Hit me if you're scared. Knock me out first if you want to. But please, please look at it. It's wrapped in white tissue paper. Please, Sid. Please!"

He frowned at her, puzzled. He took the wrapped box from the purse, hefted it in his hand. He put the purse aside, out of her reach. The tissue paper drifted to the floor. His fingers looked slow and clumsy as he touched the carved badger. He lifted the lid and looked at the two new dimes she had placed in the box. He took a broken step toward his chair and sank slowly into it, his face slack in a way she knew she would never forget.

Once, during her training, she had witnessed a demonstration of hypnosis where the doctor had regressed a patient to childhood level, and the voice had changed, becoming light, nasal, childlike in tone and choice of words. When Sidney Shanley spoke, his voice had changed in that same way.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Who *are* you?"

He made no move to stop her when she picked up her purse, found the photographs and placed them on the table under the lamplight where he could see them easily. "These too, Sid. Do you remember?"

He put the box down with extreme care. He bowed his head and covered his eyes. "I remember. I didn't expect him to come and get me. That old man wasn't there. He pushed the lady and she fell down. When he was pushing me into the car, I rememhered the box. It was under my pillow. I begged him to let me go hack for it, but he punched me in the hack. I rememhered the box for a long time. I rememhered it every night for a long time." He slowly lifted his head and stared at her. "Who are you? Please."

"Paula Lettinger, RN, just as I told you. I work in Bolton, the town where I was horn. I work for Tom Brower, your grandfather."

It took her a long time to convince him. He became very agitated when she revealed that she knew about Jerry Wain and Thelma and Jacksonville. She gave him the little note Tom had given her to give him. asking him to come home, and she told him about Fergasson, and how she had tried to be so devious and clever.

He reached and touched the box gently. "I'd been knocked around pretty good for a little guy. My old man, and George, too. I thought the whole world was just like that, but it wasn't like that in that big house. I was just beginning to love that old man. I was just beginning to trust that old man, and my father came and yanked me out of there." He looked at her and saw the tears on her face. "Hey!" he said. "It was a long time ago." She tried to smile, but she could not stop the tears. He sat on his heels beside her chair and took her hands. "Now I believe you all the way, Paula. Now I believe you."

"I'm glad."

He stood up quickly and began fixing fresh drinks. "I don't like that man being able to find me, and I don't know as I want to go trotting back to Grandpa. Who needs him? I did once, and where

was he? I used to dream about going back to that house."

"Do you know very much of the story? About your mother and father?"

"George would remember more. I remember her a little. Pale, making me come close to the bed, looking up from the pillow. We moved a lot. Then she wasn't there any more, and that's when the old man came and got me. After my father took me away from the old man, there was another woman. She had a loud voice and I was supposed to call her Ma. Pop worked in mills. We were in Youngstown. The snow was dirty in the winter. There was a lot of yelling and hitting. I learned to stay out of the way. I was nine when George took off for good. He was fifteen, and I prayed to God he'd never come back. I saw him once, years later, by accident, for about ten minutes, and that was all."

"You will see him in Bolton."

"I don't even know if I still hate him. When I was eleven, Pop died in a fire in a beer joint. Hilda—the one I was supposed to call Ma—got some insurance and I didn't see much of her while she was going through it. When it was nearly gone, she took off and I got put in a foster home."

"Tom wondered about that. Didn't they ask you if you had other relatives?"

"I can't remember. Anyway, for a kid it was a thousand years since I'd been in the old man's house, and he had to be long dead. I took off when I was sixteen. I went out West, bumming around, and when I was eighteen I got onto one of those hard-sell magazine crews, and I talked so much about working my way through college until I guess I believed it myself. First I got the high school diploma. Then it was work for a year, college for a year. I finished the junior year before I was drafted for Korea. I made platoon sergeant later on, and got friendly with a lieutenant, Ben Tedds. He had a piece of that Jacksonville dealership, and that's where I went when I got out. And did well. And was able to buy in. And met Thelma."

They went to a drive-in in his station wagon. It was what she wanted. She said she was too emotionally exhausted to face a room full of strangers. She told him about Jud and Dannemora, and admitted that, in a more subdued way, she too had been running. Running, perhaps, from the realization of the mess she'd made of her life, hiding in Bolton, hiding inside that old house and that long job of an old man dying.

"Why have you kept running, Sid?" she asked him.

"There aren't any good alternatives. How much police protection could I get? How long could I afford bodyguards? Kill Jerry Wain? Then I'd still be on the run, wouldn't I? Go talk him out of it? Like debating a tiger, Paula. And I can't find out if he's still eager without giving him a chance at me."

"But you can come to Bolton."

"Why should I?"

"To help an old man, Sid. A dear old man. He knows he did wrong. He wants to tell you about it. He tried to correct what he did, long ago, but too late. He didn't have the resources thirty years ago. He nearly lost everything in the depression. He had to fight for survival. He didn't get out of danger until he was nearly seventy, and then, when he had the resources to look for you, he couldn't find either of you. And he is the only family you have, really."

"An emotional appeal, Paula?"

"Why not? I saw you respond to the jade box. I know about the money that went to the man who was hurt in Jacksonville. I don't think you're as tough as you act. I think you are a good man, Sid. I know Tom Brower is a good man. You could go there for a time, quietly, in complete safety, and he'll pay the expenses. What would it cost you? Pride?"

After a thoughtful silence, he said, "I guess it wouldn't hurt anything . . . to go up there. I have to leave here anyway."

"Why?"

"I can't stay in a place where somebody found me."

"Going up there might . . . solve the other problem, too, Sid."

"How?"

"He can't last much longer. You and George are his heirs. He's worth perhaps two and a half million dollars."

He choked on his coffee. "Good Lord, he *really* got out of danger."

"He was active in business up until five years ago. Then he sold out. He owned control in two small electronics firms."

Sid laughed abruptly. "The old dream, isn't it? Rich relation drops a million bucks in your lap. I inherit a million, get my name in the papers, so Wain can find me and send some friends to kick my spine loose. Thanks a lot, Grandpa."

"Tom says you might find money makes a better hiding place. The way you live, you're in Jerry Wain's world, where he might reach you any minute. But you can buy another world, you know. In Switzerland, or Ireland, or Greece. A little world with a wall around it, and a man at the gate."

"First I agree, and *then* I hear about the money."

She smiled in the shadows. "That was my idea, not Tom's. I guess you'd get it anyway. He stopped trying to buy love a long, long time ago. We talked about you a lot. And we both have the feeling that this whole Jerry Wain thing is . . . sort of unreal."

He turned in the seat to face her, and his smile was strange. "Oh, I agree. Totally unreal. I went a year and a half without a sniff of danger and I began to wonder if Jerry had given up. I was in Atlanta a year ago. Doing what I do here. They came in the middle of the night, strangers, very quiet people. They slapped me, taped my wrists and ankles, taped my socks into my mouth and waited until I came to. They were all pro, and slightly apologetic. They gave me Jerry Wain's regards and best wishes, squirted a can of lighter fluid over me, tossed me a lighted match and took off." She made a whimpering sound. "But the damned fools used a heavy plastic tape that melted the instant the flames touched it. They should have used wire. I went out the window, frame and all, and rolled in the wet grass in the rain, heard sirens, borrowed a raincoat, said I'd been smoking in bed. They killed the fire before it spread beyond the bed. By dawn I was two hundred miles from Atlanta. My clothes smelled of smoke. That was very unreal, too, Paula. And when I begin to feel too smug and safe, I remember how my clothes smelled."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm so sorry."

"He was a vain man and I spoiled his face forever, but the worst damage is on the inside. I have no reason to believe he has mellowed. What eats him, I guess, is the idea that it happened because of a worthless pig like Thelma."

"Mr. Fergasson had . . . the same idea of her. Why did you marry her, Sid?"

"You mean did I love her? No. I was insecure. I guess I still am. I wanted the rich, fat life. Know who that is? Why, that's Sid Shanley in his big car with his beautiful wife. Funny, but it was all dead before I began hitting Jerry Wain. It was dead when I saw them. Later, from the bruises, I realized he must have nailed me pretty good, but I never felt them. I felt clinical. I wedged him into a corner, and it was as though I was watching while somebody else was hammering him. When his face ceased making much sense, as a face, I backed away and he slid down the wall. I made certain he wasn't dead. She was locked in the bathroom, yelping. I walked out and I've never seen either of them since. You know, I was so naïve, I couldn't understand why everybody was acting so oddly toward me after it was general knowledge who I'd put into the hospital. My friends said I was in a mess. But I didn't believe it until that explosion blew the show windows out."

"I'm going to have bad dreams about the way they tried to burn you."

"I've had my share." He hesitated. "I shouldn't have told you about it."

"Why not?"

"I wanted to prove to you I was right to keep running. Like trying to present myself to you in the best possible light. And it's been a long time without talking to anyone. It piles up, I guess. Have you had anybody to talk to?"

"Tom. But he's so old. Yes, I have things I want to tell someone, and I have that same yen to make a sterling impression, and there's a terrible temptation to edit my life to make me look better, Sid. But it's a dull story."

They went back to the Houston House and went out and sat in the sun chairs in the shadows, away from the floodlighted pool, and she told him about Jud. "He was amusing and charming and very, very bright. But unstable. He had a special talent for getting drunk and getting fired, and he'd rather lie than tell the truth. He wrote bad checks and was warned and had a suspended sentence, and did it again and got sent away. By then, all that charm had become sort of hollow and hideous to me. There were other women, of course. I guess I'm lucky he was such a liar. He lied on the marriage application and in letters to me before we were married, and it made sufficient grounds for annulment, and because there were no children and I didn't want any settlement or support, it was quick and easy. Not painless. Just quick and easy."

His face was somber in the match flame. "How old are you, Paula?"

"Sir! Twenty-nine, if you have to know. Married at twenty-three, annulled at twenty-four. Tom tells me I'm eighteen in some areas and fifty-eight in others. I know your age, of course, and your brother is forty-one."

"Should I ask about dear old George?"

"I've been expecting you to. Idle curiosity if nothing else."

"I'm asking."

"Fergasson found him months ago. He was easy. He's heavy and balding and can afford Cadillacs and good cigars. He operates second-rate clubs and concessions and restaurants in the San Diego area. He has a wife and four children. He is sort of on the hoodlum fringe."

"That was the way he started out, Paula. A hustler. Animal-shrewd, not sharp-shrewd. A great pair of grandsons for the old man."

"The only two he has. What time is it, Sid?"

"Ten before midnight."

She sighed. "So much talk, so much happening. When can we fly back?"

"Who knows about your coming down here to bring me back?"

"Tom and Fergasson and me."

"Let's keep it limited to that. I'll stay Sid Wells. A friend of yours."

"It's a very small town, Sid."

"What does that mean?"

"They know he's dying. They know he's looking for his grandsons. It's a dramatic thing, really. Whoever shows up, reasonably the right age, is going to be labeled one of them."

"I don't like it."

"I hardly think that Mr. Wain has any listening post set up in Bolton, New York."

After a moment, he sighed and said, "I won't spend much time there. Talk to the old man and take off. We'll leave tomorrow noon in my car and drive right on through, taking turns. Thirty-six hours should do it."

"I'll phone him in the morning and let him know. He'll be so happy."

"Does he understand about . . . my being careful?"

"Sid, your grandfather is half again as quick, mentally, as you or I. And don't be nervous. You're doing the right thing. Nothing can happen there. It's a sleepy little town at the far end of nowhere. When I was a little girl, the population was twelve hundred. Now it's about eleven hundred."

They walked slowly back to her room, keeping their voices low because of all the sleeping people in the dark units around them.

There were a few slivers of ice left, enough for a nightcap. They had talked so long and so intimately in the dark, they felt strange with each other in the brightness of the room lights.

When she went with him to the door, he stopped and looked at her with an expression she could not read. She tilted her chin up and, on impulse, and with a defiance which remotely astonished her, she said, "That other kiss didn't match the rest of the evening, Sid. We should take the taste away, don't you think?"

She lost herself in a long drugged time of holding him, of being strongly held in turn, of giving her lips, of offering to his hands the long clean lines of her body. Her head grew heavy and her legs were weakened so that, when he released her, she thought for a moment she would fall. He was looking at her, his expression thoughtful, brooding, oddly intense.

She said, "I was . . . I was only . . . I mean it wasn't supposed to *mean* anything."

"Does it?"

"I don't know. I think so. Yes, it means something."

"And if it meant a little less, I'd stay. Do you know enough to understand that?"

"Yes. I know enough to understand that. If it meant a little less, I'd ask you to stay. It would surprise me, but I would. Without remorse."

"It always has to mean a little, Paula. But not too much, not for me, because a man running hasn't got time for things that mean very much. Right now, there're a lot of things I have to unwrap. I'll pick you up around noon. Good night, Paula."

They started to shake hands, laughed, kissed quickly and lightly. When he had driven away, she went to the bathroom and stared at herself in the mirror. Her mouth looked swollen and her eyes looked too large. She thought it would be rather nice to go to bed quickly and cry for a little while. Not for specific reasons. Just some female tears. The first in a long time. When she turned the light out, the tears came readily. They eased the lonesome heart.

George Shanley had played late in one of the upstairs rooms at the Chula Club, and now came floating home through the empty predawn streets in the silent chill of the big car, fat fingertips on the wheel, eight hundred dollars in winnings packed into his wallet, the bourbon moving gently in his brain. With Liz and the kids up at Tahoe, the house had been pleasantly empty for weeks. As he neared his home, he felt relieved he had decided not to bring Mitz home with him. She had bar-maided the game, kibitzed his hands, brought him luck. But he was tired, and the thought of long sleep in the darkened room, in the deep bed, was good.

But there was a car in his broad driveway, a driver leaning against it who said, "Mr. Boardman is around by the pool, waiting."

Claude Boardman didn't get out of the redwood chaise. He held a slack hand for George Shanley to squeeze briefly. Boardman was a sour, puffy man, feared not for himself but because of his closeness to Sad Frank Lesca in Los Angeles.

"Sit down, Georgie. What I came down about, the word got back to Frank you're maybe going on a trip, and he wanted I should talk to you before you took off."

"I'm not going that quick, Claude."

"The way Frank heard it, it's a family thing."

"My grandfather. My old lady's father, and honest to God I didn't know he was alive, and I never saw him in my life, and it looks like he's got some money to leave, or I wouldn't bother. But hell, he flew some guy out here just to hand me the letter he could have put a stamp on, so he can't be hurting much. I got some things to arrange and so then I take off in the next two-three days. Anything Frank wants me to do back east, I can do it, Claude. You know that."

"What Frank wants to know, what is

this old man's name and where is he?"

"Thomas Brower and he's in Bolton, New York, and he's an old, old man. Why, should Frank want to know that, Claude?"

"You could be naturally stupid or you could be trying to be cute, but if it's a family thing, your brother could be there, right?"

"I guess I wondered about that."

"And what were you going to do if you found him there, Georgie?"

"I guess I'd make a phone call."

"You guess?"

"Claude, you kuow where the loyalty is. The kid means nothing to me. I made that clear two years ago, didn't I? Hell, I didn't even know he's still on the list. From what you say, he is. Okay. But isn't it a little small-time for Frank to get so interested? It was five grand before. Have they jumped it or something?"

"You start asking Frank why he does this and why he does that, and you could go swimming a loug way off Imperial Beach."

"I didn't meau anything, Claude."

"I'll tell you one thing about it. It's still five thousand, but Frank doesn't want it. What it is, it's a favor. It's somebody Frank owes a favor, and it's all in the family and your brother would make a nice package."

"I forgot the name of who wants Sid so bad."

"A guy named Wain. Florida. But the favor isn't to him. It's to somebody who wants that this Wain should get the personal problem off his mind and do a better job, like he used to do. It's a favor to a guy on the same level as Frank, which Wain isn't, no more than you are, Georgie. Frank got worried you might think blood is thicker than money, so he tells me to come down and tell you if your brother is there, you phone me or wire me about anything at all, and that will be the tip, and then Frank can do his favor and they can send somebody in."

"I can do that, Claude. Sure."

"But what?"

"There could be a *lot* of money, Claude. It could happen too fast, like, and bitch my chances. I mean they've had him on contract a long time. Two and a half years? So maybe the time to let you know is when I'm ready to leave."

"Here is a simple question for you, Georgie. Which is most important to Frank—whether he can do a favor for a friend as quick as possible or whether you personally inherit forty million dollars?"

"But I've been working for Frank a long, long . . ."

"And you live fat, and he doesn't care if you live at all, and he hates cute."

"I guess you better tell Frank that if the kid is there, I'll get word back to him right off."

"Thanks a lot, George. Frank will be humbly grateful for your consideration."

"I won't try to be cute."

"It might not be safe, because Frank may decide to let them know anyhow, and they might send somebody in anyhow without waiting, and you wouldn't look very good then, would you?"

"Claude, would you like to come into the house and have a drink?"

"I've got people waiting for me at the hotel, and they are nervous enough already." Boardman stood up and headed toward his waiting car. George Shanley walked with him and said good night, but Boardman did not answer. The car drove away. George went into his silent house. As he prepared for bed, he felt depressed and unappreciated. It wasn't any fun any more. Nobody gave a damn any more. No personal friendship. They'd turned it all into a damned supermarket, and they kept clubbing you to make you feel small. Loyalty didn't mean anything. He sat, disconsolate, on the side of his bed, then picked up the phone and called Mitz. After six rings, she answered in a sleepy voice.

"Get a cab and get over here," he said.

"Sweetie, it's almost dawn, and honestly —"

"Half an hour or you can hunt a new job tomorrow," he said and hung up. Treat them the way you get treated, he thought. The only thing in the world is how much you weigh.

On Saturday night, the first night out, Sid and Paula ate after dark in a roadside restaurant in Texarkana. She had driven the last hundred and fifty miles. The dark blue wagon was heavy, quiet and had impressive acceleration. It snugged down against the road at high speed and she had to be careful of going faster than she planned. She sensed that he watched her carefully at first, and then relaxed when he saw that her driving tempo was competeut. She asked him ahout the car, and was mildly surprised to find he had no special feeling about cars. He liked them big and quiet and comfortahle, with seat belts and air conditioning, and he traded from used car to used car as he wore them out.

In the private corner of the roadside restaurant, she had asked him if he ever wondered if another car was following him.

He shrugged. "Sure. And then I take it all the way around a block, but nobody has followed me all the way around. If someone did, I'd lose him."

"How?"

"Get onto the biggest highway with the heaviest traffic. Hang in the middle lane until a hole opens up on the right or the left when you're coming to a cross street. Then angle through the hole fast and make the turn, and the traffic will take whoever is tailing you right on by. After I figured that out, *I* practiced it a few times in Houston. It works."

"You'll have to go back there, won't you?"

He gave her a crooked smile. "No dogs to board. no bills to pay and damned little to pack. No bank accounts to empty. I quit, drew my pay, left my key and took off. Sid Wells was a good citizen. No police record. He paid his taxes and his bills, had nobody to kiss good-by and will die unmourned."

"Nobody should *live* like that!"

"I'm not feeling sorry for myself."

"But the car is registered to Sid Wells, isn't it?"

"And I have the papers on it, and I'll sell it for cash and go somewhere else and buy another under another name, and get a driver's license to match, and pick up the little pieces of paper a man has to have to prove he exists. And by then I'll have found out, I hope, what mistake I made in Houston so your man found me, and I won't make that mistake again."

"It isn't fair!"

"That's what I was thinking, exactly, when I went through that window in Atlanta, Miss Paula. In fact, I was thinking approximately the same thing when the ambulance guys were putting tourniquets on the legs of that mechanic in Jacksonville. But all over the world, all through history, there were people living just like this. Take any ten men walking down the street of any city in the world and go up behind the right one of them and clap him on the shoulder and he'll try to leap out of his skin. It's one of the facts of life. When somebody seriously wants you dead, you either kill or run. Or you build a fort. Like Trotsky did."

"But . . . when you're running, you're not really alive. Not all the way. When you can't have your own name, some of your identity is goue. So that Wain person is winning, isu't he?"

"Doesn't everybody make some kind of equation? And who gets a complete freedom of choice? What are your compromises, Miss Lettinger? Have you been doing any running and any hiding?"

"Touché, damn you!"

When they left Texarkana, to head northeast on Route 67 toward Little Rock, he had her get into the back. The rear seats were folded down, and he'd put the air mattress in there that he'd bought that morning. There was more than enough room for it and the pillow and their luggage.

He had the car radio turned to a murmuring low, so that he could hear music but not the commercial voices. The night was clear, the car swift, the traffic lighter than he had expected. Suddenly she knelt down behind him, looking over his right shoulder, so close he felt the warmth of her exhalation on the side of his throat and detected the clean and spicy scent of her hair.

"You should sleep," he said.

"I know. I will, Sid. But something was bothering me. I'll ask you about it and then I'll go to sleep. I promise."

He glanced in the rear-vision mirror. He could see the night pallor of her face, greenish in the faint glow of the dash lights, but he could not read her expression. "Ask away."

"In public places with you, Sid, like that restaurant, you're strange. Subdued, sort of. You don't seem to look directly at anybody. You head toward the corners. I guess you know you . . . are really a sort of conspicuous-looking man. You're the sort women look at and wonder about in public places. Your features are very strong, you know. You're tall and tanned and you have that way of moving well. But in public places you seem to get sort of . . . blurred. Darn it, you seem little and humble and unremarkable. It's on purpose, isn't it?"

"Method acting, Paula. I don't want to be noticed. I don't want to be remembered. I don't want to be recognized by anybody out of the past. So I play a game. I've played it so long now, it's become automatic."

"What is it?"

"In public places, I pretend I'm a Negro."

"Good Lord!"

"And if they happen to notice me, they'll throw me out."

"Then how come you work in used-car lots where you meet people all the time? Isn't that dangerous for you? And you don't act self-effacing at all when you're working."

"I can't, and sell cars. That's my calculated risk. If I don't accept that risk, my only other choice is to do manual labor, hole up in a lumber camp or some damn thing. And I like to live a little better than that, so I take the risk. And what's the cross section of customers who come to a used-car lot in a big city anyway? I've got the odds with me."

"Do you know that you change dialects and manners and grammar all the time?"

"All good salesmen are actors. You sense the sort of person the customer feels most at ease with, and you turn yourself into that kind of person."

"Do you remember who you really are?"

"That's a glib question, Paula. It's even, excuse me, an ignorant question. What's the real you?"

"I wish I knew, buster. See, I can switch personalities, too."

"Go to sleep."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," she said, and touched his shoulder with her chin, then moved back and down and out of sight.

It's been a long time, he thought, since I talked to anybody. How many people in your life can you talk to? How many times can you take the mask off? Never with Thelma, certainly. Never, long ago, with George. A few, here and there. Ben Tedds, Lieutenant Ben in the long ice-rain nights of Korea, and later after they were in business together in Jacks. But not so much after Thelma came along. That had made it different. Everybody thought it would be Ben's kid sister he married, until Thelma came along. Two others to talk to along the way—that complete kind of talk where you don't have to erect any barriers. And now this girl. This woman.

He was aware of the surprising strength of the physical attraction, and sensed it was almost as strong in her. It disconcerted him to have had it happen so quickly. She was just not that obvious. She had a dark handsomeness. But she was a lady. Old-timey word. Meaning the female, perhaps, whose standards of behavior do not vary with the opportunity presented. Not obvious, but very special. Black brows shadowing brown eyes full of awareness of self and moment. Lips sweet for the tasting, strong for the return of kisses.

She slept behind him, fragrant and trustful, as he flung the car forward through the Arkansas night.

He bought another tank of gas in Poplar Bluff, long after midnight, at a gas station across from an all-night bean wagon. She woke up as he pulled in by the tanks. She opened the rear door and clambered out, to yawn and stretch and blink in the bright fluorescence, her dark hair in disarray, her eyes slightly puffy. She peered at her watch. "Where are we, Sid?"

"Just over the line into Missouri. Good sleep?"

"Ask me when I wake up," she said. She took her purse and went off to the women's room.

He took a map from the station rack and when they were in a booth in the bean wagon, he explained the route to her. "Too much east and we'll be fighting the hills," he said. "So we'll cut over on Sixty to Fifty-one. Take it up through Cairo, Vandalia, Decatur, angle right on Sixty-six and then take the turnpikes. Fast and flat."

She studied the map, nodded. "How far should I go, Sid?"

"Into the daylight, until we need gas. I'll wake up then and take over. If you get sleepy, don't push your luck. If you get sleepy, we'll switch."

She smiled at him. "It's kind of an unreal way to travel, isn't it? I didn't think I'd sleep. Sort of floating along on that mattress past all the sleeping people, through places you never heard of. Then I just passed out, for hours. It's a funny feeling. Nobody knows where we are. Nobody knows who we are. Like a little boat in the middle of a black ocean."

"The quick tour."

"At the last minute, I threw these slacks in. Precognition, I guess. I'd get pretty rumpled otherwise. Sir, you're getting bristly."

"We'll stop before noon and clean up."

"In a drainage ditch?"

"Where's your survival instinct, girl? You pick a small motel in the off hours, offer one buck for a place to change and shower, and they snap at it."

"So you've traveled like this before."

"A few times."

"Who shared the driving?"

"A very rough, very dangerous girl. Miss Dexedrine. The kind of a girl who can keep you on edge for forty hours running before you fold."

"You know what? For a minute you made me feel jealous."

"I said it that way to see if I could."

She looked at him, somber and troubled. He returned her gaze, looking into her eyes, caught by them, so that the rest of the world seemed diminished.

"We're being too honest with each other, Sid. Compulsively honest. Is that such a good thing?"

"I don't know."

"I've always hidden most of myself. Like icebergs. I don't want to with you. I don't feel as if I have to."

"You might wish you'd stayed hidden."

"That's my risk."

It was an effort for him to break the entwined stare, to look away from her brown eyes. "We're on our way, Paula."

"I know. Scary, isn't it?"

"I meant it's time to leave. That's all."

She stood up, smiling. "You're really not very convincing when you get fierce, you know."

He stretched out on the mattress. The pillow had caught the scent of her hair. The car climbed to cruising speed. He heard little songs and rhythms in the drone of tires and engine. He looked up out of the window at the motionless stars. When he closed his eyes, he saw her brown eyes looking at him, surprisingly vivid. The rest of her face was not clear. Just the eyes and the dark stern brows and the thoughtful watching. . . .

In his huge private office in his triplex apartment overlooking Central Park, a

bull-shouldered old man was intently chipping golf balls into a gray plastic wastebasket. The pitching wedge made a brisk sound against the deep nap of the rug. He had a dozen new balls, and his goal was eleven out of twelve. It took him almost an hour to achieve it. Then he put the club and the balls and the wastebasket away, sat at his desk and spoke over the intercom, telling the girl to send Savatt in. The old man had been known, by court order, as Paul Starr, for almost fifty years. He had served his only prison term under the name given him at birth.

When Savatt came in, Starr waved him into a chair and sat staring at him with the sleepy patience of a bear. Savatt looked almost like a junior partner in a sedate brokerage house. He did not ring true, but the discrepancies were so subtle, they defied enumeration. Starr had trusted him as long and as completely as he could ever bring himself to trust anybody.

"So?" Starr asked.

Savatt shrugged. "When you decide to get involved in such a small thing, then I guess you should make the decisions."

"Maybe not such a small thing, Lennie. Maybe a symptom. We haven't been getting the growth out of Atlanta. And Jacksonville is the weakest part of the Atlanta picture. But Atlanta keeps covering for Jacksonville. Excuses. Now I find out about this personal matter, and it doesn't sound right. Was it personal, entirely?"

Savatt nodded. "Over a woman. This Shanley's wife. Wain, the Jacksonville man, got his face ruined. He tried for Shanley and missed, and tried again in Atlanta and missed again, a year ago. Atlanta says Wain used to be tops, and they say once he gets this off his mind he'll be all right."

"And how much is it costing to hold his hand for two and a half years? Are we running a business or a social club? What you call a small thing, it sounds more like bad policy. And missing twice is plain clumsy. Personal problems we have to have, but they shouldn't cost us."

"I agree."

"This tip from the Coast, it shouldn't be passed on to Wain."

"That's what I told Atlanta."

"The way I'm thinking, this Wain is in no shape. It's too much a personal thing. I don't like the idea of him wanting this Shanley to die hard. It could backfire and stink. And after all, it was Shanley's wife. The way I'm thinking now, Lennie, we shouldn't approve contracts based on a personal thing like this. The contract on Shanley should come off, and we should tell Atlanta to get rid of this Wain and put somebody in there who'll be thinking more about peak development of the area. I see by the frowning you don't go along."

"I'd like to play along with Atlanta on this thing, Paul, just as a policy matter. The overall record is good. Once you start meddling, you spoil their autonomy and authority. And then you start giving them excuses."

Starr flexed old brown fists. "But any clumsy thing in a small town will get tied back to the Jacksonville trouble, and then we got bad public relations again. They could make it sound like a business thing, and we want to keep things quiet the way they are."

Savatt nodded. "It's a risk. But I would still like to go along with Atlanta on this."

Starr brooded for a few minutes, and then he nodded to himself. "We'll go along part way. You tell Atlanta they shouldn't tell Wain a thing. Tell them we'll handle it."

"There's no guarantee Shanley will show up."

"Tell them we'll handle it if he does. And I want a top expert accidental job on it, and what it costs we charge to Atlanta. Then a newspaper clipping can go to this Wain after it's done, and if he isn't pulling his weight six months later, Atlanta unloads him. And you tell them this, too. You tell them if Shanley doesn't show, or if he shows and somehow the expert doesn't take him, then they dump Wain right away, because up here we got a hell of a lot less patience with them than they've had with Wain."

Savatt inclined his head as though listening to something far away, finally nodded and said, "That should work out. They'll have no beef."

"And either way it goes, I want a special audit and report on everything out of Atlanta six months from now. Set it up."

Savatt nodded and started out. "Lennie?" the old man said. Savatt turned and looked at him obediently.

"Lennie, do I have to tell you it should go through a lot of hands?"

"Things have been quiet, Paul, but not that quiet. I'll never know who takes care of it."

The man was in a bar on Route 5, several miles west of the Albany city line, nursing a draught beer. He was about fifty, a short, sturdy man with pale hair, pale eyes and a broad, unmemorable face. He wore a gray summer-weight suit which needed pressing, a blue shirt, a maroon tie with a soiled knot, a cocoa straw hat pushed back off his bland forehead. He had thick, clever hands, the hands of highly skilled labor. At various times in his life he had been a toolmaker, steelworker, electrician, photographer, stonemason, drifter, refugee and soldier. He stood and sipped and waited, keeping an eye on the outdoor phone booth across the highway as the sun went down. The booth was at the apron edge of a gas station. In the dusk he saw a man enter the phone booth. He left his drink and went to the booth in the back of the bar and shut himself in, lifted the phone off the hook at the first sound of ringing.

"Jones?" a guarded voice said.

"Is it yes or no?" Jones said in a voice with a slight accent.

"They said it seemed high."

"It is high. It's difficult to arrange. It's a small town. You're buying the best. I told you, I don't bargain. If you can get it done cheaper, go ahead. I keep the down payment if he doesn't show up."

"I didn't say it seemed too high. Just high. It was a comment."

"I was looking for an answer, not a conversation."

"The answer is yes, and the package is where you wanted it."

Jones grunted and hung up. He went back to his beer. Ten minutes later, he walked across the highway and went into the outdoor booth and ran his fingertips along the underside of the phone shelf. He peeled the key off and put it in his pocket. He went back and got into his shabby gray sedan, four years old, and drove down to the Albany bus station. He sat and watched the station traffic for a half-hour, and when he had satisfied himself that it was safe, he opened the locker with the key and took the envelope out and walked away.

By the time Jones had driven back to his home in Troy, he had reverted to the habits of mind and the attitudes of his everyday identity, wherein he was Eldon Bertold, proprietor and sole employe of the Harbor Stamp Company—appraisals, approvals, cash for collections. He rented half of an old house in a defeated section of town, and lived alone there. There was a sidewalk entrance to the tiny shop, a bell that jangled when anyone walked in and a dusty confusion of stock books, albums, and all manner of philatelic supplies. Behind the shop were many rooms, and over the years each had been used for its own special purpose. Most of his stamp business was conducted by mail, and one room was the office where he prepared the approval cards and sheets for mailing to the list of customers he had developed over the years, kept his customer files and typed his correspondence. There was a sorting room with big tables where he made his appraisals and where he dismantled the collections he bought at auction or by direct purchase—throwing away the junk items, transferring the rest of his stock books or approval inventory and, very rarely,

finding an item for his own private, specialized collection of United States Issues prior to 1900. There was another room, small, cluttered with equipment and lighting fixtures in which he took his superb macro-photographs and slides of rare issues, using bellows and clamps and special lenses on an old Hasselblad. Adjoining his photolab was the room he had turned into a darkroom.

The kitchen, bedroom and bathroom were in the rear of the house. He had a few cheap clothes, a supply of simple foodstuffs. He put his car in the garage behind the house and went in through the kitchen. He went directly to the room containing the safe files, turned the combination dial on the heaviest one, opened the bottom drawer, took a tin box from the rear of the drawer and took it to the nearest table and placed it under the hooded lamp. He counted the money that was in the box, counted what he had been given, put half of the advance payment in the box and put the box back into the bottom drawer of the file.

With a feeling of excitement, he sat down with a note pad and the catalogue of the public auction to be held during two days in August in the rooms of one of the better New York City auction houses. He had previously listed the items he was prepared to bid on, and the maximum bid he was prepared to make on each one. Now he could expand his list. He was weak on the 1857 issues on cover, particularly the shades of brown, red-brown and orange-brown on the five-cent denomination. They were so rarely included in auctioned collections, he had wished he had more money available for this one.

At midnight he suddenly realized he was hungry, and was still wearing his hat, tie and suit jacket. And he realized that his desire to acquire the items at the auction in August was distracting him from the problem at hand.

He changed to an old bathrobe while the can of pork and beans was heating. The Shanley job, if the man appeared at all, would be delicate. Bolton was not a commuter town for a larger city. It was too far north of Syracuse. Strangers would be noticed and remembered. Conversely, you could expect the police work to be skimpy and clumsy.

When they wanted an object lesson, it was much easier. You come into town. You establish the movement pattern of the target. You fit yourself inconspicuously into some portion of that pattern, selecting the optimum time and place and the best weapon of opportunity. Then, in a fractional part of a second, you earn your money and walk away from it. Of one thing he was certain: it was not to be reported as murder. He counted back. This would be the sixth . . . no, the seventh accidental death he had arranged. They were easier in an urban environment. In Birmingham, in 1953, it had been the easiest one of all. The man had tripped and fallen under the rear duals of a transit mix truck. In Miami, in 1957, the man had walked out onto his private dock, boarded his cruiser and tried to start the engines without checking the bilges or starting the blower first. A careless habit, when there might be a quart of gasoline in the bilges creating vapor as explosive as a sizable charge of dynamite. In Michigan, in 1958, if the private plane hadn't burned when it struck, they might have found the wad of waste that had gotten into the gas tank somehow. The easiest pattern in a mechanized society is through the machines for transportation. Man is frail at high speed.

As he went to sleep, he aligned all aspects of the problem in his mind, knowing that in this way, more often than not, he would awake with the beginnings of a plan of action. He tried not to think of the other items he could not make bids upon, and how well they would go with the ten-cent greens, the twelve-cent blacks and the superb twenty-four-cent lilac-grays. He tried not to anticipate how it would be, going to the desk, paying the money in cash, walking out with the precious bundle. No other excitement in the world could match that.

He mentally reviewed the penciled information handed to him at the time of the first contact. Sleep took him.

The sun was high. Tom Brower studied his younger grandson. "My dear boy, at ninety-two one wishes to conserve the smallest effort, even that of keeping one's head in a slightly awkward position. So if you would move to the right end of the window seat?"

"Of course."

"And tilt the blinds so I am not looking at a silhouette. Thank you. Sidney, you are a mature and imposing looking fellow, in a certain craggy and impassive way. As a small boy you had a very . . . gentle face. Withdrawn and wary, but gentle. Do you remember the house?"

"More than I thought I would, sir."

"Your presence must be due to considerable tact on Miss Paula's part."

"And the jade box. Without that, I couldn't have bought it. Without that, the whole thing would have been too far out. The box made the connection."

"Did you leave it behind on purpose, Sidney?"

"I forgot it. I remembered it when we were getting into the car, but he wouldn't let me come back."

"I want to ask questions, many questions, but inasmuch as I tire very easily these days, I prefer to use the time telling you about . . . my contemptible part in the first years of your life."

"I don't blame anybody for anything."

"Not consciously perhaps. I shall not embroider this narrative. My only child, Alicia, was born in 1900. She was very like her mother—sweet, vague, imaginative and not physically strong. I was thirty when she was born, and Margaret, your grandmother, was ten years younger. It was a difficult birth, and a full year before your grandmother was herself once more. As a small family of three, we had nineteen marvelously happy years, though my wife's health was failing toward the end of that time. When Alicia was nineteen, she met and fell in love with Clyde Shanley. In those days, it was still possible for people to talk about marrying beneath one's self. Shanley was completely impossible. He had no background. He was a strange, violent, bitter young man, given to strong drink and strong language. But he had a kind of wild and reckless gaiety and—for Alicia, I suppose—a raw charm unlike that of anyone she had met before. When she persisted in seeing him, in direct disobedience of my orders, her mother and I took her on an extended trip. We had to return prematurely when my wife became less well. Alicia was twenty when we returned to this house. I thought she knew the seriousness of her mother's condition. Two weeks after we returned, she ran away with Clyde Shanley. Her mother's condition worsened. I blamed this upon Alicia's cruelty and thoughtlessness. I was a harsher man forty years ago, my boy. Margaret became bedridden. I learned Alicia and Shanley were married. I should have gone after her then. Perhaps she would have come back. I think that, by that time, she knew she had made a mistake. I had the fatuous idea she would come crawling back, begging forgiveness. I forgot, or ignored, that terrible pride of hers. She wrote us some letters. I did not answer them. I did not let my wife know I had received them.

"Your brother George was born in 1921. Shanley was moving from job to job, from one industrial city to another. I knew it was only a matter of time until he abandoned my daughter and my first grandson, and then she would come home. I would wait. I lost track of them in 1925. I could have instituted a search, but I thought that would be a sign of weakness. You were born in 1927, I learned later. This was a bleak, unhappy house, Sidney. Quite suddenly, the world moved in a monstrous era called the Depression. No values were ever the same again. All the security I'd worked for, it all crumbled away, boy.

Margaret died in her sleep in 1930. Jane Weese came here to take care of me and the house. I was sixty years old, and I did not give a damn. I was certain I would not live long. I was going through the motions of trying to ward off the ultimate financial disaster, because that was habit, the familiarity of things to do. In 1931, I received a phone call. Your father was in a city jail in Pennsylvania, serving ninety days. Alicia had died after a long illness. They found my address among her papers. Your father's term still had a few weeks to run. I peddled some jewelry that had belonged to your grandmother in order to get the extra money to go there and bring my daughter's body back for burial here. I brought you back, too. I would have brought George back, but I could not find him. Two weeks later, your father came storming in here when I was out. He pushed Jane to the floor, grabbed you and took you away. I knew that a man like that should not, could not, have custody of you. I would take you and George away from him, legally. But it costs money to accomplish such a thing. And I set about my work with a new goal, Sidney. But they were black years. It took time. So much time. I made mistakes. It was almost eight years before I re-established myself. It took time to get information about you. I learned that Clyde Shanley had been killed in a fire in Youngstown. I learned he had married again. My people could not trace the woman. Where were you?"

"I was eleven when he died. George had run away two years before that. Hilda got some money when my father died. We went to Atlantic City. When the money was gone, she took off. I was twelve. I hitchhiked back to Youngstown because, I guess, that was the place I remembered best. They picked me up after I was there about three days, and the juvenile court put me in a foster home. It wasn't too bad. They, the couple who took me in, usually had three or four kids at all times. It was a business deal, extra income for sheltering kids."

"We'll talk more, Sidney, later on. I've gotten too tired. Every part of this mechanism is ninety-two years old, full of flaws and fragilities. I'm a passenger in a rackety old vehicle, and I must not force it beyond its limits. I am ashamed of myself, Sidney. A large segment of my life is shadowed by an attitude I now find despicable."

"What else could you have done?"

"Come now, my boy. Don't try to present me with ready-made rationalizations. Out of pride, I suppressed my love and denied my only child, giving her no opportunity to admit her marriage was a mistake, forcing her to live with it and die with it." He closed his eyes. His voice became faint. "If I had only . . ."

The voice stopped. Shanley stared at him. He hurried to find Paula and met her as she was coming through the living room toward the study.

"I was just now coming to break it up," she said.

"He doesn't look right."

Her smile vanished. She hurried to the bed. He stood in the doorway. When she turned toward him, she was smiling again. They walked out into the side yard. Summer clouds had moved across the sun. She sat on the stone wall and looked up at him. "He goes to sleep like that."

"My God, he's sharp."

"Sometimes he goes a little off. Not often. And it makes him very angry when he does. He goes into the past, and becomes confused about who I am and why he's in bed."

"What are you doing for him?"

She shrugged. "Keeping him clean and comfortable and entertained. What else is there to do? He'll die easily, Sid."

"When?"

"Soon. But I have a very unprofessional opinion about that. It won't be tomorrow or the next day or the day after that. Because he wants to talk to you and listen to you. And to George."

"When does George get here?"

"This evening or tomorrow."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Paula . . . can we talk about last night?"

She kept her face turned away. "I've been trying to be casual. Achieving perspective? Tom looked at me this morning. Carefully. And gave me a wicked smile and a wicked old wink and said something about the delights of a motor trip. I turned red as a beet. Guilt? Why not? Where was all the reserve? All the character?"

"It was there. We just didn't get a chance to display any."

"Are you trying to make it easy for me, or easy for yourself?"

"Easier for both of us."

"My reserve! Ha!" She turned to look at him with a plaintive appeal. "How can a woman have any dignity left, when she was quote saved unquote by . . . by a . . . by a darned . . . *Stop* smirking! Stop it!" And suddenly she began to laugh, too, helplessly, until the tears came and she gasped for air.

When at last she recovered, she said, "I guess I had the wrong image of myself, Sid. Austere. Inhibited. And I met you for the first time in my life last Friday and this is Monday. And you know more than I want you to know. And I keep worrying about what you think of me. And now I have to go do some nurse-type work. But I'll be back."

She went off across the yard toward the house. He liked the swing of her summer skirt and the way she picked her steps and the way she held her head. He knew the strangeness could not be helped. They were new to each other. She was worried about her response, and he was worried that she would think it had been something planned.

But, in innocence, he had scheduled the trip badly, and at two o'clock that morning they had been just forty miles from Bolton, rushing along a small road in a summery moonlight. When he had seen in that moonlight the chimney of a burned farmhouse and the roof slant of a collapsing barn, he had stopped, backed up, picked a route through the brambles of the overgrown drive to a place near the barn. With the lights and motor off, the night was a silvery stillness with a faraway chorus of tree toads. Paula was on the mattress and he stretched out in front, opening the passenger door to give himself leg room.

They had talked for a little while. Her voice had been soft and sleepy. When talk was over, he had felt himself becoming increasingly aware of her nearness in the night, of the warmth and drowsy length of her. When he tried to halt the growing awareness, by listening to the night sounds, identifying them, he isolated the soft rhythm of her breathing. His mouth grew dry.

Without volition he found himself kneeling in the seat, looking down at her, and she was in a wedge of moonlight that glinted against the moisture of her open eyes and her parted lips. He reached and touched her cheek, her hair. She came lithely up into his arms in a single motion, making a sound like a sob, then shivering violently against him, tugging at him, urging him without words to come back to her, join her there, and he knew there was no restraint, knew there was nothing in the world but moonlight and need.

In his haste and awkwardness, he somehow lost balance and sagged against the horn ring, and there was a horrid, sustained, clarion blare fragmenting the silence, followed by a great braying and snorting and snuffling and a crashing of brush and a sound of hooves.

She had wrenched herself away and was crouched at the far end of the mattress. "What was it! What was it!" she whispered.

"Cows, I guess."

A few moments later, she opened one of the rear doors and got out.

"Where are you going?"

"For a walk," she said in a rather unpleasant tone.

She was gone so long, he finally went in search of her, went in the direction

she had gone and found her sitting on a crumbling wall, hunched and rather small in the moonlight.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" she asked him.

"Paula, I just wanted to say that . . . before all the commotion, I . . ."

"I don't want to discuss it, thanks. Go get some sleep."

Irritated with her, he went grumpily back to the car and stretched out as before. No need for her to be so damned huffy about it, he thought. He knew he would not sleep. But suddenly the heat and light of the morning sun on his face was awakening him. He sat up and looked into the back. She was asleep on the mattress. When he came back to the car, she was standing beside it, fixing her hair and her face in the rearview mirror.

"Good morning," she said in the mercilessly cheery voice of the professional nurse.

"Good morning, Paula. Listen. About what happened, it wasn't what you might have . . ."

She smiled brightly, but it could have been directed at somebody standing two yards behind him. "Just don't patronize me, please."

"I wasn't trying to. I was just . . ."

"I feel . . . unmasked, Sid, and rather silly and rather vulnerable, and I don't need anything explained to me."

"But it was . . . funny."

"Hilarious," she said and turned back to the mirror. "I'll giggle all day long. If we leave now, we'll be there by eight, and I can relieve the other nurse. It will be a good time to arrive."

She was silent and sat as far from him as she could for the rest of the trip, for that final fragment of the long fast ride from Texas.

Now she came back across the yard, smiling toward him. "You were right," she said. "It *was* funny. And I was terribly stuffy. Thanks for making me laugh. More scared than stuffy. Scared of a part of me I didn't know about. And when you were watching me walk toward you, I couldn't remember which way arms are supposed to swing when you walk, and my knees didn't feel very secure. Tom woke up when I gave him his shot, and he went right on back to sleep. Jane is busy fixing our lunch. You'll just have time to shower and change. Do you like your room? It's a very old house. My bed sags in the middle like a hammock. I'm prattling like an idiot. Stop looking at me like that. Please."

"I have a nice room and it's a very old house and you are very lovely."

She looked at him gravely and directly, her eyes somber. "I can make a list of the things wrong. Tom is dying. A man is trying to have you killed. You have a wife. My ex-husband will arrive Thursday. Your brother George is coming. I make the list and draw a line and there's only one thing to put on the other side of the sheet. One small, dreary *non sequitur*. I love you, darling."

He took her hands. "I was going to say it first."

"I've got no character and no restraint. Proven. Do you mind?"

"What took you so long? I've known you several years."

"I knew you'd never get around to it. Oh, you don't have to say it yet, just to please me, or because you think you ought to. Men find it harder to say, I've been told. Tell me when you're ready to tell me. Or never."

"I love you."

She looked quickly, warily, at the house and at the street and kissed the corner of his mouth lightly and quickly. "Sid, are we wrong?"

"Irrational, but not wrong."

"Affirmations scare me, Sid. The ones I've made haven't worked so good."

"Mine either. Time for our luck to change?"

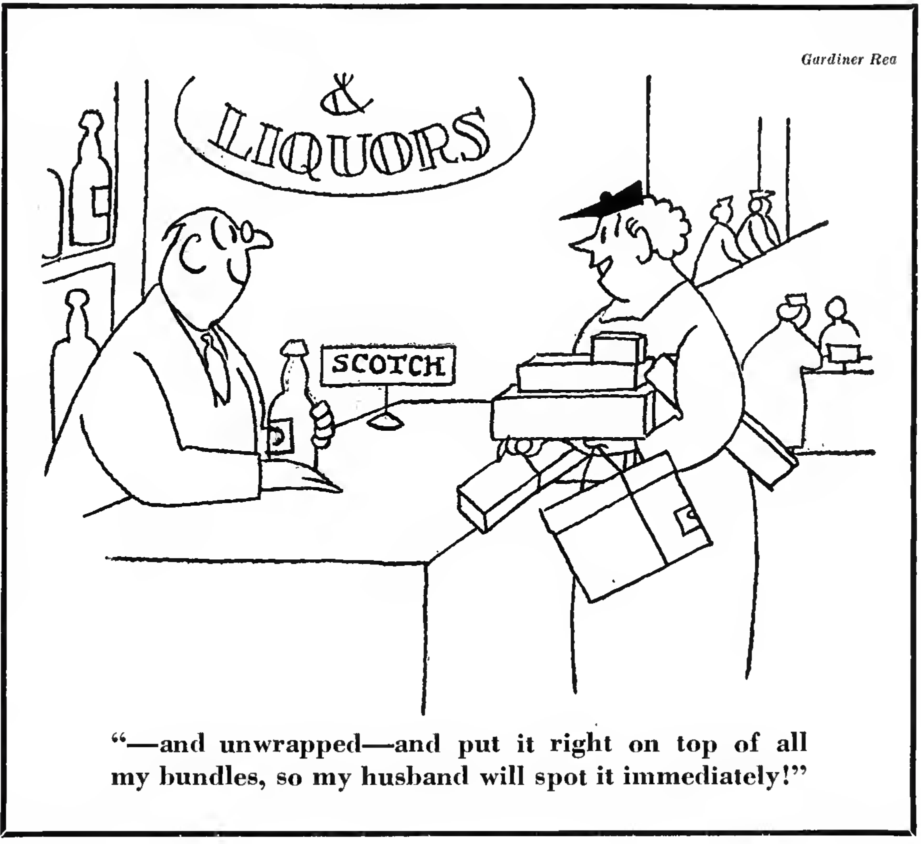
"Something is changed. Me. I feel so damnably kittenish, and sort of bold. I might giggle and skip and stand on my head, which would not be suitable to a woman of my years and dignity, sir."

"If you break down, I'll start whooping and running into the walls, to keep you company."

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "Pray for luck," she whispered. Then she made a clown face at him, a burlesque leer, and fled swiftly.

As he was dressing after his shower, he began to feel uneasy again about staying in the house. Here there could be no hope of masking his identity. The village knew the first of the two grandsons had returned. From Texas. Paula Lettinger went and got him and brought him back, after that little man found him. No invention could survive or surmount the living myth. He tried to tell himself he was safe here. If, two and a half years ago, Wain's people had been unable to trace his origins to Bolton, they could not do so now.

He gave his new environment a more careful inspection. There were four upstairs bedrooms in the front of the house. Paula was in one front bedroom, on the southwest corner. The room across the hall was the master bedroom, Tom's room, empty. He was in the bedroom behind Paula's, on the same side of the upper hallway. George, he surmised, would be put in the bedroom right across from his, the one directly behind the master bedroom. He opened one of his windows and looked down. He could unhook the screen, swing it out, slide over the sill, thrust himself out and drop a dozen feet into cushioning bushes and the softness of a flower bed. Jane Weese slept in one of the rear bedrooms, over the kitchen area. He inspected the lock on his door.



"—and unwrapped—and put it right on top of all my bundles, so my husband will spot it immediately!"

The key worked. It seemed sturdy. On the trip Paula had told him of the sensitive intercom which was placed beside her bed. The microphone was pinned to Tom's pajama jacket. He could not turn over in his sleep. It picked up his heart beat and respiration. Any slightest change, she said, during the night, brought her up out of the deepest sleep immediately, and she would fully awaken on the way to the stairs, putting her robe on as she went.

He looked diagonally out his window at the quiet street in front of the house, seeing random bits of it between the heavy limbs and summer foliage of the old elms, seeing glints of blue as a car went by, slowly. Too slowly? Once again he found himself wishing he had kept the gun. He had found it in a trade-in, wedged behind the rear seat cushions, when he had worked briefly in a lot in Biloxi. Rusty, corroded, a .25 caliber automatic pistol with a brand name that could have been Italian or Spanish. He had taken it apart, cleaned it, reassembled it, bought ammunition for it, tested it in an abandoned gravel pit. At forty feet he could be reasonably certain of putting every slug into a circle two feet in diameter.

He had kept it for several weeks and then dropped it off a bridge. Though emotionally it had given him some absurd comfort, he had known it was a dangerous thing for him to have. If the decision was to stand and fight, he needed a better weapon. If the decision was to run, the possession of a weapon, even one as useless as the little automatic, could take some of the edge off his caution. And a basket of guns would have done him no good at all in either Jacksonville or Atlanta.

Jane Weese served their lunch on the small porch on the opposite side of the house from the study where Tom Brower's hospital bed was set up in the old study. Jane was in her late sixties. She had a small head, a large, plump body, a sweet, vague manner, an undisguised hearing aid. "I'd never have known you were in the house," she said. "Such a quiet little boy I never saw. And toward the end you took to following me. I'd look up and there you were. It was so hard to make you smile. Once I reached to you too quick to pat your head, and fast as light you scrunched down into a little ball, your arms around your head. It made the tears roll right down my face, such a way for a child to be." She smiled and sighed and went back toward the kitchen.

Sid looked at Paula and saw tears standing in her eyes. "Stop it!" he said.

"It's not for you, dear. It's for a small boy. All the books would say you should be a horrible person, all twisted. Not the way you are. Gentle."

"I had my time of being horrible, Paula. For every thump on the head I got, I was going to give the world back a half dozen. But somehow I got rid of the poison once I admitted to myself I'm an emotional basket case."

"But you're not!"

"I still am, Paula. I think I can give love. But I don't think I can receive it without always thinking it's some kind of a trick."

"Will you give me a little time to prove you're wrong about yourself?"

"How long?"

"Just a trial run, Sid. Say . . . forty years. By then, if it hasn't worked out, I'll freely admit I was too optimistic."

"Seems fair enough."

She stood up quickly. "Dr. Marriner, earlier than usual."

After the doctor left, Paula came and told him the old man wanted to see the two of them. They went in and he sat on the window seat; Paula sat on the straight chair beside the bed.

Tom reached slowly for the control buttons and elevated his upper body a few inches. "My boy, it is time to discuss our security arrangements. Though it is an aspect of our culture I thought limited to the cheaper inventions of television, I am willing to admit the validity of your fear for your life. Mr. Fergasson did not find it difficult to believe, and he has certainly acquainted himself more thoroughly with the mores of the hoodlum fringe than I've ever had an opportunity to do. The quaint phrase he used was to tell me there was 'a contract' on you. He did indicate that a contract based on a personal matter is much more rare than a contract concerned with hoodlum business matters, but it would seem the efficiency is equivalent in either instance. You are distressed that my Mr. Fergasson was able to find you?"

"I'd feel better if I knew how he did it."

"After many false starts, he arrived at a simple procedure. He learned that you had written the copy for the newspaper ads in Jacksonville describing the available cars. He learned that you performed the same function in Atlanta. He studied copies of those advertisements until he could isolate a pattern of the adjectives and expressions you use. He made three assumptions—that you would still be in the business, be in an urban area and be writing copy. After going through dozens of metropolitan dailies, he found a significant similarity in the ads placed by Trade-Way Motors in Houston. When he found that a Sid Wells had written the copy, he took some long-range pictures of you and compared them with the photographs from the newspaper file in Jacksonville. He traced five other possibilities before finding you."

"Be damned," Sid said softly. "At least I know it isn't anything Wain's people would be likely to do, or be capable of doing. I see how it would work. Take one cute little idea I've used every place. Say we have three for scrap, but they'll run. So we advertise them at a dollar ninety-eight each. To the first three people who ask for them. It's a loss compared to scrap value, but you charge it to advertising. 'Guaranteed for three miles or three hours, whichever occurs first.' That's one I've used in several places. I'd never think of a thing like that."

"Fergasson would. That's why he costs so much. But to get back to immediate considerations . . . By now I can guarantee that at least six hundred people in Bolton know there is a car with Texas plates parked behind this house."

"I've talked with Paula about that, sir. I suppose I could try to make up some sort of cover story, but even if I was sure I could make up one that the whole town would accept . . . I'm not sure I'd want to. If . . . I belong anywhere in the world, maybe it's right here, as Sidney Martin Shanley, as your grandson."

"That pleases me."

"But it's still a calculated risk. I don't want to bring any trouble down on this house. And I'm not going to be particularly brave, sir. At the slightest hint of any kind of trouble, I'm going to take off. And I won't stay long in any case. Another day. Two, perhaps. But while I'm here I'll be . . . who I really am."

"Thank you, Sidney," the old man said. "It's pride, I guess. I did want the town to know my grandsons have come back." He sighed. "I want to keep talking with you, my boy, but I get a little tired and my mind gets misty. Let's talk again this evening."

"For just a little while," Paula said.

"Domineering wench," Tom Brower said in an almost inaudible tone. "Delusions of authority."

In the warmth and stillness of the drowsy afternoon. Sidney and Paula strolled through the yard behind the house. Her little car and Tom's big, unused sedan were parked in the barn. They went into the barn, into the dusty smell of old hay and a distant flavor of the animals long gone, and, out of sight of the house, she came quickly and frankly into his arms and kissed him. "Some days of being yourself I'm glad. But . . . when you have to go, I can't leave him. You know that."

"I know. But I'll tell you how you can find me."

"I don't want us to be apart, ever."

He held her, felt her deep, troubled sigh. "We'll have to tell each other things will work out. That's what people always tell each other."

She pushed away from him and smiled in a wry way and said, "Sure. I have some errands in town. Why don't you sit in the living room and listen, in case he wants anything. I don't think he will. I won't be gone long. When I get back, you can take a nap. You did two-thirds of all the driving, you know."

"Orders from my nurse?"

She laughed and got into her small car. After she turned west, toward the center of the village, he went back into the house and sat in the living room. He had remembered it as vast, filled with solemn furniture, smelling of wax and polish, with strange cabinets full of gleaming treasure.

At eleven o'clock that evening, George Shanley turned out the bed lamp in his Syracuse hotel room and lay in darkness, thinking about the old man he had never seen, and thinking about his brother and wondering if he would be there, too.

He had seen Sid once after the kid had grown up. He had been in the Chicago airport and had heard Sidney Shanley being paged, being asked to go to the American Airlines counter, so he had killed his drink and gone there out of curiosity. It was the kid, all right, grown up. Big and lean and fit and in uniform. A sergeant, just back from Korea, the kid said. They had talked for a few minutes, and it had taken just that long to find out they had nothing to say to each other, nothing at all. They were strangers. At least the kid told him how the old man had died. And when George had tried to tell the kid how well he was doing, the kid had shrugged and walked away, and so neither of them had even found out which way the other one was headed.

He walked away from me, George thought. *I don't owe him a thing. Not a thing. They want him, they can have him. What is it to me? He's somebody I don't know. Doing good in the car business, they said, and roughed up the wrong man there in Jacksonville and had to run. Been running pretty good. Been running smart. But he's nothing to me. I got Liz and the kids to think of. I got an income to protect. They don't want you should ever cross up the organization.*

But, in the darkness, he felt a stinging in his eyes. *Nothing is any fun any more*, he thought. *What the hell is wrong with you, George? When did things start to go wrong? Was it when that traveling muscle bounced you around and sprained your back a little, trying to make sure you were saying everything you knew about the kid? And you never mentioned old Tom Brower because you thought he was long dead and gone.*

And in the eleven o'clock moonlight, Sidney and Paula were sitting on the shadowy front steps of the old house in Bolton. The door behind them was open into the dark hallway, and when Sidney turned he could look into the living room and see the faint reflected glow of the night light in the study where the old man slept. They talked and they looked at the stars between the elm leaves, and he held her again, cherishing that avidity of her response which so quickly gave all kisses and caresses an almost agonizing urgency.

"Lean on that horn," she gasped. "Scare the cows." He reluctantly released her, smiling as he did so. She shivered and said in a shaky voice, "Maybe you'd like me more passive and ladylike."

"You're suitable. As is."

She looked up at the stars and he studied her moonlit profile. "It seems so unreal," she murmured. "I wasn't ready to be in love. But maybe I was very very ready to be in love. All I know is how the world is changed. All I know now is not being alone, and everything sharper and brighter, and even fitting better into my skin, dancing when I walk." She turned her head quickly, looking at him, touching his face lightly. "And superstition, too, darling. Begging it not to go wrong. As other things have."

"This won't."

"Do you feel unreal, too?"

"Of course."

"How would we feel, Sid, if we'd gone ahead with . . . good heavens, was it only this morning! Yes. When I tried to take a nap, I couldn't. I'm drunk from being tired. But a good tired. You know? It wouldn't be guilt, would it? No. Exasperation, I think. At using up something sweeter to save, for now. But the danger thing makes hunger, doesn't it? Like wars. When I think that if there was only that one chance . . ."

"And this one."

"No, Sid. Back me up, because I am too frail. It would be—is this insane?—admitting the odds are against the future. And even if they are, I can't let myself admit it. And so each to his own bed, loved and loving, soaked in moonlight, huh?"

He waited in the hall as she tiptoed in to check on Tom. And then they went up the wide dark stairs together, his arm around her waist. And to the doorway of her room, and to a kiss more savage than the others and, awkward, gasping, into the room's darkness. But there, by the bed, he heard the small voice of the bedside monitor, the soft rasp of exhalation, the slow ta-pum of the enduring heart, that message of a limited eternity which quelled the wildness. She wept, but told him it had nothing to do with sadness, and as he turned to go, the cadence of the breathing changed.

"Awake," she said, and hurried down the stairs.

He waited in the dark room. He heard their voices, blurred, and knew if he turned the volume down he could hear them distinctly, but he knew by the tone that all was well, and he did not care to spy on them. He went to his room and went to bed. As he waited for sleep, one small thing troubled him. Paula had opened her heart, but he could not feel he was giving as much of himself. Some of the walls were down, but there were others to hide behind. He wondered if she sensed the reserve, and, if she did, if it troubled her. In two and a half years, plus that final year with Thelma, he had acquired the habit of rejection of life. And it went further back than that, too. They hustled you away and you left the good things behind, like the jade box, the two dimes. He vowed he would try to change it all. Perhaps he couldn't. But it would not be for lack of trying.

The old man in the gas station told George Shanley how to find the Brower house. It was two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. He drove slowly east in the rented yellow convertible with the top down, through a tunnel of elm trees, the car radio loud. He wore big dark glasses, and he looked at the tall frame houses of earlier times. A dead place, he thought. A hick operation. The big action is bingo in the church basement.

The Brower place was the one with the iron fence across the front. He turned into the driveway and stopped by the side, near the walk. He turned the car off and got out and stared at the house, feeling disappointed. The yard was in good shape, but the house needed work. It looked as if you could shake it and carved pieces would fall off. The ride up

had blown away the last symptoms of mild hangover, but he still felt depressed. Big deal, to inherit the old barn. Who'd buy anything this far from any place? If the old guy had any real money, he wouldn't live like this. He shrugged and divided his minimum expectation by ten. So even ten grand wouldn't be a total loss. It would be worth the trip.

As he took his first slow steps along the walk, a woman came to meet him, wearing a rather formal smile. Dark-haired woman with a strong face, looking a little bit foreign somehow, lean, moving well, built pretty good, looking like class, more than you'd expect from the town and the house, wearing a light green skirt, a white sleeveless blouse, flat heels.

"George Shanley?" she asked.

"That's me."

"I'm Paula Lettinger. We were expecting you a little sooner."

"I couldn't get away as soon as I expected, then I got hung up in Syracuse. A business deal. Two birds with one stone. Did the old guy die?"

She looked startled. "Of course not."

"So a little late doesn't matter. Where's the guy who brought me the letter, honey?"

"He isn't here."

"Where do you fit into the picture?"

"I'm Mr. Brower's special nurse."

"Off duty?"

"I'm on duty. Mr. Brower is asleep right now. He prefers me not to wear a uniform."

"So what's the routine, honey? He wants to talk to me. So here I am. When can he talk, and how long, and where do I stay?"

"You can stay down at the Inn. It's quite comfortable. Or you can stay here."

George took his dark glasses off. "What's your suggestion, honey?"

She shrugged. "It's up to you. Your brother is staying here in the house."

She saw his curious reaction. His half smile remained fixed. His hand, moving to slip the sunglasses into his shirt pocket, stopped its motion. He seemed to stop breathing. Until that moment she had thought him an absurd caricature of the man she loved, had seen him as Sidney would be were he made shorter and much heavier and older, half bald, if all the perception and awareness were erased from his face and replaced with a coarse, meaty, animal blankness. But something about his few seconds of an absolute stillness chilled her.

Then the hand moved and the glasses went into the pocket. The smile changed. "Sid the kid, eh? When'd he get in?"

"Early yesterday."

"Lots of time to butter grandpop, huh?"

"I really don't believe that's why he came here."

"Why should you get sore, baby? You should stick to the pill business. I guess what I'll do, I'll stay here. Okay with you?"

"Mr. Brower said you could stay here or at the Inn."

"So it's okay with him and I guess that's what counts. Do I eat here?"

"If you wish."

"You do the cooking?"

"No."

"Can you show me where I sleep, maybe?"

"Your car is blocking the drive, Mr. Shanley. Suppose you leave your luggage on the walk and put the car out in the back. When you're ready, I'll tell you where your bedroom is."

But when he walked into the front hallway with his suitcase, a heavy old woman was waiting for him. "I'm Mrs. Weese," she said. "You go up the stairs and it's the room right opposite the top of the stairs. Lunch is over, so if you ain't eaten yet, you'll have to go into town."

"How do I get some ice?"

"Through that door to the kitchen and I'll give you some if I can spare any."

"Real service around here, mom."

"You get the same as anybody else," she said and turned away.

"Where's my brother?"

"I ain't kept track."

George Shanley was just finishing unpacking when Sid rapped on the open door and walked into the bedroom. George straightened and stared at him. "Well, well, well. My little old gray-headed brother. You look great, kid. Just great."

Sid sat down on the foot of the bed. "The gathering of the clan. It warms my heart."

"Let's don't con each other, kid brother. Since I was sixteen, I seen you just one time, and I haven't exactly missed you."

"So you found other targets for your natural sadistic tendencies."

George leaned against the bureau and stared at him. "Just like in the airport. The big words. You want to be class, Sid? You and me, we came out of the same cellar. You got more school, maybe. What difference does it make? How much did you ever pay for a shirt? This here is an import. Twenny-fi' bucks. I didn't need big words to buy it."

"What are you so defensive about, George?"

"What shape is the old man in?"

"Dying."

"How long is it going to take him?"

"Nobody seems to know."

"Not even that snotty nurse?"

"The old man likes her."

"So she's after the loot. If we didn't show up, she'd make out better. How much loot is there, kid?"

"I don't know."

"You don't seem to know much of anything. Has he decided how he's going to split it up?"

"I don't know that either."

"Anybody else here beside you, me, the old man, the nurse and that fat housekeeper?"

"Just an old man who does the yard work."

"When do I get to do my loving grandson bit?"

"When Miss Lettinger says you can."

"How the hell long do I have to stay here?"

"I don't know."

George stared out the window. "Is the old boy in one of these rooms up here?"

"He's downstairs in the study. They put a hospital bed in for him down there."

"That's your wagon out back with the Texas tag?"

"Yes."

"What do you do down in Texas, kid?"

"Get rich, the way everybody does."

"In the car business?"

Sid slowly took his cigarettes out and lit one, observing with a remote satisfaction the granite steadiness of his hands. A structure in the back of his mind had toppled and crashed with such a silent internal confusion, such a welter of fragments that for the moment he was incapable of thought.

It took him a moment to decide the barn would be the place, remembering Davie Wintergreen had the afternoon off. "When the old man has finished talking to both of us, George, he'll probably tell us about how he's going to leave his money, and then we can take off. I'm not anxious to hang around."

"When I get an idea how long I'll be here, I've got some phone calls to make."

"I'll tell you one thing, George. He owns a lot of land around here. There's a map down in the barn, a county map, pasted to the wall, with his holdings marked on it. Want to see it?"

George came along willingly, down the front stairs and out through the glassed-in porch on the east side of the house. Paula was with Tom. Jane Weese was in the kitchen. Sid led his brother past Paula's car and the old man's car, back to the area in the rear of the barn used for the storage of garden tools and yard equipment.

He walked into the center of the storage area. Sunlight came through a narrow window, the glass dusty and webbed by spiders. He slowed to let George come up behind him and then, pivoting smoothly, keeping his right elbow tucked

close to his body, he turned and in the same motion pistoned his fist deeply into the belly-softness of his brother, releasing in that single explosion all the timeless persecution of his childhood.

George emptied his lungs in a single gagging cough and, as he doubled, his face was shiny gray, his eyes wild, empty and bulging. He staggered, fell to his hands and knees, sucked air in an articulated groan and folded onto his face on the worn boards, turning slightly onto his side and pulling his knees up. He made a ragged groaning sound with each inhalation and exhalation. As Sid went through his pockets, the breathing became less labored. He took all the money out of the money clip. He inspected every compartment of the lizard-skin wallet. He ripped up all the licenses and credit cards, and when he put the wallet back in George's hip pocket, the only thing it contained was a color print, sealed in plastic, of a blonde, busty woman sitting in a beach chair with a baby in her arms, smiling, squinting into the sun, with three other small children lined up beside her.

George pushed himself wearily into a sitting position, his head hanging between his knees. "You bust something," he mumbled. "Jesus, you bust something inside me, kid."

"Perhaps," Sid said absently. He went over to an old box stall. A six-by-six horizontal brace five feet off the floor looked sound. He put his shoulder under it and tested it and could not feel any motion. He found a coil of half-inch Manila, gray with age, hanging on a nail in the storage area. He took it to the box stall, looped it around the brace and pulled hard. It was still strong. He left it there and went back to George.

"Can you get up?"

"Get a doc for me, kid. Please hurry and get a doc."

Sid went behind him, grabbed him by the armpits and, in one heave, put George up on his feet. George made a small screaming sound, staggered but did not go down. He stood, bent forward at the waist, hugging his belly. Sid led him into the stall, turned him, backed him up to the brace and lashed him to it, running the line around his chest and under his arms and up around the brace, then spreading George's arms out, one at a time, and firmly tying his wrists to the beam. George's struggles were weak. As a final measure, he located a paint rag, forced George's jaw open and thumbed it into his mouth. He tied it in place with a strip torn from the rag.

On the way back to the house, Sid opened the hood of the rental convertible and took the rotor out of the distributor and put it in the same pocket with George's money.

He searched George's room. As he finished, there was a knock at the door. He went to the door and opened it. Paula looked startled to see him. She looked beyond him. "Where's your brother, darling?"

"He isn't available."

Her eyes widened when she looked at him again. "What's the matter, darling?"

"I haven't got time to explain."

"You're looking at me as if you don't even know me! What's happened?"

"I'll explain later."

"Where is your brother!"

He looked at her for a long moment. He saw innocence. He saw, through her eyes, a world of good intention, an orientation based on respect. There was a cruel way to open her eyes a little wider, even though it might at the same time narrow her heart.

"You can come with me while I talk to George."

"But where is he?"

"Can you come with me right now? Will the old man be all right for a half-hour?"

"He wants to talk to George."

"Go tell him George is busy. Then come out to the barn. We're in the back of it. In a stall. And when you get there, you stand in a corner and you keep your mouth shut, no matter what happens. Is that clear?"

"This is Paula, darling. Why are you using that tone . . ."

"Is that clear? You get in my way out there, and that's the last you get to see or hear of any of it."

Her mouth tightened and her chin lifted. "It's quite clear."

"When you get there, don't ask any questions. Just listen."

"Yes. Yes, of course. I'll do anything you say."

He went to the barn. George was able to stand more erectly. His color was better. Sid freed his mouth.

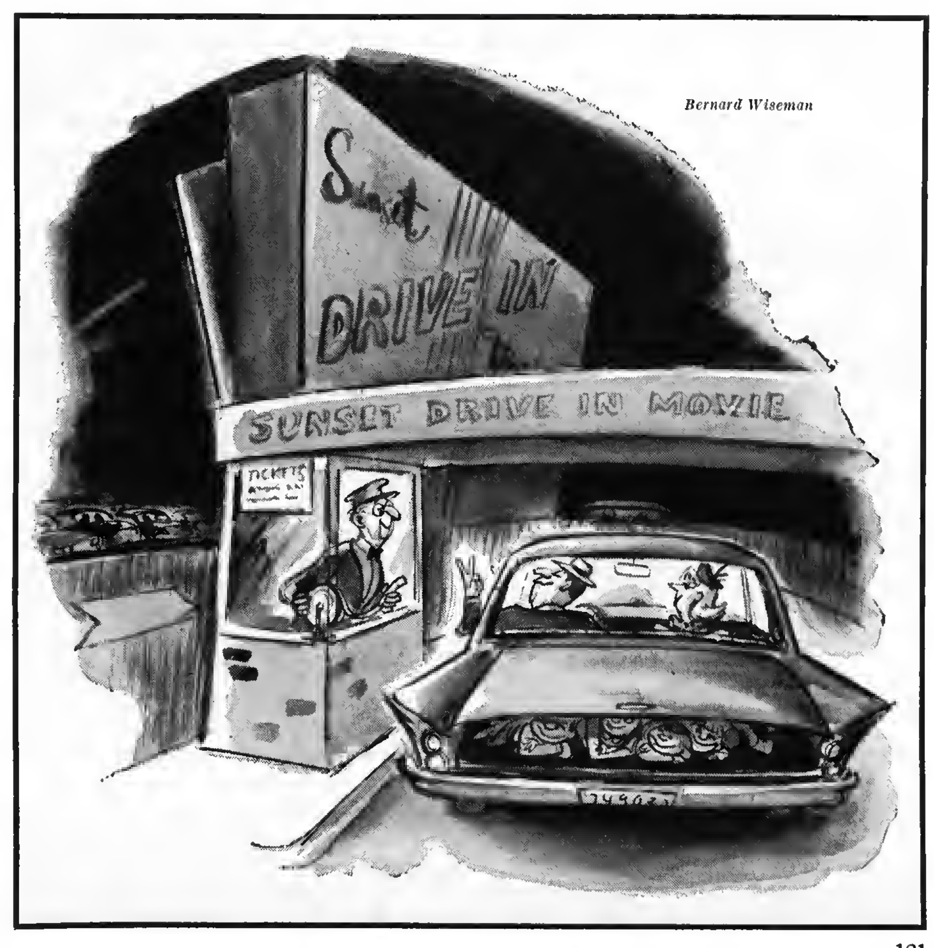
George spat and said, "What the hell is going on? Get me loose! You can't . . ."

Sid chopped him once, a short, sharp, medium blow just under the heart. George's face bulged with the sudden pain and shock.

"Now listen and listen very carefully, George. I could work on you until I wore my arms out, and I would never get even. You know that. If you follow my rules, maybe I won't."

"Sid, honest to God, when we were kids, okay, maybe I beat on you, but that was only . . ."

"One of the rules is to speak when spoken to. I am going to ask questions. You give the best answers you can. When I don't like the answers, I'll hit you. This



can last for a half-hour, an hour or three days."

"What kind of questions?"

Sid sighed and slapped the beefy cheek. The sound, in the empty barn, had a curiously metallic ring. "You just answer questions. Nothing else."

He heard Paula approaching. He turned and looked at her as she came into the stall. He saw her eyes widen with shock and disbelief, and before she could speak, he said, "Stand over there and keep out of it.

"Up in your room, George, you asked me if I was in the car business in Texas. That's when I decided we'd have this little session. What made you think I might be in the car business?"

"When I saw you in the airport that time, Sid, you said you were going to go into . . ."

Sid slapped him in exactly the same way as before, with the same casual force, in exactly the same spot.

"That's a bad answer. I remember every word of that little talk. Try another answer."

"Geez, I must have met somebody, maybe saw your name or something in Jacksonville. You told me you were going there. So I must have just figured out it was you and . . ."

George saw the slap coming and tried to duck it, but could not.

"Try again."

George moistened his lips. "Somebody told me."

"That's a little better. Who?"

"I don't remember."

An instant after the sound of the slap, Paula made a small sound. He glanced at her. She stood in the corner of the stall, four feet behind him. She held the back of her fist against her mouth.

"Try again."

"Some guys asked me about you. I guess that's where I heard about the car business."

"How long ago?"

"Over two years."

"What kind of people were they?"

"Just a couple of guys."

Sid slapped him, noting with clinical detachment how the left side of George's face was beginning to puff and redden.

"They . . . they were muscle."

"I think you better give me the whole story—what they said and what you said. And if I don't like any part of it, you know how I'll interrupt you."

"Just give me a chance. They were Georgia boys, and they had to come out on something else and coming down to Dago was like a side line, on account of it was not so much business as personal."

"You're doing fine now."

"They asked a lot of questions about where you were, and I didn't know a thing, so then they worked me over for a while to make sure. They didn't mark me, but they sprained my back, and they were sorry about that. They said a guy name of Jerry Wain had been looking for you for six months and he was anxious to find you. Wain got my name from your wife. They said you were in the automobile business in Jacksonville, strictly legitimate, and you messed Wain up so bad, he was putting up five big bills just for a good tip."

"Is the five thousand still waiting for somebody?"

"Yes. It's still open."

"Wain still wants me killed?"

"Yes."

"When you were asked to come here, did you wonder whether I'd be here, too?"

"I didn't think about it."

After the sharp sound of the hard palm against the bruised cheek, Sid saw that the man's left eye was beginning to look puffy.

"I thought about it. Sure. I thought about it. But . . ."

"And who else knows you were thinking about it?"

There was only a little difficulty remaining, a mere fragment of resistance, and then it all came out. Sid knew he could not have continued it much longer, in the face of his growing self-disgust. George talked with a vulgar eagerness about the dirty details of his little life, of a man named Claude Boardman and a man named Frank Lesca, and how Boardman had threatened him, and why he had to do just what they said, and how he'd planned—as soon as he knew Sid was there—to put a call through to Boardman in Los Angeles.

"And get me killed," Sid said softly.

"I was going to warn you, honest."

"Sure, George. That's just what you were going to do." He turned slowly and wearily, his back to George, and looked at Paula. She looked ill. Her face was sweaty and she had nibbled her lipstick away. "This is my kind of reality," he said to her. "How do you like it?"

"He . . . he's a monster."

"Don't be dramatic. He's just a flunky. Maybe Wain is a monster. I don't know. I'd probably find out he's another flunky, too. But they all do favors for each other, because they're all part of the same big friendly family. George just works in the bargain basement and does as he's told."

"My arms are cramped terrible," George said humbly.

When Paula gave Sid a puzzled frown, he knew she had noticed his broad wink. He winked at her again and said, "The trouble is, if I let him loose, he'll make his phone call. Would the old man believe us if we told him that George decided there wasn't enough money involved, and took off?"

"He . . . he would believe me," she said hesitantly.

"Tonight we could drive that rental car into Syracuse and abandon it. You could follow me in my car. We could abandon it with his luggage in it."

"Hey!" George said in a breathy shout. "Hey!"

"If that's what you think best, dear," Paula said.

"It would be one less to share the money," Sid said, knowing George would understand that kind of reasoning.

"Wait a minute!" George said loudly, nervously.

"I could put him under that pile of burlap," Sid said in a thoughtful voice, "and when we get back from Syracuse, I could take him back over the hill and bury him back in those berry thickets back there." He winked again. "What do you think?"

"Anything you say, dear, only . . . are you going to do it right now? I don't want to see you do it."

"Might as well get it over with," he said. Paula walked out, rather unsteadily.

"No, no, no!" George screamed, and fought the ropes and begged and babbled until he sagged into hopeless exhaustion, chin on his chest, breathing hard.

"George?"

"Please, please, please, please . . ."

"George!"

"Huh?"

"If I do it this way, I'm still running. If I could believe you had any way of changing Jerry Wain's mind, you could buy your way out of this. But you said you're too small-time, didn't you?"

Prolonged fear had dulled George's comprehension. "Change his mind?"

"I'm trying to make a deal with you," Sid said patiently.

Hope transformed George Shanley. "It could be worked out," he said eagerly. "Honest, it could be worked out. It isn't like it was a business thing. With Wain it's personal. What you'd have to do, you'd have to buy a contract on him. You wouldn't know where to start, Sid. But I would. I can help you, Sid. It would cost heavy because I'd have to make an outside deal. But I got the money. I got cash hid, honest. I can make the right connections if I'm careful. You need me, Sid. With him gone, you'd be in the clear on account of it's a personal thing."

"How much would it cost?"

"It depends on what connections I can make. I got to be careful, Sid. They wouldn't like it, him being in the organization, losing him, and maybe publicity

on it, too, and whoever I could get would be taking a big chance, but with things so quiet lately, maybe it wouldn't be hard to get near him easy. Maybe fifteen thousand, five down and ten more into a lock box with two keys. Give me a chance, kid."

Sid stared expressionlessly at him for a few moments. "You'd lie to save your neck. You'd lie to save a dollar, George. I'll think about it. Your car won't run. You haven't got a dime or a credit card left. I'll cut you down and take you to your room. No phone calls. Nothing cute. Try anything at all, and I'll bring you back out here and kill you."

"I-I'll do anything you say." Sid looked at him and believed him. He had broken this man. Broken him beyond guile or rebellion. It seemed almost too easy. But maybe he had been ready to be broken, readied by years of fear.

Sid cut his brother loose and walked him to the house. George walked like an old man. As Sid helped him up the stairs, he felt pity for this man. Not a man, really. A man can face death without raving and gobbling incoherently. He recalled George as a grinning child, kicking a stray kitten to death. *How can we be brothers?* he thought. *How can two lives have diverged so far?*

George collapsed on the bed with a moan. "I'm sick," he said, his voice faint.

Sid called Paula and watched her examine him. Her color was almost as bad as George's. She went and got her equipment, took his temperature, blood pressure, fixed an ice pack for his bruised face, gave him a mild sedative. As Sid and Paula went down the stairs together, she said, "Are you going to lock him in?"

"No need of it. He's humble. He's going to be good. Is he sick?"

"I'm not a doctor. He has no temperature. His blood pressure is too high and his pulse is too fast, but I think that's his normal condition. I think he's emotionally sick. He should sleep deeply now, like a punished child." She turned and faced him in the front hallway, a rigidity in her posture, a stillness in her face. "I guess you had to do that," she said. "I didn't know you at all. I wanted to run away. When you were winking at me, I knew you wanted me to . . . play games. And it was a horrible game."

"You did it well."

"I listened outside the stall, and then I knew what you were after. I don't know if you could send a man to have Wain killed."

"If it was traced back to George, it would be traced back to me. Then I'd be running from something else."

"But if you knew it couldn't ever be found out?"

He thought for a moment. "I still don't know, Paula. This light switch. If I knew that by pushing it, Wain would die painlessly, I don't know if I would. It's too hypothetical." He studied her. "I didn't mean to frighten you."

"Your own brother would help them find you. I don't know a lot about a lot of things." She lifted her arms toward him, awkward and wooden as a puppet. She was unyielding in his arms, then softened suddenly, sighing and vulnerable. "Make things come out right," she whispered.

"I'm sorry you had to be a part of this."

"It's your life. I'm a part of that."

"I don't want it to change anything between us."

She moved out of his clasp and stared at him. "Change what? Love? Love isn't *because*, darling. Because you are this and because you are that. Love is the whole package, the total commitment. Whatever either of us is, the other person is stuck with it forever. If part of you scares me a little, then that's part of it, too."

He sat on the stairs. She sat beside him and he took her hand. "Time for specifics. I was drifting and dreaming, but George brought that to a screeching halt. I was lucky twice. Now I'm risking two people, two futures, and I can't bank on luck. The old man wants to see George. We'll tell him George is ill. He'll be in no condition to see the old man until tomorrow, and I want to ride herd on that little interview. So I'll stay through tomorrow. George won't make any contact, so it should be reasonably safe. I'll leave here Thursday, before dawn, and I'll take George with me. Can you get somebody to take his rental back to Syracuse?"

"Of course."

"And ship his luggage to his home address in San Diego. I'll let him off without a dime in some of the emptiest country I can find. That will give me all the start I need. I've never been in Minneapolis. Think of a name for me. If you think of it, you won't have any trouble remembering it."

Her mouth trembled. "John," she said hesitantly. She looked at the stair railing. "John Bannister."

"I'll sell the wagon elsewhere and get to Minneapolis somehow. On the first of every month, I'll go to General Delivery and pick up the letter you'll write me. A long letter, please."

"Very, very long," she whispered.

"Be very cautious mailing them. Use a fake name and return address."

"Yes, dear."

"When you're free, go to Minneapolis. Travel light. Leave your car here. Take a roundabout route. Take a room as Mrs. John Bannister. Then write me where you are at General Delivery."

"If that's the way you want me to . . ."

"That's the way it has to be."

She rose quickly to her feet and faced him. "Then I will tell you something which has to be. That old man in there brought you both here. And maybe the only thing we can give him is honesty. So you will tell him the whole thing. You will tell him about George, and how you handled it, and what you plan."

"If you think it's right, Paula."

"I'll go see if this is a good time for you to come and tell him."

Alone in the hallway he stood up slowly, ran his hand along the deep gloss of the bannister railing, along the patina of a hundred years of use. It converged here, all of it, and had begun here. Old Tom Brower had been carried up and down these stairs when he was an infant. Sid's mother, Alicia, had gone up these stairs to see her ailing mother. And there had been a small scared boy on these stairs, not too long ago. And now George. But the hate was gone. There was nothing left to hate. The bits of life were frozen here, like multiple images on a photographic plate.

On the next morning, Tom Brower insisted on talking alone for a long time to a thoroughly cowed George Shanley. After he had dismissed Shanley, he had Paula get his young attorney, Randolph Ward, on the phone. He talked and argued longer than was good for him, then sank quickly into an exhausted sleep. Young Ward, harried and indignant, arrived just before noon. He had a pale, vague face under a tall russet pompadour, glossy with health. His father and his grandfather had, in their turn, handled Tom Brower's personal affairs. He had brought two witnesses and a notary with him, and new wills, bound in blue. Dr. Marriner arrived to make formal certification of Tom's mental acuity. And when all of them were gone, Tom sent for Sidney and Paula.

"You should sleep now," she said.

"Hush. I'll sleep a long time, girl. A very long time. Sit where I can see you. Both of you. A long line, Sidney, and now the name is gone. But the blood is there. Not in George. Just in you, boy. The pride and the toughness."

"In a man on the run, sir?"

"To run was a tough-minded decision. Pragmatic. When it's time to stop, you'll stop. You'll marry this woman?"

"The minute it can be arranged."

"Would Brower Shanley be too grievous a burden for a child to carry?"

"When he complains, we shall beat him," Paula said, smiling.

"You have a rare one here, my boy," Tom said. "She has come alive, and she

has a talent for it. Now to business." He looked closely at Paula. "I cut her out of my will."

"As long as I didn't know I was in it, I can't exactly . . ."

"Shush, woman. I've made it a gift, a trust starting the moment I signed the documents young Ward brought. You'll have a decent income paid quarterly, and it stops when your youngest reaches twenty-one, at which time the capital is divided, half to you, and the other half evenly between your children, or all to you if you have none. From the grave, Tom Brower will have a long reach."

She looked at him for a long time, nodded gravely, went to him and kissed his cheek and said, "Thank you," and went back to the window seat.

"Jane and old Wintergreen get the use of this house and this land, and money to keep themselves as long as they live, and money for care if they need it, and when the survivor dies, the house and land revert to the village for whatever use they wish to make of it." He shifted his head slightly and looked at Sid. "And do you wonder about yourself?"

"Of course."

"After all taxes are paid, there will he a lot of money, boy."

"So I understand."

"But you agreed to come here, to risk coming here hefore you knew of it."

"I guess I did."

"There'll be one million three after taxes, boy."

Sid stared down at his hand, clenched it slowly. He looked at the old man. "With stipulations?"

Tom Brower nodded. "You had my stipulations long ago, boy. when I stipulated your mother had to crawl back here to be forgiven. You've gotten the vast benefits of old stipulations. And you have the disease of pride, too, as I had. So you get it in one ugly lump, boy. Handy to run with. And you can find out if you're strong enough to handle it. Suddenly a little sweaty, aren't you?"

"Yes. I don't think you owe it to me in any sense. But I won't say thank you. I have the feeling that's the last thing you want from me."

"What do I want from you?" the old man asked in a voice as disembodied as the motes floating in the sunlight.

"I will cherish this woman. We will remember you. We will talk about you, and our children will feel as if they knew you, too. You will be a respected legend, told with love."

With his eyes closed, Tom said, "And add this to the legend, to prove I did not turn entirely to mush. I am leaving your brother thirty silver dollars." He opened his eyes and gave them an ancient, wicked grin. "Will I see you again, boy?"

"Tomorrow," Paula said. "Ward Marriner looked at George. The lethargy puzzles him. He wants him to rest another day before traveling. Did you . . . tell him about the inheritance?"

"I'd rather it would be a surprise."

After they left the room, Paula stopped Sid, kissed him, smiled at him tearfully and said, "I love you. He wants something to die with. I couldn't give it to him. You did."

Aldon Bertold. alias K. Jones. drove into the village of Bolton on that warm windy Wednesday, just before noon. Summer people roamed the street. It was smaller than he had hoped, a deadened valley town with a single business block, churches, gas stations, a small park with a cannon and defunct fountain, a frame building named the Bolton Inn, old houses, small yards, iron fences, big elms.

Yet he felt his cover was entirely suitable to the environment. He had bought a three-hundred-dollar black Buick sedan off a used car lot in Utica. He wore a dark shabby suit. He'd brought the old Hasselblad along, and in a big photography store in Syracuse he had purchased the other props, while his business cards were being printed. A sturdy, battered tripod, floods, flash equipment, filters and lenses—and a scarred old case to keep them in.

He was particularly pleased with the business cards. The main imprint was centered—NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL COMMISSION. In the bottom left-hand corner was his new name for this mission: J. Wells Hefton—Photographic Field Agent. In the right corner, he had added a Utica address to match the plates on the car he had bought there.

He found the ancient, arthritic town clerk in an upstairs office over a drugstore. Once the old man had convinced himself that Mr. Hefton was not peddling nostrums or photographs, he consented to phone a woman named Pettingill whom he thought would be of the most use to Mr. Hefton in his mission. He made a partial explanation and then turned the phone over to Bertold-Jones-Hefton who explained it in more detail. Mrs. Pettingill was the town's unofficial historian, and she was hard put to conceal her delight.

He had lunch at the Inn, and arrived at Mrs. Pettingill's small frame house at twenty minutes after one. She was a small, withered, bright-eyed lady in her seventies, with hair dyed a lusterless black. Her moccasins and summer skirt and blouse would have been more suitable for a Holyoke sophomore. They sat on her front porch while he explained his mission to her.

"I don't really expect to find very much of interest here, perhaps three or four houses at the most. We are not interested in anything less than a hundred years old, of course."

"Of course, Mr. Hefton."

"You've seen the books we've published on other areas, of course. We've done about a third of the state so far. So you know the format."

"I think I've seen them. Maybe you should refresh my memory."

"The houses are selected for architectural and historical significance. I take more pictures than are used, of course. Generally they use one or two exterior shots and three or four interior shots. And one full page of text regarding the house, descriptive and with historical references. If I find anything usable, you can plan on doing five hundred words on each one."

"You want *me* to write it!"

"Mr. Brildy said you've written up a lot of the local history."

"But not for . . ."

"We have a very limited hudget, Mrs. Pettingill. The very most I can promise you is twenty dollars apiece—if I find anything we can use. And it may be several weeks before your check comes through. So I'll understand it if you decide not to . . ."

"Oh, I'd be *glad* to help out. The money isn't important. There are some lovely, historical houses in Bolton, Mr. Hefton."

"If I do find anything usable, with your help, I can assume you'll help me get permission to photograph?"

"Of *course!*"

He smiled at her. "Well, if you're ready, we can take our first little tour, Mrs. Pettingill. You're being very kind."

On the slow tour of the town and the area, she sat beside him with a clip board and pencils. bolt upright, as excited as a child. He stopped whenever she requested it. stared dutifully at the old houses she pointed out, listened to her torrent of description and historical lore. He did not say yes or no to any of her suggestions. She showed him about seventeen houses, and seemed to grow more agitated as he showed no sign of enthusiasm for any of them.

As they drove back toward the center of town, he said, "Is that all?"

"All the best ones. Don't . . . you think any of them would do?"

He did not answer until he had parked by the square. "*Any* of them! Why, Mrs. Pettingill, there are five that are well worth doing."

"Hooray! I mean . . . how nice."

He had memorized the names of the ones which looked and sounded most appropriate. "Write these names down, please. Stockham, Perndell, Kipp, Or-

mand and Brower. Far more than I expected, to tell the truth." After she had scribbled the names, he said, "Would any of those present any special problems, Mrs. Pettingill?"

"Well . . . the Perndells are sort of odd about such things, and the Kipps won't be back until the day after tomorrow. And old Tom Brower is very, very ill. He's dying. Ninety-two years old. And the Stockhams live in such a terrible clutter, you might have problems getting the interior pictures. But . . . I think everything can be managed. After all, it will be a wonderful thing for Bolton. So many old houses just seem to . . . disappear."

"In my experience, if we start at the easiest one, then the rest will fall in line. That would be the Ormand place, I assume?"

"Young Mary Ormand will be delighted to assist you in any way. Do we start tomorrow?"

"We could start now, Mrs. Pettingill. The light is perfect for shooting exteriors. And we can do the interiors tomorrow morning. Perhaps by that time, seeing that they are next door, you might have permission from the people in the Brower house. I wouldn't disturb the old man, of course."

Sid waited on the side porch with increasing nervousness and irritation. Paula seemed to be gone far too long. Suddenly she came around the corner of the house, smiling.

"Who is he?" Sid demanded.

"Relax, darling. He's just a fussy little man who works for the state, going around and taking pictures of historic old houses. See? Here's his card. What took so long was trying to get away from Deborah Pettingill. She's helping him with his work. She's probably the only person in Bolton who knows more about the history of it than Tom does, but she's a truly tiresome old woman. Mr. Hefton really works at his trade, darting about with light meters, moving his tripod here and there, putting gadgets on his camera and taking them off again. He makes little notes all the time and constantly mumbles to himself."

"Does he seem to know what he's doing?"

"I'm not a photographer, hut he acts like other photographers I've seen working. Next he wants to do this house, outside and inside. Mrs. Pettingill told him about the staircase. He's all heated up about the staircase and about the mantel in the living room."

"But you can't let him come in here with Tom so sick?"

"I promised to ask Tom. I couldn't get away from Mrs. Pettingill without promising that much. Mr. Hefton said he wouldn't bother Tom at all. It's his choice, I guess. It's his house. And, after all, it might amuse him."

"Are you going to ask him now?"

"Yes. I promised to go hack and tell Mr. Hefton. They'll be through over there in a little while. He's staying at the Inn."

She went to see if Tom was awake, and to ask him if he was. She came back and said, "It amuses him. Old monuments. He asked me if I thought he was suitable early Americana. I'll go tell the little man what the restrictions are. I'll be right back, darling."

He was alone on the side porch. The sun was low. The shadows on the east side of the house were blue and deep. The summer world was full of a deceptive peace. He thought of the woman and all the money, and told himself it would work out, and could not entirely believe it. He felt uneasy about staying the extra day, but sensed Paula was glad of it. Heiler, the ex-husband, was due to show up tomorrow, and it might be difficult for her. The old man was right about Heiler. You had to look the past in the eye, fairly, and in that way take a second look at yourself, without delusion.

Paula came back, stood beside him, looking out toward the shadowed side lawn. "He told me little stories about long ago," she said. "And I wrote a few words down, enough to remind me. I'll tell you about them one day. A heritage, I guess. To know who you are."

"I want to ask you to come with me."

"And if you insisted, I would. But it wouldn't be a good way to start out, would it?"

"No. I want to see how George is. Would you come along?"

George's door was open. He sat in the chair by his window, in a silk bathrobe. He looked at them with mild interest, then turned back to stare out the window.

"How do you feel?" Paula asked.

For a few moments it seemed he would not answer, and then he said slowly, "All my life I had to be right where the action is. Now I want to sit and I don't want anything going on, anything changing. I don't know what the hell is wrong. That old man makes me feel funny. Like I got no place to go. I look at my shoes and I don't know which one to put on first. It's too big a decision." He looked inquiringly at Sid. "I should be thinking about Boardman and about Liz and the kids, and getting back, and about who I should see first to see if I can get this Wain thing fixed for you, but I honest to God just can't start thinking about anything, kid."

"Let it rest awhile," Sid said.

George looked at Paula and at Sid, and for a moment there was the shadow image of that animal shrewdness. "You two got it worked out good? That old

Be Sure To See

"CONTINUING YOUR EDUCATION AT HOME"

an article by the Executive Director of the National Home Study Council on page 131.

man likes both of you. He talks to me like I'm dirt. You got money coming? Look, have I got any coming? Would you know that?"

"He's leaving you some," Sid said.

"Could you eat something?" Paula asked.

"I don't know. Like last time I didn't think so, but when she brought it I ate some, but all of a sudden I couldn't swallow."

"I'll have her bring something up," Paula said. They left the room. Paula closed the door quietly. George did not seem to notice their leaving. She looked in on Tom and found him asleep, and then walked with Sid out into the luminous dusk to sit on the old stone wall, warm from the sun of the long day.

When he asked her about George, she said, "I'm not a psychiatric nurse. But we had a little of it. I'd say anxiety, all he could stand for too long, and then more heaped on top of it. Anxiety and guilt, so he's withdrawn from it, into this indifference."

"Will he come out of it when I bundle him into the car and take him away?"

"I don't know. He might just not care. When you let him out, he might just sit there beside the road until somebody comes along."

"I didn't mean to do that to him."

"He did it to himself, Sid." She rested her cheek against his shoulder. "The next to the last evening, for a long time."

"How long?"

"A day without you will be a long time."

"I want to stay, but what would I be proving?"

"There's nothing that you have to prove to me."

By noon on Thursday, Mr. Hefton and Mrs. Pettingill arrived at the Brower house, having finished with the Ormand house, impressing everyone with his dedication and his meticulous care. At Tom Brower's request, Paula brought them to his bedside.

"Just wanted a look at you," Tom said. "Not you, Deborah. The good Lord knows I've seen enough of you in an excessive lifetime."

"Tom Brower!"

"Let me look at this wizard of yours, who, through the magic of a silver nitrate emulsion, optical glass and some little springs and latches, will turn what was a living, breathing house into a set of sterile symbols in a dull book."

"It is our duty," Hefton said, "to record the past for the sake of future generations. The New York State Historical Commission believes that . . ."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hefton, but you may now go putter and click at will. I am a rude old man, and it has been many years since I gave a damn what any commission, committee, association or foundation believes in. One man is a significant entity. A partnership halves that value. Three or more men, working together, diminish themselves to zero. Team effort is the stagnation of the race. Thank you for giving me a look at you."

"I must say . . ."

"Run along with the nice man, Deborah. We can all guess what you must say, so there is no need to say it."

When they were alone, Tom Brower gave Paula a rather shamefaced smile.

"You *were* rude, you know."

"It sluices out the glands, my dear, relieves tensions. And one cannot leave any lasting mark on such dim little people. Did I hear him bringing equipment in?"

"Quite a lot of lights and things. Mrs. Pettingill helped him."

"Speaking of tensions, you have more than your share today."

"Yes. I'm worried."

"When do you expect him?"

"I think about two o'clock would be right."

"Where are you going to talk to him?"

"On the porch, I think."

"What are you going to say?"

"I'm going to tell him I'm sorry. I'm going to wish him luck."

"What if that isn't enough? What if he gets difficult?"

"Sid will be behind the door to the back hallway. He can hear everything from there."

"If I should forget to tell you, keep absolutely nothing in reserve with my grandson. Love him totally, Paula. Totally, obviously, plausibly—and eventually he may come to believe it."

Bertold-Jones-Hefton had given the old house careful study while taking the exterior shots. Yet he faked no part of his procedure. He used slow, fine-grained film, tripod, wide-angle lens, a light red filter, and composed each shot carefully. Now that he was inside the house, he realized the front windows of the dining room afforded his best opportunity. One, in particular, had maximum screening by the outside shrubbery. After a full hour of work on the living room and the staircase, he carried his floods into the dining room and set them up, telling Mrs. Pettingill that the detail of the paneling was worth recording. She was in complete agreement. After he had a chance to examine the window and plan his moves, he sent her out to his car to search for a nonexistent photoflood bulb and bring it to him.

The moment she left the room, he opened the case and took out the little plastic squirt-bottle of graphite and the small screwdriver and the small pair of nippers. Moving with a practiced economy of motion, he slid the window up, squirted graphite in both sides of the frame, then slid it down and up and down again, satisfied with the new silence of it. He nipped the hook of the outside screen until but a tiny thread of metal held it in place. With the window closed, he unscrewed the two wood screws which held the old-fashioned window latch in place. He nipped the heads off the screws and then saw Mrs. Pettingill walking toward the front door. He put the latch and screw heads back into place and dropped the severed threaded portions into his pocket, put the tools and graphite back into his case and was studying his ground-glass screen as she walked in to tell him that she couldn't find the bulb anywhere in the car.

The window satisfied him. It looked locked and secure. But the smallest tug on the screen would snap the remaining thread of metal. And when the lower sash was raised, it would go up silently, lifting both portions of the brass latch with it. He was satisfied that the rest of the job would go just as well, that death would look natural enough, and the doctored window would be discovered long after any routine investigation had been completed.

As he was taking his sixth careful photograph of the carved paneling, he heard Mrs. Pettingill say, "Why you must be the young one! Sidney, isn't it? I saw you once in this very house when you were a little boy! I'm Deborah Pettingill. I guess you've heard your grandfather mention me."

The man murmured something in reply. Bertold-Jones-Hefton turned casually and looked toward the man. But he was standing beyond the floodlight, in the doorway, a vague figure. He turned and left the room.

As Hefton changed his setup to get the final wall, he said casually, "Does that man live here, too?"

"Oh, no. Don't you remember? I told you about the two of them, Sidney and George. The grandsons. It took Tom a long time to have them found. It's wonderful they could get here before he passed on. Tom disowned his own daughter, his only child. Those are her two children. They say Tom is leaving everything to them."

"Very fortunate for them."

"But Paula is getting a very nice trust fund. Very nice."

"That's the nurse?"

"Paula Lettinger. She comes from here, you know. Odd girl. Hard to understand. She made a very bad marriage, and it was annulled and her husband has been in prison for five years, and he's coming here to see her today, I think. At least, that's what they say."

"I wish I could do some of the rooms upstairs."

"So do I, but Tom said no."

"I guess they're all occupied."

"Oh, no! This house is larger than it looks. Jane Weese is in the back and there's two more empty servants' rooms. And even with Paula and the two grandsons up there, there would still be three empty rooms at least. I know Paula has the front corner room on the west. And I don't imagine Jane would put either grandson in the master bedroom. To her way of thinking, it would still be Tom's room, even though he'll probably never see the inside of it again, poor soul. But they'd be toward the front of the house, handiest to the staircase. Jane likes to save steps, at her age."

"The master bedroom is in the front east corner?"

"Right above this room, yes."

"I think we're through here, Mrs. Pettingill."

"It's such a lovely old house."

"Isn't it."

"What will we do next?"

"The exteriors of the Perndell house, if that's agreeable to you."

As they were driving away, Mrs. Pettingill said, "Slow down!"

"What is it?"

"That's him, I bet!"

"Who?"

"The husband. His name is Weiler or Heiler or something. She met him in New York. He must have come on the bus, because that's Del Barney drove him out here. When he's finished the mail route, Del does taxi work."

Hefton looked back and saw a tall man in a wrinkled gray suit, striding swiftly from a green car toward the front door.

As soon as Jud Heiler left, Sidney came out onto the porch and Paula ran to him to be held, tightly. He could feel the persistent tremor of her body. She made a snuffling sound against his throat.

"The things he said . . . I was afraid you'd come bursting out."

"He had to get them off his chest. I understand that."

"I know. I sensed that. He's been thinking about saying those vile things to me. I'm sorry you had to hear it all, darling."

"He's a very disturbed guy."

"He scared me, Sid."

"I don't think you have to be scared. I think it was all talk. He said it and now he'll go away and I don't think you'll ever see him again."

She backed away and looked up into his eyes. "But that talk about . . . ruining my face."

"As far as he knew, you were alone. If he was going to do it, he would have made his move then, honey. It was all talk, that's all."

She frowned. "I'm glad I saw him. I'm glad Tom made me write him. It sort of . . . really ends it. Somehow it was never really ended before. But it made me feel queasy. You know? It made me feel as if . . . I'd seen somebody dying of some terrible thing?"

"Self-hate?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes, of course. He can't accept the idea of despising himself, so I'm the target." She smiled. "Sorry he shook me. I'm not really scared now. I know it was all talk. He's not a violent man."

"If you're frightened, I'll stay longer."

"No. Leave tonight. I don't want to push our luck. What time will you go? Have you decided?"

"After midnight. I've been locking George in at night, on the off chance it's been an act. I want him to be there when I come to get him."

"Darling, before you go to get him, when you're ready to leave, come to my room and say good-by to me. With advance permission for me to cry a little, please."

"Permission granted. I'll have the rental in running order. Would this be a good time for me to talk to Tom for the last time?"

"Let's both go in. He'll want to know all about Jud."

• • •

Bertold-Jones-Hefton left the Bolton Inn at midnight, smearing all areas where he might have left prints, after coating the pads of his fingers with clear model cement. He paid his bill to a sleepy desk clerk and left an envelope at the desk for Mrs. Pettingill, explaining that he had been called away to do some retakes in the Buffalo area and would be back in several weeks to complete the job in Bolton, assuring her he would get in touch with her at that time and thanking her for her co-operation. He had typed the note on the old machine available for guest use, typed his most recent name, scrawled a single backhand initial. When he had first arrived, pleading an arthritic stiffness from the long drive, he had talked the clerk into signing him in. So there was only one disguised signature in existence, and that was on the vehicle registration for the used Buick and, if all went well, it was unlikely that would be traced. Even if it was, he did not see how it could do them much good.

He drove away from the center of the village, wearing a dark long-sleeved sport shirt, dark slacks. The village slept. He turned the engine and lights off and drifted for the final hundred yards and put the car into the overgrown driveway of an abandoned house. From there he took the route across the fields behind the houses, the route he had scouted while taking the exterior shots of the two neighboring houses. He circled the Brower house in absolute stealth, gratified to note that the few street lamps were as feeble as he had assumed they would be. Aside from a night light in the room of the dying man, the house was in complete darkness.

He went to the prepared window, put the tiny pry bar between sill and screen and levered it gently. The hook parted with an almost inaudible ping. But he listened to the silence for a time, his eyes closed, before lifting the screen off the top hooks and setting it aside.

The prepared window made no sound as he eased it up. He went up and over the sill with a single, lithe, muscular, silent movement, then crouched inside, knuckles braced against the hardwood floor, head tilted, listening. Soon he stood up, slid the window back down slowly and silently, by touch, fitting the shortened screws back into the holes. He drifted to the front hallway and to the front door and listened again. He unlocked the front door. The latch made a single brisk clack, and once again he waited. He opened it eighteen inches, slid through, pushed the screen open. The spring made a soft pinging sound. He closed the screen door carefully, went back to the window, hooked the screen in place, shoved the bottom of it in against the sill, went silently back and re-entered the house by way of the front door. He left the front door barely ajar. After a long pause, he started up the stairs, taking two stairs with each slow step, planting his feet close to the wall where they were less likely to creak.

The old man was in a dream. He knew it was a dream and he knew he did not like it. He had been walking down some sort of tunnel, and he had noticed that it was getting narrower and lower. Now he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees and soon there was not enough room for that, and he had to wiggle along on his belly. But the side walls had begun to brush his shoulders and he knew that if it got any narrower, he would be stuck there until this miserable dream ended.

Jud Heiler sat under a maple tree in the front yard of the dark house across

from the Brower house. He shook the bottle and estimated there was a couple of inches left. *Did the whole tour,* he thought. *No hold on me. Drink if I feel like it. No damn parolee.* He took two burning swallows, gagged and set the bottle aside with exaggerated care.

Gave her a hard time. Wasn't right. Wasn't a good thing to do. Did she write the bad checks? No siree. That was good old Judson Heiler, penman extraordinary. Decent thing to do is wipe out the bad taste. Said she was sorry, didn't she? What more do you want from her, man? It's kaput, anyhow. But a lousy way to fade out of her life. Man, the only time you get any sense is when you're stoned. That's the story of your life. Stoned, you're a pretty decent guy. Sober, like today talking to her, you're a monster. Want to leave her with a lousy memory like that? Of course not.

He reached out and grabbed his wandering attention and swung it back to the odd phenomenon he had witnessed. He'd seen a glint of a dark car up the street, moving without lights. And he was certain he'd seen some kind of stealthy movement around the front of that house over there.

Now suppose, for example, there was a prowler. An opportunity for ol' Judson Heiler to make a splendid impression on one and all. A lasting impression. But a man fresh out of the can had special problems. Deserve consideration. *Suppose you get grabbed, old buddy, and you look like a prowler and what then?*

Caution is the answer. Lightfooted as cats. Shrewd.

He stood up, kicked his bottle over, made a dive for it, fell onto his hands and knees and hiccoughed. *You're not in the very best of shape, man. So be twice as careful.*

He went across the street, lifting his feet high with each step. When he reached the opposite curb, he put his finger against his lips and said, "Ssshhh!" He took two more steps, sat carefully on the sidewalk, took his shoes off and put them neatly under a bush. "Sssshh!" he said and went to the front door. He pulled the screen open and put his fingertips against the front door. It gave under the slight pressure, startling him so, as it swung open, that he almost fell into the front hall.

In the upper hallway, Bertold-Jones-Hefton had oriented himself with the calculated risk of a single sweep of the needle beam of his pen light. So the target for tonight would be behind the door on the left or the door on the right. Eenie, meenie, miney, moe.

He put his hand on the knob and turned it a fraction of an inch at a time. When he had turned it all the way, he pushed and it opened slightly. He listened at the opening and heard no sound of breathing inside. He pulled it shut and released the knob as slowly and cautiously as he had turned it.

He tried the opposite door and found it locked. This made sense to him. The target was a cautious man who knew there was a contract out on him and had nevertheless stayed alive for over two and a half years. He risked a single oblique flash of the tiny light. It was an old-fashioned keyhole. He had come prepared to cope with locks. If the key was in the lock, on the inside, he had a pair of needle-nose pliers, exceptionally thin, with which he could reach in and grasp the key and turn it as readily as it could be turned from the inside. He probed and found the key was not in the lock. His set of master keys and skeleton keys were tape-wrapped to reduce jingle. He found the one he wanted by touch alone, inserted it into the lock and tested it gently. He felt the tumbler begin to move and exerted a gentle pressure. When he was past the midway point, the bolt snapped over with a dismayingly loud sound, bringing his heart up into the base of his throat. After several seconds, he put his ear against the door panel, and when he heard the rhythmic rasping snore inside the room, he was able to breathe again.

He took three long minutes to open the door, enter the room and close the door again. The room was pitch dark, and he could not risk a light. He went down onto his hands and knees and began to work his way toward the bed, reaching a cautious hand in front of him after every forward movement. The snoring was louder. He skirted a chair and touched what he decided was the foot of the bed. He worked his way along it. When he reached the head of the bed, he straightened up, still on his knees, to make certain from the sounds that there was but one person in the bed. After he had squeezed his eyes tightly shut many times and opened them wide, he was able to achieve just enough night vision to show him the vague outline of the sleeper. He was on his back, his left side toward Bertold.

When Bertold was certain, he took the silent weapon out of his shirt. It was based on that homely tool of the Japanese assassin—a sharpened length of umbrella rib. But this was a six-inch length of slim, superb steel set into a practical, home-made wooden handle, narrower than an umbrella rib, sharp enough to make a minute and almost painless puncture in the skin, but blunted enough to slip between ribs rather than catch in the bone.

He edged closer, held the handle in his right hand, laid the tip of the blade along the index finger of his left hand, slowly reached out until his finger touched the rib cage. As soon as the fingertip settled into the indentation between the ribs, and the sleeper stirred, the right hand slid the blade into the heart, then jabbed with several short, swift strokes, turning the handle slightly each time, inflicting a maximum damage.

There was a wheezing intake of breath, a hard gasp, a spasm, another spasm and then a long rattling sigh. Bertold held his breath and he could hear no sound in the room. He wiped the invisible blade on a scrap of tissue, folded the stain inward and put the tissue back in his pocket, the blade back into his shirt. He stood up and turned his pen light on the dead face. He turned the light off and stood in the darkness and shut his jaw so hard, his ears rang. All this delicate, perfect, professional effort to kill the wrong man, to give him a plausible, unremarkable, fatal heart attack in the middle of the night. Probably the brother. What was his name? George. Small-time hoodlum from the Coast. No loss to anybody, particularly, but it complicated this job. Two identical deaths were out. If they weren't identical, maybe it could be worked. He felt the indignation of the master craftsman who sees a superb effort wasted. He turned the light on again and, aware of his responsibilty to his trade, wiped the single drop of blood from the rib cage.

He wished he had risked the light. But it was his business to minimize risk. The faulty assumption had been that Sid Shanley would be the one to sleep behind a locked door. A reasonable assumption. Had any outside light filtered into the room, he would have sensed this was a heavier man. Several little things had been unfortunate, and so the whole thing had been wrong. He moved to the door, went with stealth into the hallway, closed the door and locked it again. He stood in silence, smelling dust, old fabrics, furniture polish—deciding at last, and with a professional reluctance, that it was best to leave. . . .

When the breathing, heard on the monitor, changed in a way she had never heard before, she held her breath for an instant. Caught in the shrunken passageway of his dream, the old man struggled to awaken. In the midst of the murmurous good-bys, all their vows and plans, she wrenched herself out of Sid's arms, yanked her door open, closed it hastily. She started to race toward the stairs and, in darkness, ran headlong into the feral solidity of one of the night things that populate dreams of terror. She made one small whimper as she was caught and turned, as a hardness

clamped her throat, as she was yanked abruptly into darkness.

Bertold, near the head of the stairs, slowly lowered the slack body of the woman to the carpeted floor. His heart bumped in a hard, fast rhythm. His response had been instinctive. A hard pressure of thumbs into the side of the throat, just under the angle of jaw. Still crouched from lowering her, he reached and laid his coated fingertips against the side of her slender throat and felt the steady pulse. Had he dug with more strength, or maintained the pressure a few moments longer, there would be no pulse at all. She would be out for at least five, perhaps ten to fifteen minutes. She would be able to give no coherent account of what had happened to her. There would be small twin bruises only the expert could identify.

Yet now it was imperative to leave. Risk accumulates on a scale more severe than a mere geometric progression. One risk plus one risk equals a danger multiplied by itself fifty times.

Just as he started down the stairs, he became aware of somebody coming up the stairs with an equivalent though less professional stealth. Bertold knew the advantage was with him. The ascending figure was silhouetted against the faint light in the lower hallway. A man. Tall. This time the logic of elimination could not fail him. The dying old man could not walk. The elderly gardener was smaller. The stocky brother was dead. So this was the target approaching. He saw how it could be done. The approaching man was sliding his hand along the railing. He heard the whisper of palm against wood. He crouched, as close to the wall as he could get, low in the shadows, providing no silhouette, requiring only that the man reach the same level without observing him. The stairway was wide enough.

Bertold was four steps down from the top. As the man reached the same step, Bertold felt almost an affection toward him for making this plausible solution so easy, for making available the varieties of the fourteen-cent lilac which would be auctioned, for providing another example of expertise.

He slid deftly over, slid his left arm up under the left armpit of the taller man, from the rear, reached and clamped his fingers on the nape of the neck to provide a solid base for the leverage to be exerted. Simultaneously with the man's vast lurch of surprise, he reached around with his right hand, clasped the jaw, the chin socketed into his palm, and wrenched with an explosive strength. The snap of the neck was muted, like a dead stick broken under water, and Bertold stepped quickly aside and went swiftly down the stairs, as though racing the long, rolling, thudding tumble of the body, reaching the lower hallway an instant later, letting himself out, quietly pulling the door shut, hearing the comforting snick of the night lock.

Five minutes later he was through the village and heading west and south. He was content. If the girl's story awakened enough suspicion, they might start looking, in a day or two, for J. Wells Hefton. By then there would be no J. Wells Hefton to find. There were a dozen discreet and agreeable ways to get rid of the car. Perhaps the best way would be to drive it to New York, garage it, pay a month in advance and abandon it. That would give him a chance to inspect the items that would be up for auction soon.

He slowed, crossing a bridge, and flipped the narrow stiletto into a dark stream, and hummed a tuneless song as he drove through the summer night.

They all sat in the big kitchen of the old house as dawn grayed the windows. Jane Weese lumbered from the stove to the table, giving a snort of grief from time to time. Paula Lettinger seemed lethargic. She sat huddled in her robe, her face pale and her eyes puffy, slowly sipping the scalding coffee.

The state trooper was like a big horse caparisoned for ceremony. His leatherwork creaked and he smelled of outdoors. The other man from the State Police, from the Bureau of Criminal Investigation, was small and rather drab and named Lemon. He was murmuring over the kitchen extension.

Sid reached and put his hand over Paula's. She gave him a wry, sad look. "I keep thinking, I wasn't even there when it happened. After all these months and months, I wasn't even there. Maybe he was . . . frightened."

Doctor Ward Marriner came striding in, looking pleased with himself. He pulled an empty chair over to the table and said, "A little coffee please, Jane. I haven't had a night like this since the influenza epidemic we had last year. Couldn't get a call through, so I thought I'd run over. Signed the certificates on Tom and the Heiler fellow. Ready to sign on George."

Lemon hung up and came back to the table. He sighed and sat down and said, "Needle in a haystack, of course, but there would seem to be enough to go on. Roused some people out of bed, but the Utica address didn't check out, and Albany denies the project. Lucky the lad at the Inn took the license number."

"He seemed so . . . plausible," Paula said.

"Doesn't anyone want to ask me anything?" Marriner said indignantly. "Good God, I do an autopsy with so little

legal authority, I could be way out on a limb . . ."

Lemon smiled sadly. "Do tell us all, Doctor."

Marriner looked content. "It was a rickety heart, heavy arterial deposits, some minor scarring from attacks he probably never knew he had. It wouldn't have taken him much further. But punctured thrice, twice through the sac and into the left ventricle, and once through the base of the pulmonary artery and on through into the right auricle. Tracked back and found point of entrance on the left side, between the third and fourth rib. Weapon resembled a steel knitting needle."

Lemon nodded. "And what would you have called it if you hadn't looked in there?"

"Massive coronary occlusion," Marriner said. "Probably."

"With the door locked?" Paula asked.

"With a lock that would yield to a bread stick," Lemon said. "And we'd have no emergency pickup out on this man, or no quick autopsy, if Mr. Shanley's reactions hadn't been very good. In fact, we might never have known what the hell went on."

When Marriner looked questioningly at him, Sid said, "I heard somebody fall down the stairs. I thought it was Paula. I went running out and stumbled over her. She was at the top of the stairs. As I was there, on my hands and knees, I heard the front door latch and I thought I saw movement through the glass panel. As soon as I knew Paula was breathing, I ran down the stairs and out, jumping over somebody on the floor in the lower hall. I ran out into the middle of the street. I heard a car start up. I ran to see if I could get a look at it. It went under a street light and it seemed to be the same black Buick the photographer had been using. I came into the house, called you and then called the emergency number for the State Police. When I reached the top of the stairs, Paula was sitting up."

"So it was the early lead on that Hefton," Lemon said. "Sooner than we had any right to expect. I just don't know how we'll do. Fifty per cent of the cars are eliminated. We'll be looking at the ones heading away from this area. The roads are fairly empty. But if he ditched it soon enough, we're in trouble. Nobody can seem to describe the man. We'll have to know what he was after. Who he was after. George Shanley? Judson Heiler? It looks as if it has to be George. The job was professional."

"I'd like to talk to you in private, Lieutenant Lemon," Sid said.

"I'll come, too," Paula said, "so I can help make him believe you."

"If you want to verify something he's going to tell me, Miss Lettinger, then I'll get to you next, not both at once."

"And a man named Adam Fergasson can back him up, too," Paula said.

"If we need him, we'll go get him."

Lemon and Sidney Shanley walked out of the kitchen. The uniformed trooper yawned. He had huge white teeth, a pink, healthy tongue. Jane Weese poured some more coffee. Dr. Ward Marriner said, "A fall like that could break a man's neck. But the demise of brother George gives them enough."

At that same moment, Bertold was being picked up at mile marker fifty-one on the Thruway. He had plausible explanations for the trooper, but they were wasted because the trooper knew absolutely nothing beyond his orders to pick up the described car and driver. So Bertold knew he would be held and he knew how wrong it was going to go and deplored his own failure to get rid of the keys, the little cutting pliers—which could be matched to the severed window-screen hook. And with complete astonishment at his own mental lapses, he remembered the bloodied bit of tissue in the pocket of his trousers. It was a risk he could not accept, explanations which would, in final scenes, explain nothing. So he faked a stumble, brought the trooper down with a judo chop, sprinted toward the high wire fence fifty yards beyond the shoulder, knowing even as he ran that he was in panic, that it had been an error not to pause long enough to kick the man in the head.

As he started up the fence, the .38 caliber slug pierced the left buttock, ripped through the groin and shredded the left femoral artery. He lay on his back on the harsh grass and looked at the fading sky and felt as if the world was falling away from him. The trooper bent over him just in time to see the last fragment of comprehension in the staring eyes as Bertold-Jones bled to death.

It was an overcast September day with a warm, moist wind sighing through the pines around the cabin. When they returned from the walk they usually took after lunch, Paula, walking ahead of him, was the one who looked down the slope toward the clearing behind the cabin and spotted the gray car parked there beside Sid's station wagon.

All the old warnings rang, and he stepped back, tense and wary, drawing her back into the shelter of the trees. He saw the man by the car and looked at him through the binoculars.

"I don't know him," he said, and handed the binoculars to her.

She looked and turned and smiled at him. "Adam Fergasson, finally."

They went down to the clearing and she introduced the two men and they walked around the cabin to sit on the shallow porch overlooking the lake, the dock, the row boat. Fergasson looked meticulous and prim in his city clothes, in his careful manners.

"It was difficult and I must warn you that it was expensive," he said. "Those people have a fetish about communication. But I think I have verified it well enough. It was, from the beginning, a personal affair rather than a business matter. And I have personally satisfied myself that there is no current so-called contract on your life, Mr. Shanley. I did receive one hint that what did happen to Mr. Wain was due in part to a . . . decrease in his efficiency due to his obsession about you. And they seemed to have handled it quite neatly."

Fergasson gave Sid the clipping from the Jacksonville paper, and Paula read it over Sid's shoulder. It was headed: "TRAGEDY MARS FISHING TRIP." It reported that Jerry Wain, with two companions, had been fishing the edge of the Gulf Stream off the coast near Lauderdale in Wain's fishing cruiser. Wain had been letting out a teaser line from the stern with a weight to make it run deep. Apparently something had taken the teaser bait before he'd had a chance to make the line fast. A loop of the two-hundred-pound test line had caught around his wrist, yanked him over the transom and pulled him under. By the time his two companions had recovered from their shock at the suddenness of it, turned the boat, retrieved the float at the end of the teaser line and pulled it up, Wain had been drowned. The body had been taken to the nearest dock facilities at Fort Lauderdale.

"Rather nicely done," Fergasson said. "Freak accidents have a curious plausibility about them. Do you care to hear about your wife?"

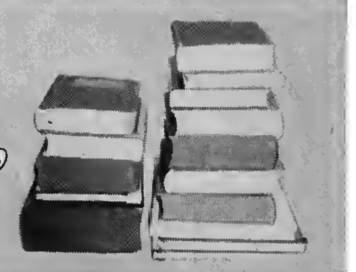
"Yes, of course."

"With the tremendous coverage in all the newspapers, her expectations are running rather high. I took the liberty of employing a good local man down there to accumulate everything necessary to prove her . . . means of earning a living during the past couple of years. You'll have no trouble in any court you take it to, if she's so foolish as to attempt to contest it. Shall I go ahead with that?"

"Please do."

"Where may I get in touch with you?" Paula smiled and stood up and held her hand out. "Thank you for stopping by, Mr. Fergasson. We'll send an address to your office."

After he had driven away, Sid held his girl, and kissed her, and grinned at her. "What address?" he asked. THE END



Cosmopolitan's

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES

Continuing Your Education at Home

BY DAVID LOCKMILLER, PH.D.

Executive Director, National Home Study Council

Today, no matter what the economic or the intellectual status of Americans, few if any are exempt from the necessity to continue their education on their own initiative. The complexity of life in these United States, the immense social and scientific changes, the requirements for trained workers and the need for an informed citizenry—all these have led to an increased emphasis on continuing education. One of the ways people continue their education is through home study courses.

The latest figures of The National Home Study Council indicate that well over two million Americans are taking correspondence courses—more students than enroll yearly as college freshmen.

What kind of courses do they take? Just about everything from Accounting to Zoology. Some students are taking high school subjects; some are studying college-level courses. About 75 per cent are studying to improve themselves in the jobs they now have or are preparing themselves for better jobs within, or outside of, the fields they are now in.

Certificates from home study schools help employers meet the training requirements of their industry—both basic and advanced. Well over 7,000 industries use a Co-operative Home Study Plan to train and upgrade their employees—those who are new and those who have been with the company for some period of time.

For those seeking a high school equivalency diploma, many accredited home study schools offer this opportunity. If the student then wishes to enter resident college, he will have to meet the college admission policies—which generally do not exclude home study equivalency diplomas. No high school, resident or home study, can say that its diploma assures a student of automatic admission to college unless the institution is willing to accept the diploma. Most colleges will admit students through entrance exams. Many accept the home study diploma after the student has passed a General Educational Development Test; still others admit persons as special students with the privilege of gaining regular status if their work proves satisfactory. Incidentally, a recent study shows that home study high school graduates are as successful in resident colleges as students who have graduated from the regular high schools. However, NHSC strongly recommends completion of high school in the regular fashion. High School Home Study is designed for those who can get subjects and diploma in no other way.

Home Study as a method of learning appeals to many people. At-home study allows a student to work at his own speed at the hours convenient for him. He is not tied down to regular class hours, although sticking to a schedule usually is recommended by instructors of home study courses. Since the classroom is the home and because travel expenses are eliminated, study through correspondence normally is less expensive than attending a resident school.

Correspondence Schools most often offer courses which the student cannot get in resident schools. Working on specialized courses designated to meet the student's job-related needs gives him the feeling of accomplishment—the sense of moving toward an objective.

One of the great advantages of home study is that while a person has a full time job, he can still study at home. If he moves to a new location, the instruction follows him.

Study by correspondence has disadvantages—especially for those who have equated learning with the classroom situation. Learning without a teacher standing over you can be harder for many.

Education at Home

(continued)

In home study, the student must make himself do his work.

A directory of member home study schools is available through The National Home Study Council, 2000 K Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Accreditation in this organization means that the educational and ethical business standards of the school meet the standards set by the Home Study Accrediting Commission approved by the U.S. Office of Education. The fifty-three accredited schools that have met the requirements of the Commission are the only Home Study Schools which belong to the Council. However, because accreditation is voluntary, no doubt many non-accredited schools could meet the standards if they were to apply for Council membership. Prospective students considering a course at a non-accredited school can learn if the institution is reputable hy contacting the State Board of Education or the Better Business Bureau in the state or city in which the school is located.

How does home study work? Most schools use the same procedure. When the school receives an application signed by the student, it decides whether the application will be approved; then the first unit of instruction is forwarded. Enclosed with the first lesson, schools normally send a booklet on how to study by the correspondence method.

When the first assignment is completed, the student mails it to the school and begins to work on the second lesson. Well-trained instructors correct and comment on the lesson and grade it. In most cases, they also write a letter evaluating the work done by the student. As the lessons are submitted, the student is told of his progress and what he needs to do to reach his potential.

Although it is easy to sign up for a course, it requires just as much work to complete as do comparable resident courses. The same teaching elements are present: a teacher, text materials and a student. The important difference is that all the communication is by the written word. Many people consider the written-word communication another advantage of the home study method. After the student has understood the instructions and the lessons by reading them, he has to translate what he has learned through the written word. Clear communication is a skill much needed, and, in most home study courses, the student gets ample practice.

Whether working at home for a high school equivalency diploma, learning new skills for a better job or studying for the fun of it, more and more people are finding that correspondence education answers the need for continuing education while also providing a very satisfactory learning experience. THE END

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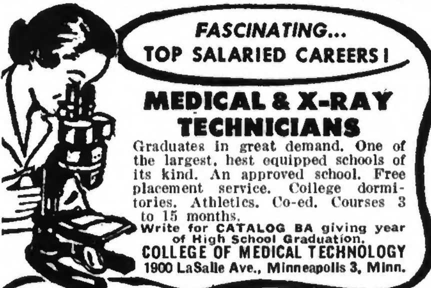
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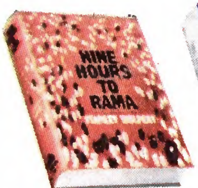
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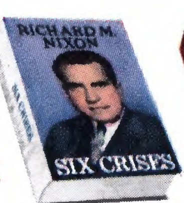
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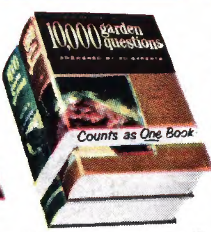


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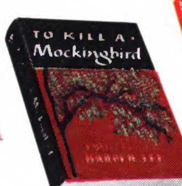


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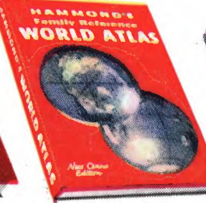
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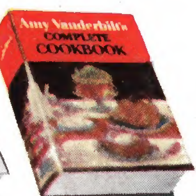


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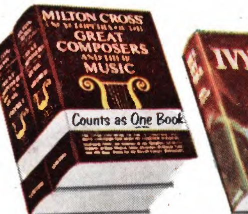
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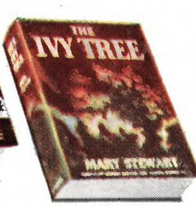
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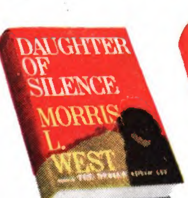
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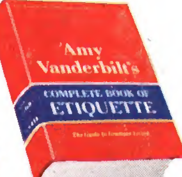
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